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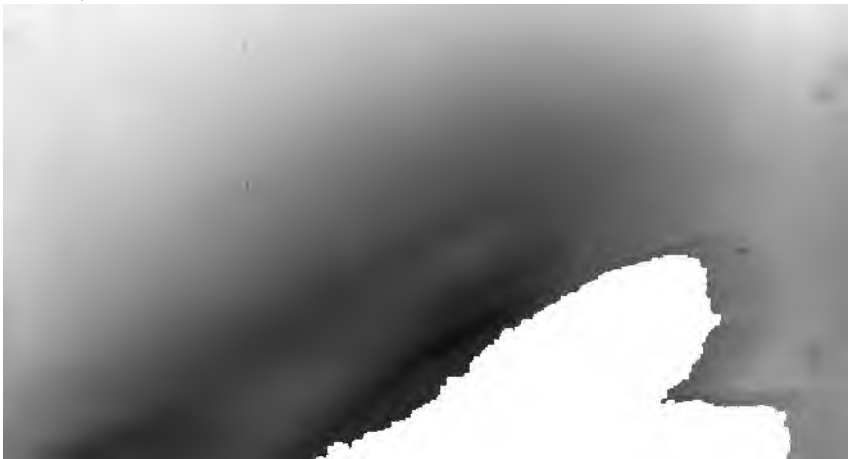
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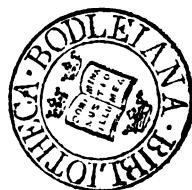





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This establishment, having easy communication on the one side with Cairo and Alexandria by the Nile, and with Port Saïd by Lake Menzaleh on the other, was well adapted for the opening labours, and it was found to answer so well that it has become a permanent institution, having one steamer on the lake and another on the Nile, the latter plying, however, only to Samanhud, which is connected by railway with Tantah, Alexandria, Cairo, and Suez.

Damietta itself, with its clean whitewashed houses, its domes and minarets, its quays and shipping, and its surrounding gardens and groves of bananas, date-palms, and sycomores, is a residence much coveted by those who have to work in the Desert. There "the sand wars against water and verdure, and one day or other," says M. Berchère, "the state of the works may have to cede the victory to the sand." We hope M. Berchère is not a prophet after the stamp of M. Matthieu de la Drôme, although he has the example of the past to uphold his gloomy prognostications. Was not Arsinoë the port of Egypt before Sebaste? According to Gibbon, one hundred and twenty vessels annually sailed from this haven, called Arsinoites by Pliny, and Cleopatris by Strabo, to bring from Western India silk, precious stones, and aromatics. The site, now called Ardsheerūd, is an inland village. Did not, according to some of our best commentators, the Gulf of Heropolis embrace the Upper and Lower Bitter Lakes in the time of the Pharaohs? and was it not over their shallows that, favoured by miraculous or fortunate circumstances, the Israelites made their escape from the less fortunate pursuing host? How many successive attempts at canalisation of the Isthmus of Suez under the Pharaohs, the Assyrians, the Persians, the Ptolemys, the Romans, and the Saracens, have succumbed before the same insidious and persistent enemy! We do not mean to say that modern science might not triumph over such difficulties, or that, not a ditch, but a *bonâ fide* ship-canal, might not be protected by iron caissons, after the style in which the Thames is embanked, but at what cost, and how would the outlay be repaid?

The island of Karputhis and the tower of Genil, or Gemileh, rising out of the downs which stretch eastward from Damietta, announce the approach to Port Saïd (properly Sayyid, a religious epithet). M. Lesseps "took possession" (the expression is not ours) of this point, as the Mediterranean extremity of the canal—it cannot be called the inlet of the canal, for the waters flow outwards into the sea—at the latter end of February, 1859. Messieurs Laroche and Larousse were left there with a handful of Arabs and a few tents to commence operations. Sundry European workmen were sent shortly afterwards from Damietta to assist. The position of the colony was not enviable at the onset. The nights were wet, the tents were overthrown by the wind, everything, even to water to drink, had to be obtained from Damietta. Arabs and their camels were engaged from El Arish to aid in provisioning the place. A few wooden huts were constructed, ovens were built, and a cantine established, when rumours of opposition on the part of the local government came to enhance the disagreeables. The population of the lake manifested symptoms of hostility, the Arabs disappeared, and all communication by land or by water was for a time cut off. Luckily, the handful of colonists had machines for distilling fresh water. "Foreign policy" intrigued at Constantinople against those

"who had taken possession of the Gulf of Pelusium" (it is not, then, Port Saïd alone that is claimed, but the Gulf of Pelusium from Damietta to Cape Cassius), and the notifications of the different consuls-general made the German, Greek, Maltese, and other nationalities withdraw; none but the French remained. The latter resolved "to defend themselves to the last upon the point of sand, the possession of which people dared to dispute them." An "illustrious protectress" interceded for the oppressed cause, and a telegraphic despatch arrived at Alexandria the day before that fixed for the termination of the work, enjoining the representative of France to prevent all hostile manifestations against the enterprise, and the works were resumed.

In the present day, a row of houses, prolonged by huts, stretches from the lake to the sea, and this is succeeded by one or two others less regular in aspect, constituting what it is anticipated will one day be so many streets. The forges, saw-pits, and workshops are on the side of the lake, the magazines are by the narrow channel, whilst the Arab village, the butchers' shops, the lighthouse, and the timber-yards and boats of the Greeks are with the jetty on the sea-side. To a patriotic mind the aspect of Port Saïd is like picturesque and promising: "The first aspect of the town constitutes," says M. Berchère, "what would be called in painting a very pretty marine: a lighthouse, a few whitewashed houses, boats whose long antennæ rise up to the sky, a clear and blue water enlivened by canoes and sails, the jetty, the piled-up rocks of which are perceptible to the eye, and beyond ships lying in the roads and the great sea, whose sonorous voice makes itself heard, compose the picture."

The channel between Lake Menzaleh and the sea "is to be" two hundred French yards in width; there "are to be" two harbours, one of three hundred French yards in width, the other four hundred. The jetties are to be, the west three thousand five hundred yards in length, the east two thousand eight hundred. The stones are brought from the quarries of Mex, near Alexandria, but they are to be prolonged with stones obtained from the Jebel Jeneffah, when the canal is open to the Bitter Lakes. According to Mongel Bey, the current from Lake Menzaleh will keep the channel clear. In the mean time, French civilisation is rampant at Port Saïd. There are restaurants and cafés. Two wax figures, which must be in a melting mood, adorn the window of "Dizard, coiffeur," and over another may be read "Fabrique de limonade gazeuse et eau de Seltz."

Before quitting Port Saïd, the old Mendesian mouth of the Pelusiæ lake, it may be mentioned that it is to be provided with fresh water by means of a canal brought from El Guisr alongside the "maritime canal," and this northerly canal is to be provided with eight guard-houses, with châteaux d'eau and fountains.

The course of the maritime canal across Lake Menzaleh has been traced by drags as far as the island of Ras-el-Aish, which constitutes an intermediary station between Port Saïd and El Kantarah, or "the bridge" on the highway to Syria, where it passes the end of the lake. The last part of the lake between Ras-el-Aish and El Kantarah is dry in summer.

This maritime "rigole," or "gutter"—the word is M. Berchère's—which is kept open by drags, is fifteen yards wide and two yards deep, and a few houses have been built on Ras-el-Aish for the workmen em-

ployed to keep it open, for a distance of over twenty geographical miles.

The station at El Kantarah-el-Khazneh, or "the bridge of the treasure," is near Lake Ballah, which constitutes the southerly prolongation of Lake Menzaleh, on a monticule amid sandy downs, and it boasts of a street with two rows of houses, magazines, an hospital, stables, enclosures for cattle, and a well with the usual sakiyah, or water-wheel, and trough for watering camels, horses, and oxen. There is also a little port at El Kantarah with huts and tents to shelter the workmen. The relics of an ancient site, upon what has ever been by force of circumstances a station on the high road to Syria, are also met with at the same point. The canal presents here the appearance of a long trench with an embankment on the Egyptian side, which is smoothed for tracking purposes, and another on the Syrian side, which is more elevated, all the refuse being deposited in that direction. This system has been pursued all along, and there have not been wanting those who have seen in it that which might be rendered an available line of entrenchment if circumstances necessitated the use of such.

The Arabs are encamped in "gurbis," or huts of branches of tamarisk or date-palm, with here and there the camel-hair or coloured tent of a sheikh, and they work as "fellahs," or for a trifle, which does not save their labour from being what it strictly is, "forced."

Lake Ballah is separated from Lake Menzaleh by downs and the two arches of El Kantarah, and is some eighteen to twenty leagues in circumference; it is divided into several distinct basins, seldom with water in them, and nowhere more than three feet below the level of the sea. At its southern side is El Ferdane, a station with a few huts and houses constituting the threshold, as it were, of the wilderness of El Guisr, and standing on wooded monticules of sand.

El Guisr, "the rising ground," constitutes the backbone of the Isthmus of Suez. It is about seven geographical miles in extent, rising from Lake Ballah and sloping down again towards Lake Timsah. It in no place attains an elevation of more than nineteen French yards above the level of the sea. The soil is composed of sandy downs reposing on beds of clay with sulphate of lime or gypsum, and here and there, especially towards Timsah, beds of gravel.

The stations at Port Saïd, El Kantarah, Tüssüm, and Jebel Jeneffah, preceded that at El Guisr, and constituted, we are told, "une prise de possession définitive." Soon afterwards an encampment was organised at El Guisr, which became, for the time being, a town in the wilderness. Three parallel ranges of houses ran from east to west, about a hundred yards from the canal, having at their extremities a church and hospital. To the south were the enclosures for camels, horses, and oxen, vast spaces devoted to the transport of materials and the necessities of life. Still farther, in the same direction, was the Arab village—an agglomeration of tents and clay-huts with a mosque. In the town there are, or were, a café, a restaurant, a confectioner, a cantine, and some shops. A kind of institution was formed, to which a museum was likewise attached, illustrative of the geology, natural history, and antiquities of the isthmus. The Arabs had also their bazaar and their cafés—primitive enough, as may be readily imagined. The head-quarters of the enterprise have, however, since been removed to Timsah.

Near where the city of Pithom (Exod. i. 11), Patumos (Herod. ii. 159), then Thoum, and now Abbassiyeh, stood, a second valley leaves that which, passing from Memphis or Cairo by Heliopolis, Scenæ, or "the tents," Vicus Judæorum, and Thoum, led from Egypt to Pelusium and Syria, and which constitutes part of the fertile valley of the Nile, having the sand-hills of the Desert to the right. Along this second valley, which is, in fact, the Biblical land of Goshen, the land where Jacob and his family dwelt for a period of four hundred and thirty years, flowed Necho's old canal. It is now called Wadi Thoumilat, or simply "El Wadi," and by the French "l'Ouady"—an etymology not so far out as may appear at first sight, since the Greeks also made "oasis" out of the same word, "wadi," valley or river, or place with water.

Necho's old canal was forty miles long, having its origin in the branch of the Nile which flowed past Bubastis, and ending in the Lower Bitter Lakes, which, when thus made fresh, bore the name of the Crocodile Lakes. Timsah, the modern name, is expressive of the same fact. It could not go farther, for at that time the Lower Bitter Lakes constituted the head of the Bay of Hiroth. Trajan's new canal flowed along the same valley as Necho's canal, but probably on rather higher ground, as it began from the Nile, near Babylon, forty miles higher up the river than the old canal, and reached the upper or actual Bitter Lakes, which are a few feet higher than Lake Timsah, and thence entered the Red Sea through flood-gates, which gave their name to the town of Clysma, near Suez.

All this, the beds of the old canals, the land of Goshen, the district of Pithom, of Rameses, or Raamses (Exod. i. 11), of Hiroth, or Heroopolis at Ha-Hiroth, "the head of the bay," when the bay of Heroopolis extended, as it is supposed to have done in the time of the Exodus, to the Lower Bitter or Crocodile Lakes,* the French have appropriated to themselves!

Bubastis is now Zagazig; a branch railroad unites it at Bena, or Benna, with the iron road from Alexandria to Cairo, whilst on the other side a "canal d'eau douce" flows from the same old point to the Crocodile Lake; the head-quarters of the company being at Tell-el-Kebir, or the "Great Hill," close by Thoum, and in the very heart of the very "best of the land," in which Joseph was to "make his father and brethren dwell" (Gen. xlvii. 6), and which is now, by one of the many singular changes which this precious oasis has undergone, the "Domaine de l'Ouady."

The increase of the Israelites themselves during their settlement here, as well as the multiplication of their cattle, attest to the extraordinary fertility of the district. Coming from the Desert, M. Berchère was struck, in the present day, with the beauty of the same spot. It is everywhere green, enamelled with flowers, or covered with crops, watered with rivulets, with tall grasses and rushes on their borders, and dotted by villages, and encampments, and groves of palms. It is especially fertile in cotton.

This fine property of which the company has obtained a concession, "in order to be mistress of the whole course of the canal, which commences at Zagazig and is to terminate at Suez," is twenty-five kilometres (a kilometre is one thousand French yards; hence two kilometres make a

* See Mr. Sharpe's essay in Bartlett's "Forty Days in the Desert; or, The Track of the Israelites."

geographical mile) long, by two or three in width. Tell-el-Kebir, the head-quarters, is a large village, surrounded by gardens and groves of palms and orange-trees, which screen its dilapidated mosque and ruinous houses. There are also vineyards, mulberry plantations, olive groves, and pomegranates. Upon the slight eminence, which is so grandiosely designated as Tell-el-Kebir, is a mansion erected by the late Muhammad Ali, who so particularly affected the land of Goshen that he built two country-houses here. Abbas Pasha also had a seat at Thoum, whence its modern appellation, Abbassiyeh. The French call the house on Tell-el-Kebir "*le château du Tell*," and M. Berchère declares that it has a "*grande mine*;" that is to say, a very imposing aspect. Yet it has only one story, but the rooms are lofty and large, and it is an agreeable place of sojourn. The morning view from the terrace is, we are assured, that of "*Eden issuing forth from the hands of the Creator—a true land of promise.*"

The meadows are covered with herds of cattle, horses, and sheep, and beyond is old Tell, where are the ruins of the first country-seat erected in the oasis by Muhammad Ali, a village buried in groves of palms, and with a little lake covered with wild-fowl. The land of Goshen is, indeed, still a most favoured spot. Muhammad Ali brought Syrians there to cultivate the mulberry, and Arabs to rear cotton, rice, dhurra, sesamum, lupins, oranges, lemons, dates, and other produce. He opened the canals and irrigated the lands. Ibrahim Pasha continued the predilection, and obliged the indolent natives to become willing or unwilling agriculturists. It was his system. Abbas Pasha, his successor, however, so oppressed the Syrians and Bedawin Arabs, who constituted the chief of the population, that they fled the country, and Hami Pasha, son of Abbas, took possession of the almost deserted country. The old sheikhs put forward their hereditary claims to Saïd Pasha in vain; he would not dispossess his nephew until, lured by the project of a grand international canal, he ceded the territory to the French.

One word, before we go back to the maritime canal, concerning the upper course of its fresh-water affluent. Beyond Abbassiyeh (ancient Pithom), now a mass of huts and ruinous magazines amid date-palms, the old Pelusiac branch of the Nile, now called Cherka-uyeh, is crossed by a bridge, its waters in part supplying the fresh-water canal, and then we arrive at Zagazig, on the Bahr Moës, "*river of Moses*," the olden Tanaitic branch of the Nile. Tanis, now San, renowned for Mariette's recent archæological discoveries, is near its embouchure into Lake Menzaleh. Zagazig has become a place of importance from the successful cultivation of cotton in the neighbourhood, and it is now one of the most important markets of Lower Egypt. The fresh-water canal derives its chief supply at this point. The ruins of Bubastis are close by. The French are not yet, it is to be observed, possessors of Zagazig, its cotton-fields, and railway terminus, although a M. de S. asserted that, "*possessors of the oasis, we are so of the whole course of our fresh-water canal.*"

There is one French colonist in the land of Goshen. He was originally a gardener, but falling under the conscription, was sent as a soldier to Algeria. He thought of settling there, but, as he himself said, "*Our Bedawins there are not amiable; they have too tenacious a memory of the many shots fired at them, not to revenge themselves upon any poor devil left in a corner. It is a bad neighbourhood.*" So he came to Jacob's in-

heritance. Here the Jews, who borrow at Cairo at five per cent., and lend on the oasis at twenty, advanced the wherewithal to commence operations ; but these appeared to have been limited chiefly to catching fish and shooting wild-fowl and gazelles, and our colonist himself admitted that he was obliged, when he went out, to put the key in his pocket to keep out "the vermin of usurers." This wondrous colonist dwelt near the small lake of Maxamah, which pullulates with fish and wild-fowl. The company have also a station on the same lake, which consists of two houses and a few tents, inhabited by an engineer attached to the canal and his employés, European and native. The said canal leaves the oasis at Ras-el-Wadi, or "the head of the wadi," passes through the Lake of Maxamah, by Rameses, Makfar, and the downs of Sababiah and Nefish, to the Crocodile Lake. Fragments of walls, and an obelisk in rose-coloured granite of Syene, with figures of Osiris, Isis, and Horus, are all that remain of the old Egyptian city of Rameses, which M. Berchère confounds with Pithom—now Thoum—as he does Ha-Hiroth, "the head of the bay," with Arsinoë—two leading errors, which throw the whole geography of the Exodus out of its groove. The country is, in the remainder of the course of the fresh-water canal, a barren wilderness, only broken by the unimportant village at the well of Nefish.

Abundance of shells, similar to what are now found at the bottom of the Red Sea, are met with in the mud of Lake Timsah, showing, as before said, that this was once the head of the Bay of Heroopolis. The tract of land which extends between this then, the lower of the Bitter Lakes and the Upper Bitter Lakes, presented no important elevation to be cut through in carrying on the prolongation of the maritime canal, which is protected in places from the encroachments of the sand at this point by fences of tamarisk—a very effectual barrier. The only elevations, indeed, which break the monotony of this little tract, are the Jebel Mariam, the site of Serapium, and the upland of "hyænas;" the latter advancing as a cape on the Lake of Crocodiles. The French station on Lake Timsah is said to contain now several hundred houses. It is situated close by Tüssüm, one of the first stations of the company, and which, standing as it does on an upland of calcareous rock, overlooks the lake and the Desert in the direction of Suez and of Syria. Tüssüm was so named in honour of the son of the viceroy, Muhammad Saïd. The station of Timsah, founded on the 27th of April, 1862, has also been called "Ismaeliyah," after the new viceroy ; and most of the employés, formerly residing at Damietta and El Guisr, have taken up their residence there, now that the fresh-water canal has brought with it the means of life, and prospects of cultivation. The first fish carried to Timsah by the canal is, we believe, religiously preserved in spirits, and constitutes the Dagon of the modern Philistines. A point of land, which advances from Tüssüm into the lake, is marked by one of those quadrangular-domed sepulchral chapels so common in the East, and in this instance commemorated as the ziyaret of a sheikh Annadék.

The tract of land which extends between the Upper and Lower Bitter Lakes, and where was formerly the Temple of Serapis, at the junction of the canal of the Ptolemys with the former, consists of sandy downs, sometimes separated by little table-lands of gravel. The monotony is so great, that two employés of the company once lost themselves ; one was found after three days' search, the other was never seen again. The

site of Serapium is marked in the present day by the tricolor flag. It is true that there are also some cut stones, with cuneiform writing, dating perchance from the time of the unfortunate madman, Cambyzes; but what are these in the eyes of a travelling Frank compared with the emblem of civilisation and glory raised in the utmost confines of the earth?*

Arrived at the Bitter Lakes, the Ain el Ambak—the waters of which are plentiful but bitter—gives life to sundry tamarisk bushes and saline plants, and around it are tents and buildings, more advanced guards of the great enterprise. As to the so-called Bitter Lakes, like Ballah and Timsah, before the waters of the fresh-water canal and of the great maritime channel poured into them, they presented one vast succession of clayey, saline, sandy depths and elevations, in which whatever was lacustrine could only be ascertained by sinking a staff, when its extremity came up damp! At Mellaha there is more water and still more salt—so much, indeed, as to be an object of commerce—as also crystals of gypsum, and many marine shells. Experiments tend to show that the subterranean moisture of the so-called Bitter Lakes is affected by the rise and fall of tides in the Red Sea, and that there is filtration between them.

To the south-west, between the lakes and the railway from Cairo to Suez, rises up Jebel Jeneffah, with precipitous cliffs of tertiary red sandstones, cleft, from their friable nature, into deep ravines. These red sandstones alternate as usual in formations of similar nature, with marls, gypsum, saline schists, and calcareous rocks. At the foot of the hills is another small station, called Amma-la-shush, on the line of the fresh-water canal, which follows the bed of Trajan's Canal, the banks of which are still in good keeping, and the bed even, and little encumbered with sands.

The canal of Necho took fresh water from the Nile to the Lower Bitter Lakes, at that time apparently the head of the Bay of Heroth, or Heroopolis, and it was seen by Herodotus. In the time of the Ptolemys, owing probably to the diminishing extent of the bay, it was prolonged to Serapium and the Upper Bitter Lakes, and finally, in the time of Trajan, it was carried to Clysma, and cleansed by the khalifs; it remained open till the ninth century. The French, if we are to trust M. Berchère, who confounds Arsinoë with Ha-Hiroth, "the head of the bay," also confound the Canal of Trajan with that of Necho, which terminated at Lake Timsah. Their fresh-water canal is to terminate or terminates at Suez, and their maritime canal passes at its issue from the Bitter Lakes more to the eastward, between Trajan's Canal and the downs which border the Arabian Desert.

The tract between the Bitter Lakes and Suez is an undulating plain called Er Rahab, from whence Suez appears, like a brown stain with a few white spots in it.

* The existence of a cuneiform inscription of the supposed era of Cambyzes would appear to give to the Serapium Canal a great antiquity. But it may have been placed there, or have existed at the spot before the canal; for the worship of Serapie—the same as the Seraphim of the Hebrews—was not introduced into Egypt till the time of the Ptolemys; and it is known that it was but a modification of the more ancient worship of Kneph, or Cnuphis, who was figured under the form of a saraph, or "fiery-winged serpent," the head of which afterwards formed the crest of Serapim.

It is not many years ago that this was a most miserable village, without a blade of grass, and whose residents had fain to seek their supplies, even to their water, from Cairo. When the necessities of the Indian mail brought about the prolongation of the railway to the Red Sea, a few buildings arose, and people began to settle there. In the present day, Suez has become a transit station of no mean importance. Houses, warehouses, and workshops, have sprung up in every direction. The *Hôtel Anglais* is, according to Messrs. Amédée Sacré and Louis Outrebon, the finest establishment of the kind in the East. M. Berchère also assures us that the table d'hôte was "Véry comfortable." There is a restaurateur of the name of Véry, but we did not know that his functions extended to the Red Sea.

The reopening of the fresh-water canal of olden times at Suez by the French is naturally a matter of first importance to the town. Nay, Messrs. Sacré and Outrebon actually insist that "most assuredly the Viceroy of Egypt—Ismael Pasha—would never have placed so many difficulties in the way of the company of the Canal of Suez, had it not been that their bringing fresh water to Suez deprived his highness of the benefits derived from the 'aquatic train,' daily despatched from Cairo. A further proof of this is derived from the circumstance that it was attempted to make the Arabs believe that the water was poisoned!" It is impossible to imagine more circumscribed and narrow notions of policy, yet such are precisely the kind of opinions that are generally current in the Levantine bazaars.

Whilst the Peninsular and Oriental Company had for so many years contented themselves with the roadstead of Suez, the *Compagnie des Messageries Impériales*, on its establishment, sought and obtained from Muhammad Said the authority for constructing "an immense dock or basin for refitting" at the same spot. The act of concession specified that the Egyptian government should contribute a quota of twelve hundred men towards carrying out the work. Said Pasha died, the *corvéables*, as the French call forced labourers, did not make their appearance with desirable regularity, and the *Messageries* recriminated.

Discussions were going on at the very same time between the Canal Company and Ismael Pasha. The latter, it is well known, was desirous of abolishing the system of *corvées*, or forced labour, altogether, and he is said to have arranged matters so well, that the fellahs mutinied and refused to work. "As if," say Messrs. Sacré and Outrebon, "a fellah ever revolted on his own inspiration!" Another Levantine and narrow-minded suspicion.

The French argue that the *corvée* has existed from all times in Egypt, and that it is indispensable for certain works of public utility: as for the cleansing of canals, which demands (and will demand in the case of the Canal of Suez) the periodical labour of a vast number of men. As a principle, forced labour—the labour being paid for by salary or exemption from taxation—does not always constitute an arbitrary measure; there is not a government in Europe which has not had recourse to something of the kind in times of emergency, each individual contributing his quota for the welfare or the safety of the whole.

But, in Egypt, every youth over fifteen years of age is liable to be impressed for a *corvée*, and he receives no salary. The time that he is thus bound over to forced labour has no limits save the good will of his

employer, and he participates neither directly nor indirectly in the benefits of the works upon which he is engaged. It is true that the Canal Company allotted a small allowance, dignified by the name of salary, to the fellahs, but the system of speculation is so profoundly ingrained in the Oriental constitution, that the sheikhs who were entrusted with the distribution of this honorarium retained the major part in their private purses. The consequence was, that the plan had to be given up, and the men rewarded—it can scarcely be said remunerated—by companies.

The whole hostility of Ismael Pasha to *corvées* is attributed by the French to the fact that they, by remunerating the fellahs, spoil the market for himself. Prince Napoleon, in his address at the banquet of the Canal of Suez, February 11, 1864, laid great stress upon the French having rendered a detestable and intolerant system tolerable by remuneration. "Do you think," said the prince, "that because the *corvée* is abolished in the case of the Canal Company, that it will be done away with in Egypt? Not at all, gentlemen; it will be abolished for the company, but not so for the cotton and sugar plantations of the viceroy and the fat pashas." According to this view of the case, forced labour (with some remuneration) would be excusable on the part of the French, because an Eastern satrap still avails himself of the inhuman privilege under certain circumstances. It was the same with regard to the dock of the Messageries at Suez. Ismael Pasha said to M. Béhic, at that epoch director of the Messageries, but now minister of public works, that humanity opposed itself to the system of *corvées*. M. Béhic replied, "You are right, humanity is an excellent thing, but let us calculate what your humanity will cost us?" It was impossible to place the question of self-interest as opposed to humanity in clearer terms; the latter prevailed, however, with the pasha, and he paid over three millions and several hundred thousands of francs to the company of the Messageries in order that they might replace forced labour in the construction of the dock by free labour.

It is impossible, however, to do anything in the East without suspicious motives being attached to the act. The French, backed by Prince Napoleon, persist, notwithstanding the explanations of Nubar Pasha, sent to Paris for that express purpose, in believing that Ismael Pasha was opposed to forced labour on the canal and dock at Suez, simply because the demand for cotton in Europe, entailed by the war in America, necessitated the employment of more hands by himself, and that the French were destroying his privileges by remunerating the fellah—just as the viceroy is said to have looked with unfavourable eyes upon the prolongation of the fresh-water channel to Suez, because it deprived him of the monopoly of supplying that station with fresh water from Cairo. It is impossible to imagine a more perverse, futile, and short-sighted policy, to be attributed to a ruler or to a government.

An element of discord of far greater importance also arose with the advent of the new viceroy. The Canal Company had got a concession of land on each side, both of their maritime canal, as it is jocosely called, and of their fresh-water canal, which we have seen taking its departure from the Tanaitic branch of the Nile at Zagazig, watering the old land of Goshen, now called the "Domaine de l'Ouady," and prolonged along the western side of the Upper Bitter Lakes to Suez. It is not likely that

the "maritime canal" will have even the ephemeral existence of a few years. The want of capital to constitute it a shipping canal, or even a canal of transport, is at once fatal to its existence; nor can any amount of machinery take the place of the abolished *corvées* of thousands of men to keep open a "rigole," as M. Berchère persists in calling it, which is in great part carried through the mud and water of Lakes Menzaleh, Ballah, Timsah, and the Upper Bitter Lakes.

But it is different with regard to the fresh-water canal, which is merely the reopening of a canal that has existed from all times, its extent varying according to the physical changes that have taken place with the lapse of time and the comparative distribution of land and water, as we have previously explained.

Now it is asserted that two months had not elapsed after the arrival of fresh water at Suez, than purchasers presented themselves who offered a franc for every square French yard of land bordering the canal. This, in the immediate neighbourhood of a rising and thriving settlement, is not to be wondered at. The land in such a situation would indemnify the purchaser, even if used as a garden for water-melons—how much more so if built upon!

It is argued that Ismael Pasha saw this just as well as the Canal Company did, and that when, with usual Oriental duplicity, he made a political question of the colonisation of the French, and played international jealousies one against the other in order to give a better colouring to his proceedings in annulling the concession and grants of lands made by his predecessor, and repurchasing them before they had increased enormously in value, he was looking solely and purely to his own interests!

"The fear of seeing a French colony planted in Egypt," Messrs. Sacré and Outrebon assert, "was not the origin of the difficulties created by the pasha: all he thought of was doing a good stroke of business. He watched the proceedings of the company step by step; and when at length it was satisfactorily shown that the quantity of fresh water supplied sufficed for the conversion of barren sands into splendid cultivations; when the administration had, by dint of encouragement, resolved the problem of colonisation in the open Desert; when communications had been established, colonists found, and the first fields sown, Ismael began to cry out against invasion, and claimed back his lands."

"In order to popularise the enterprise in France," we are further told, "it has been customary to attribute the opposition met with by the company of the Canal of Suez in the councils of the viceroy to the results of English influence. The fact—to a certain extent correct at the commencement of the labours—was no longer so when Nubar Pasha came to Paris. Great Britain and the Porte had, on the contrary, been encouraged by Ismael, who sought anxiously to extricate himself from the engagements entered into by his predecessor."

"'Isolated, I am powerless,' Ismael said at Constantinople and in London; 'protect me, support my claims, and I will annul the contracts.' At Paris quite a different language was held. 'The Canal of Suez! I am its acknowledged protector; I consent to anything. But Palmerston! But Fuad!'

"The opposition had its source and home at Cairo."

Again: "The French press," we are told, "committed the error of

flattering the self-love of Nubar Pasha by speaking of him as the representative of English influence."

"Nubar personifies, in fact, English influence so long as he is the representative of a cold egotistical policy [there was nothing egotistical in founding a French colony in the land of Goshen, and making the old port of the Peninsular and Oriental Company a French harbour and station ?] without future for civilisation ; he had no occasion then to study his part. But the truth is, he would just as soon represent a Russian, an Italian, an Austrian policy, or even a French policy, if we could only degrade ourselves to purely exclusive and pitiful aspirations."

Whether the projected re-purchase by Ismael Pasha of the concessions of territory made by his predecessor are to embrace the old land of Goshen, as well as the port of Suez, we have as yet no correct information. A French colony in the heart of the peninsula would, however, have few prospects of success. If in Algeria it has been found advisable to return to the old Roman policy of leaving the tenure and tillage of the lands in the hands of the natives—the conquerors reaping the benefit—how much more would this be the case in the isolated oasis of Goshen, whilst the French would not be there as conquerors !

The views of the French with regard to Suez are very clear. "Europeans" (*i.e.* French), they say, "compose almost entirely the population of Suez, which they have indeed founded, or at all events nearly so. Their true place is there, in a new town, which will become one day or other the commercial station of the two worlds [when the maritime canal shall be opened !]. Why do they not establish themselves there, themselves, their noisy machines, and their competitive industries? Why do not they leave Cairo, the picturesque Arab city, to reflect in silence its grey houses and its pointed minarets in the Nile?"

Not only is "an immense dock" projected at the old port of Augustus Cæsar, but jetties are to be prolonged along the line of the imaginary maritime canal, between the English Hotel, which is situated at the southern extremity of the town, and the Arabian coast, to a distance of nigh four English miles, in order to bring the said canal into communication with the outer roads. The dock may possibly be carried out, but its projected "immensity" will diminish into business-like proportions ; the building of the jetties will probably depend upon the carrying out of the maritime canal, and to do the latter effectually, an almost incalculable amount of capital is requisite, as it would require to be faced with sheet-iron or stone, like the Thames embankment, for the whole distance—an amount of capital which would lay down a line of rail from Constantinople to Peshawur or Kurachí ! Until this is done, the "rigole" through the Lakes and Desert alike will be constantly filling up, and the expenses of keeping open a useless channel will absorb all profits to be derived from cultivation, fishing, boat transport on the fresh-water canal, and the other available resources as duly enumerated in M. Lesseps's astounding scheme. It must be granted that, in the mean time, and until the grand purpose for which the company was formed—that of establishing a ship canal between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean—is carried out, a real and a wondrous benefit has been conferred upon the port of Suez by reopening the old fresh-water canal and conveying that first of boons, water for consumption and irrigation, to this lone spot at the head of the Erythrean

Sea.

WOODBURY.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART THE THIRTEENTH.

I.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

MORE than a year had passed since the return of the Percivals to Woodbury after their stay at Bordeaux, Madeleine was still with them, though very tired of her monotonous country life, and most anxious to get away to gayer scenes. She had in vain written her mother that she wished to join her; Mrs. Stuart had always some excuse or other to make for not accepting her "darling Madeleine's affectionate proposal."

The Countess de Mauriac had also, on some pretext, declined receiving her "dear cousin" even on a visit. She had no idea of bringing a probable rival into her house, for, though the Count de Mauriac had scorned the idea of marrying Mrs. Stuart's younger daughter, Octavie well remembered that he had signified at Spa that a temporary intimacy with her might not be objectionable.

Even Mademoiselle le Grand wrote that she was au désespoir, but unavoidable circumstances compelled her to refuse her beloved young friend's offer to come and board with her. The fact was, the ex-governess knew very well that Madeleine had nothing of her own; she knew also that no dependence could be placed on Mrs. Stuart's promise to pay board for her daughter, even had she agreed to do so, and, having no acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Percival, she thought it probable they might palm off Madeleine upon her with a very scanty remuneration, thus putting her to useless trouble and expense.

So Madeleine, rejected in all quarters, was forced to remain at Woodbury, which was more dreary to her than ever, as she was left very much alone, and to idle people there cannot be a greater punishment than to be left entirely to themselves.

Alfred, who was somewhat afraid of the remarks and gossip of the neighbourhood, did not like to drive and ride with Madeleine so often as he had done formerly, especially as Agnes would scarcely ever join them. She never drove with either Alfred or Madeleine except to church, or to make formal visits; she preferred walking in the grounds, or taking a stroll to the village, where she generally rested a short while at Mrs. Winslow's neat small house, which was a source of much gratification to that worthy woman. When she did occasionally take a drive, she was always accompanied by her daughter Cecil, or by both the little girls and their nurse. The young heir—Charles Stuart—and his French nurse were never of her party, though they sometimes were taken by Madeleine for a drive.

Mrs. Percival sat generally in her own boudoir, the pretty morning-room which had been arranged for her by her kind friend Mr. Montague. She passed her time in reading, drawing, working, and music, also in

teaching Cecil—an agreeable duty in which her young friend Juliet Barwell assisted her. Juliet had left school, and was settled at home; she was very partial to little Cecil, and had begged to be allowed to give her lessons on the pianoforte, which she did, therefore, twice a week, and the society of this amiable girl afforded much pleasure to Agnes.

Madeleine and Juliet did not get on well together, and did not like each other. Juliet found Madeleine's conversation vapid, frivolous, and uninteresting, while Madeleine called Miss Barwell, who was a clever, well-informed girl, "a tiresome blue-stocking;" Madeleine found an associate more to her taste in Mrs. Black, the wife of Mr. Black, the Woodbury solicitor, who had recently married a pretty girl from the north of Devon. Her family resided at Ilfracombe, and she had been educated at Clifton, so that she was quite provincial. She looked up to the Parisian Miss Stuart as to a very superior person, and was proud of her notice, while she found her country ignorance enlightened by Madeleine's disquisitions upon dresses, bonnets, jewels, lace, balls, theatricals, and other amusements. Madeleine presented Mrs. Black with three or four pairs of French gloves, and, though she could hardly squeeze her fingers into them, she was delighted to be so fashionably *gantée*. But she was a harmless little woman, and there was much more chance of Madeleine's society injuring her than her intimacy being of any disadvantage to Madeleine.

Alfred Percival, meanwhile, was about as tired of Woodbury as was Madeleine. Little as he had cared for it formerly, he felt the loss of Agnes's devotion to him, and her intimate society. And, with the extraordinary inconsistency of men, now that she seemed estranged from him, he valued her more than he had done since the earliest period of their married life.

Agnes had quite recovered her good looks. The pure air of the country, the quiet life she was leading, and her pious submission to the will of Providence, which had inflicted on her such dire disappointment and surrounded her path with such fearful evil, had all tended to restore her health, to give her "that peace which the world cannot give," and to impart to her lovely features a look of calm, sanctified serenity which was almost sublime.

She had become more beautiful than ever, while Madeleine had fallen off, for *she* was fretful and sullen by turns, and habitual bad humour cannot fail to affect the countenances of those who indulge in it.

Young ladies may assure themselves, that no amount of beauty can withstand the expression of ill temper, and that a girl, however pretty she may be, and however lively and pleasant in society, if suspected of a bad temper, has very little chance of being sought for herself, whatever attention she may meet at parties.

Madeleine's good looks, under any circumstances, would not have lasted so well as Agnes's, for she had by no means such fine features as her sister, but ennui, spleen, mortification, and bad passions were doing their silent work. It would have been better for Madeleine, in some respects, had she married Lord Eskdale; infinitely better had she been as innocent a young creature as he supposed her to be. Even as things were, she often regretted that she had not accepted him or Captain Howard.

"I would rather have got De Mauriac, of course," she said to herself,

"but that treacherous Octavie was all along plotting for him, and I have no doubt, instead of saying a good word for me, she tried her best to set him against me. I wish mamma had not gone off with Lord Darlington, and that poor papa had not been killed in that duel in Belgium, it would have been far better for me. I would have remained in Paris, and never have been shut up in this horrid Woodbury. And Alfred is so selfish, and Agnes so disagreeable! It was Alfred's fault that I did not marry Lord Eskdale. I wish I had never seen Alfred! Il a été pour moi un vrai fléau. And now, forgetting how tired I must be of this odious place, and everybody in it, except le cher petit, while he is constantly going up to London to amuse himself, he never will take me with him."

— Assuredly Alfred never would take Madeleine with him; she would have been rather in his way. He had made the acquaintance of a pretty and popular actress, who granted him the honour of her, not exactly Platonic, friendship, in common with sundry other persons, though she was cunning enough to persuade each adorer that *he* was the only one on whom she smiled. In return for these smiles she eased Alfred and her other admirers of as much cash as they could or could not conveniently spare; and her passion for bijouterie was quite as great as Madeleine's.

Mr. Alfred Percival was rather parsimonious, so he often groaned in spirit at the rapacity of the theatrical beauty; there was sometimes a battle in his mind between his fancy for the lady and his dislike to open his purse-strings. But if he ever hesitated to comply with her demands, she would threaten to throw him overboard for some more liberal admirer; and when he handed her the required "tin," as she called it in slang phraseology, she would reward him by assuring him, *upon her honour*, that she had discarded the fashionable Captain St. George for his sake.

And he was simpleton enough to believe her; for, if "conscience makes cowards," vanity makes fools.

Captain St. George might have retained his place in the good graces of the pretty actress if he had cared to do so, but he was tired of her, and her extravagance. He was engaged to be married to the Lady Alice, about whom Lady Joliffe had formerly lectured him, and the marriage was to come off within three or four months. In the mean time he went down to Devonshire, to pay a visit to Sir Robert Joliffe and his cousin Amy, at Coningsby House, and again he met Madeleine Stuart.

It cannot be said that Madeleine had made a very deep impression upon him, but the impression she *had* made was revived by his seeing her again. She was pretty, pleasing, coquettish, and somewhat more than coquettish. When a lady strays from the paths of virtue, it is all over with her. She becomes careless of the world's opinion, hardened, shameless! What a dreadful state! What a dreadful spectacle! Vice eats into her very soul; it is like a moral cancer, and must, in the end, destroy its unhappy victim.

"I, who have no virtue to lose, need not be afraid of any one," wrote a wretched girl of nineteen to the aunt, a clergyman's widow, who had brought her up. In the same way Madeleine had "no virtue to lose,"

and she felt that there was no need to impose any restraint upon her actions, so they could escape positive publicity.

When people are determined to do wrong, opportunities are seldom wanting, and Captain St. George and Madeleine engaged in an intrigue, which had not even the poor excuse of involuntary, though unhallowed affection. They did not care a straw for each other in reality; it was merely for temporary excitement, and to pass the time, that they sought each other.

Madeleine knew that Captain St. George could not marry her; he had told her so with many protestations of regret, assuring her that he would have preferred her infinitely to Lady Alice, but he was obliged to take that lady in order to obtain her fortune. He had pressing debts to pay, he had heavy expenses to meet, money was indispensable, and there was no other way to get it than by—selling himself. It was a great sacrifice, a miserable thing, to give up his freedom, but, as he added, with a rueful look, “*Que faire? nécessité n’a point de loi, ma belle amie.*”

His “*belle amie*” was quite willing to console him for the time being, without casting a thought to the future. Madeleine never calculated, Madeleine never reflected; to live for the passing hour was all that seemed to enter into her vacant and ill-regulated mind. She scarcely ever troubled herself about the future of this life, still less about the future of the life to come. Alfred, who used to growl and play the watch-dog, was now very often absent; there was no one to interfere with her proceedings; Captain St. George did not consider it incumbent on him to remind the young lady who chose to meet him more than half way, that she ought not to transgress the rules of propriety, so matters went on from bad to worse, until the neighbourhood began to open its eyes, and then to use its tongue. But as yet the whispers were so very faint that they never reached Woodbury Hall—at least, not its sorrowing mistress.

But there was an evil hanging over Madeleine and her family, of which they had no idea.

Alfred Percival had been exceedingly injudicious in so summarily discharging Mrs. Percival’s maid, Nancy. He had done this to gratify Madeleine, but it would have been better if he had refused to comply with her wish, and had allowed his wife’s maid to retain her place. In fact, it would have been wiser if he had left the whole establishment of servants alone, and made no changes at that critical moment.

The family would have come back from France with only *one* child; and whatever embers of suspicion might have been smouldering during their absence would have been smothered, or extinguished by the good feeling of some of the household, and the self-interest of the rest. But the new people had no regard either for old Mr. Montague’s memory, or for the Percivals. They were willing to listen to any gossip, and to pick up, greedily, any tales, however unfavourable to their employers.

Nancy had been particularly chagrined and provoked at having been so unexpectedly removed from Woodbury, for she fancied that she was on the eve of marrying a grocer in the village. It was too bad to lose both her comfortable place, and her expected husband, “for no reason at all,” and the deposed Abigail was very angry indeed, as she certainly had some right to be. She had taken the place of waiting-maid to a widow

lady who resided at Exeter, and with whom an elderly unmarried sister lived. These ladies had some relations in the immediate neighbourhood of Woodbury, and were also distantly connected with Mrs. Percy. They occasionally spent a few weeks at Woodbury, and Nancy had gladly accompanied them on one of these visits.

It is well known that a great deal of the scandal afloat in society may be traced to the gossiping of domestic servants. They have abundant opportunity of prying into the affairs of their employers, but, as if they had not such opportunities, the employers themselves too often furnish them, unnecessarily and foolishly, with subject-matter for their gossip. Ladies, especially, confide little secrets to their maids, which they had much better keep to themselves, and make inquiries of their maids which they have no business to make. And the habit of speaking at table of people's own and their neighbours' affairs is equally reprehensible as it is absurd. Both ladies and gentlemen often speak at table as if the attendants were merely statues, animated for the time being by some necromantic art, wanting understanding to take in anything they hear, if not deaf to everything that does not concern their immediate duties, and certainly powerless to repeat a word. Whereas, servants generally pick up all they can, and are by no means scrupulous about retailing what they know, or fancy they know, or surmise.

Agnes had never gossiped with her servants, nor had Madeleine, but Nancy had kept her eyes open while she was in Mrs. Percival's service; and now that she had been obliged to leave it at such inconvenience to herself, she did not consider herself bound to hold her tongue—it was no longer her interest to do so; therefore, when she returned to Woodbury, she spoke at first very mysteriously and confidentially to a few friends, hinting that there had been “queer doings” at “the Hall;” that Miss Madeleine was “no better than she should be,” and that Mrs. Percival had been kept quite in the dark, until it was absolutely necessary for her sister to go into hiding somewhere.

Curiosity was stimulated, questions were asked, and conjectures hazarded; and Mrs. Percy, when Nancy's revelations reached her greedy ear, was all anxiety to know *whose* the baby was, and *where* it was. For though there was no proof against Madeleine, Mrs. Percy did not follow the lenity of the law, and give her the benefit of the doubt. She sent for Nancy, and catechised her closely; but Nancy, though gossiping, ill-natured, and revengeful, was not untruthful, and declared she could not enlighten her upon either of these points. The inquisitive Mrs. Percy was very much annoyed at having the gratification of her curiosity baffled; she had a great thirst for knowledge in such matters at least, but if she had studied her Bible with as much diligence as she did the records of village delinquency, and the delinquency of the neighbourhood, it would have been better for her, and for the peace of the little community in which she lived.

There was one person who might have suggested the real parentage of the missing, or rather the supposed child, and that person was Rose Ashford, for jealous love is amazingly keen sighted. But Rose would have cut her tongue out rather than have dropped a syllable tending to affix a stigma upon the name of him whom she guessed to be the culprit.

So all remained shrouded in partial darkness, which afforded interesting though unprofitable employment to the busy-bodies.

It was an accepted fact, however, since the return of Nancy to Woodbury, that the French Papist, Miss Madeleine Stuart, was "good for nothing;" and her liaison with Captain St. George was speedily pounced upon, dragged forward into the lurid light of censoriousness, and commented upon more or less virulently, according to the taste of the commentators.

Madeleine, meanwhile, had no idea that anything was said about her or her doings; nor had poor Agnes the least suspicion that an inmate of her house was the theme of the gossip of Woodbury. She had hoped that the precautions formerly taken had shielded Madeleine from all blame, and she never dreamed of Nancy's revenge, or Madeleine's new very shameful escapades.

II.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE SISTERS.

MATTERS were in this state at Woodbury, when a county ball was announced to be about to take place in its vicinity, in the market-town where Daniel O'Flynn had procured the sick nurse who had attended Mr. Montague in his last hours. It was a tolerably large town, and the principal inn there, calling itself an hotel, boasted of a capacious room, which was used for county meetings, public dinners, and occasionally for a ball-room.

Mrs. Percival had been asked to patronise the provincial ball, but she did not feel her spirits equal to the task of appearing at it; she subscribed, however, handsomely, and promised to send her gardener with exotics and other flowers from the conservatories and gardens of Woodbury Hall to decorate the ball-room and the supper-tables.

"Not going, Agnes? What a fool!" exclaimed Madeleine, when she heard of her sister's answer to the committee of gentlemen who were arranging the festivities. "If *you* like to sleep away your life here, in this stupidest of all places, *I* don't. You never give any parties, you never have people to stay here, and get up charades and private theatricals as others do. What is the use of you? You might just as well be dead. It is a great pity you had not been a Catholic, you might have gone into a convent, and worn a haircloth chemise, and flogged yourself with knotted ropes morning, noon, and night, and sat gloating over the place that was to be your grave, wishing your bones were whitening in it. It is a sad misfortune to have such stupid, selfish relations! You can't pretend to say that you are ill. I'm sure you have as much colour just now as a cabbage-rose, and you can walk as sturdily as any ploughman, then why should you not dance? If a certain Mr. John Lawson were here, you would go to the ball fast enough to have a quiet flirtation with him. Do you think people did not observe at Spa your sly coquetry, and that everybody did not know Lawson was your cavaliere servente?"

"For shame, Madeleine! You have no right to tell such stories. Mr. Lawson was my friend, and, as you well know, nothing else," said Agnes.

"I know nothing about what he was to you, not I. Your friend,

indeed! That's a word that comprehends a good deal. A married woman can have plenty of such convenient friends, there is the advantage of being married. You may have half a dozen Mr. Lawsons, or cavalieri serventi, in your train if you are married, just as easily as you can have three or four lapdogs, or tame squirrels, or pet parrots. Oh! I wish I lived in Paris, or even in London, rather than in this horrid, savage, tiresome Woodbury!"

"I sincerely wish you did," replied Agnes. "I know you are leading an exceedingly dull life here, one to which you can never be reconciled. I am very sorry that you are obliged by circumstances to bear it—for the present, at least. But you can go to this ball without me. Mrs. Barwell and Juliet will, of course, be going, and you can accompany them."

"And have Mrs. Barwell watching me, and rushing after me the whole evening, as if I were a baby trying to escape from her nurse. No, thank you! These Barwells are stiff, prim, disagreeable people; I can't bear them, and I won't go with them."

Madeleine asked her "friend," Captain St. George, if he did not think she might go with Lady Joliffe, and was surprised to find that he did not approve of this plan.

"Lady Joliffe would be even a more troublesome chaperone than Mrs. Barwell," he told her, "she is so afraid of my running off with you, and jilting Lady Alice."

Madeleine laughed as she replied:

"A runaway match would be very amusing, I should think. Agnes ran away; she was married at Gretna Green, first of all."

"Oh! that was all very well, for Mr. Percival had a rich uncle to provide for him and her. I have no worthy uncle who would give me a penny, and if I were to run away with you, we should have to wander about like Adam and Eve in very light clothing, and subsist upon berries and fruit; indeed, I do not know where the fruit would come from unless we stole it. Those pleasant gentlemen, my creditors, would soon enough lock me up in a debtors' prison, and what would become of you? No, no, ma belle amie; these are freaks of the imagination which cannot be carried into sober reality."

Disappointed of joining Lady Joliffe's party to the ball, Madeleine again attacked her sister about going.

"Why won't you go to the ball, Agnes? I am sure it is so rare to have anything like civilised life in this dull place, that everybody ought to do their best, and make every effort, rather than let the attempt at any amusement fall to the ground. I suppose you won't go because Alfred is in London, and may not be back before the ball to accompany you and play Darby and Joan—ridiculous!"

"It is not on account of Mr. Percival's absence that I——"

"You need not let any of your arrangements depend upon him," interrupted Madeleine. "He is too well amused in town to leave it in a hurry. He has succeeded Captain St. George au près a pretty actress, who is turning the heads and emptying the purses of all the fashionable men in London. St. George tells me so, and says he was too glad to let Alfred step into his shoes, for she had half ruined him. Lady Alice will have to pay heavy bills that he had to run up on account of this stage queen."

"If Captain St. George has had the effrontery to tell you this history,

Madeleine, I think he has taken a very unwarrantable liberty. But where could he have made such a communication to you? He comes here very seldom, and never except when accompanied by Lady Joliffe."

Madeleine laughed as she said:

"Are you quite sure that he never comes except with Lady Joliffe? Suppose he calls on me sometimes when you are playing the governess, and are shut up teaching that conceited monkey Cecil, or trying to drum the A, B, C into Sophy's stupid little head. And, by-the-by, Agnes, the great preference that you show to these girls over Charlie is a good deal remarked. People wonder that you seem to care so little for him; you quite neglect him, poor little fellow."

"I cannot play the hypocrite, Madeleine. I cannot like that . . . that child. But *you* have no right to complain. Does he want for anything? Is he not as well dressed, and as well taken care of, as my dear girls? Even in the trifling matter of toys, he has more than ever they had. I cannot pretend to say that I look forward with pleasure to his usurping their inheritance, which he will do; and I often reflect how much I have injured them. I think of it frequently with bitter regret. God knows I meant it well, but it was a wrong and a weak act. I would rather not speak on this painful subject."

"Well, let us go to another subject. When first I came to Woodbury, you and Alfred promised that you would take a house in town for three or four months in the season, and let me go to parties, and the Opera, and concerts, and flower-fêtes, and everywhere, besides riding and driving in the Park. How have you kept your word? Except when we went to Spa, and for a short time to Paris, I have been quite shut up in this odious place. Of course I don't consider the visit to Bordeaux as an amusement. And now, I am as much imprisoned here as if I had been condemned to penal servitude, while Master Alfred is diverting himself in London, and you keep the house as gloomy as a nunnery or a lunatic asylum."

Madeleine stopped to take breath, and Agnes, with quivering lips, a faltering voice, and tears in her eyes, replied:

"Again I say, *you* have no right to complain. It is your own fault that the plans which were projected, when first you joined us, have not been carried out. You found unanimity and happiness here, you brought misery and discord into what before had been a peaceful home. It is you who have disunited my husband and myself; you who have blasted my life, if not his; you who have been the cause of my daughters being supplanted by an impostor, and robbed of their rights; and you can expect *me*, who have been the victim of your misconduct, to throw off the load of wretchedness which has been heaped upon me, and to enter with smiles and spirit into gay society! I cannot do it—no—I cannot!"

"Mercy on me! What a tirade!" exclaimed Madeleine. "I'm sure you need not go to the county ball on *my* account, or make a victim of yourself. You really speak like a tragedy queen. If the actress, with whom Alfred is so *lié* at present, manages to ruin him, the best thing he could do would be to get you a place on the stage through her influence. You would create quite a furore."

And with a heartless laugh Madeleine left the room.

"She will never be reclaimed!" sighed Agnes, as her sister quitted

her—"never! What will become of her? This Captain St. George will only lead her into further mischief. But what can *I* do to stop it? The least expression of anxiety on my part would be taken up, and exaggerated a hundred-fold by every one, except by good Mrs. Winslow, and my friends the Barwells. Even to them I must be dumb. Oh! what misery has not my mother's misconduct brought upon me!"

And what misery does not the misconduct of relations always bring upon every one, however respectable themselves!

If a man become a fraudulent bankrupt, every one of his kith and kin, although they had nothing to do with his affairs, and very little with himself, find themselves in a manner involved in his disgrace. If a lady becomes notorious from her misconduct, a stigma, faintly defined it may be, but still quite palpable, rests upon her immediate, if not her more distant connexions. Character is so easily lost—so essential to maintain!

III.

THE COUNTY BALL.

MADELEINE wrote to Alfred, urging him to return to Woodbury in time to escort her to the subscription-ball; but always selfish, Alfred would not promise to comply with her request. His present favourite, the pretty actress, was going to appear that evening in a new piece. He was much interested in her success in the part she had to play, and Madeleine's wishes were now nothing to him, for he was tired of her.

"I will go with Mrs. Black," said Madeleine to herself, "and I hope both Mr. Alfred and that precious sister of mine will be mortified at my having only the village lawyer's wife for my chaperone."

She accordingly did go with Mr. and Mrs. Black, who felt themselves rather honoured by one of Mr. Percival's family being of their party. Almost immediately after his arrival in the ball-room, Captain St. George had asked Mrs. Black for a quadrille; he felt that he could not well do otherwise, as he had lunched at least half a dozen times at her house to meet Madeleine, and have an opportunity of walking home with her. For Madeleine was in the habit of driving to the village, then sending home the carriage, and, after spending an hour or two with Mrs. Black, meeting the gallant captain by preconcerted arrangement, unless when he dropped in apparently to call on Mr. Black's pretty wife, who, of course, took his visits to herself.

Captain St. George had gone through his duty-dance with little Mrs. Black, and delighted her by paying her a number of compliments; and he was waltzing with Madeleine, when the party from Barwell Lodge entered the ball-room.

Heavens! who did Madeleine behold among the group that had just made its appearance?

Lord Eskdale—actually Lord Eskdale! Her Spa admirer, her rejected suitor!

She started, uttered a low cry, and stood suddenly still, to the astonishment of her partner, who, fearing she was going to faint, held her more tightly than before, while he whispered:

"What is the matter, darling? Are you ill?"

"No, no; never mind. I am only very much surprised. Let us go on."

"In a moment. But tell me first what has caused you so much surprise?"

Captain St. George had remarked that her look was riveted on one of the party who had just come. Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, and Lord Eskdale, who accompanied the Barwells, were all strangers to him.

"Speak, Madeleine!" said St. George, impatiently.

"I . . . I was only surprised to see a person here who I thought was in Italy, or . . . or in Scotland," replied Madeleine, in a hesitating manner.

"Oh! some former lover, I suppose. I hope he is a *discarded* adorer, for I shall not feel inclined to yield my claims to his, whoever he may be."

Captain St. George's fine eyes flashed, and his lip curled disdainfully.

"Don't be angry, St. George; you have nothing to fear from him. He is a pattern of morality, not at all 'un homme à bonnes fortunes.'"

"Thanks, très chère; in that case we will resume our waltz."

And Captain St. George whirled Madeleine past the very spot where the newly-arrived group were standing, and pressed her as closely as possible to himself, while his free glances spoke of anything but respectful admiration.

It was now Lord Eskdale's turn to start, and he looked surprised and annoyed.

"Who is that dancing with Miss Stuart?" he asked of Mrs. de Vere, who had come with her mother and sister to the ball.

"A Captain St. George. I believe he is a very gay man about town; but he comes down here sometimes to rusticate, for a little change, I suppose. He is a cousin of one of our neighbours, Lady Joliffe, and is on a visit to her and Sir Robert, at present."

"Is he engaged to be married to Madel . . . to Miss Stuart. But I need hardly ask the question; of course he must be."

"He is engaged to be married, but *not* to Miss Stuart. He is going to marry Lady Alice Cleveland, I believe; however, he admires Miss Stuart very much."

"Where are Mr. and Mrs. Percival? I do not see either of them."

"Neither of them are here this evening. Mr. Percival is in London, and Mrs. Percival's health has been so delicate for some time past, that she does not mix much even in the little society there is hereabouts."

"Is this Captain St. George a new acquaintance of Miss Stuart's?" asked Lord Eskdale.

"Oh no! She has known him for some time, on previous visits that he had paid to his cousins. Indeed, I believe," continued Mrs. de Vere, "that the principal reason for Mr. and Mrs. Percival's going to Spa, some little time ago, was to take Madeleine out of the way of this very Captain St. George. He paid her a great deal of attention, and the Percivals did not think he would be a good match for her. Mr. Percival said he was too poor and too extravagant to marry his sister-in-law; and dear Agnes considered him too gay, or rather too dissipated, a man to whom to entrust her young and inexperienced sister."

"Oh, indeed," exclaimed Lord Eskdale, with a slow drawl, as a light seemed to break in upon him, and he said to himself: "Then it was for *that* fellow that she cared, and on *his* account that she refused me; and I stupidly thought either that she liked the French Count de Mauriac, or that her brother-in-law, that disagreeable Mr. Percival, influenced her against me. What a fool I was! But I will go and speak to her, and see how the land lies now."

Lord Eskdale left his own little coterie and went up to Madeleine, who had been wondering that he had not flown to her at once.

If she had been by herself, Madeleine would have received him cordially and frankly, but Captain St. George was by her side, and she felt gênée. She held out her hand, but in a hesitating manner, and as she expressed her pleasure at meeting him again, she glanced towards St. George, whose eyes were upon her, and spoke in a measured sort of tone that quite chilled poor Lord Eskdale.

"You have been on the Continent again since I saw you at Spa, I believe, Miss Stuart?"

"Yes; we had to go to the south of France on account of my sister's health," replied Madeleine, colouring deeply. "The London doctors ordered her to spend some time there."

"I trust the change of climate had the desired effect, and that her health is quite restored?"

"No, she is still very delicate, and she fancies herself worse than she is; she quite frets herself into low spirits, and won't go anywhere."

"I regret to find that she is not here to-night."

"Is your friend Mr. Lawson with you?" asked Madeleine.

"I am sorry to say he is not," replied Lord Eskdale, "for he is the best fellow on the face of the earth. He introduced me to Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, and they were so kind as to invite me to accompany them to Devonshire. Perhaps you can guess, Miss Stuart, *why* I was happy to accept the invitation?"

He looked with a good deal of meaning at Madeleine, who perfectly understood him. She would probably have answered him in a manner agreeable to his self-love, and conveying encouragement to him, but Captain St. George, who did not choose to stand by unnoticed, put his hand at that moment rather familiarly on her shoulder, and said, in a loud whisper:

"Are you not going to waltz any more, Madeleine?"

"Well, just one tour, and then I will rest a little," she answered, with a significant glance at Lord Eskdale, which seemed to say, "Then it will be your turn."

Lord Eskdale looked quite astounded, and felt not a little disgusted. He did not like Captain St. George's freedom of manner towards Madeleine, and his freedom of speech. The captain had also been pointedly rude to himself in so unnecessarily interrupting his short conversation with Miss Stuart.

"What can the fellow mean?" he said to himself. "If he is engaged to be married to another woman, what right has he to appropriate that girl to himself? I used to be provoked at her brother-in-law for looking so sharply after her at Spa, but I wish he were here now to keep that insolent puppy at a greater distance."

The earl stood with his arms folded watching the dancers—at least, watching one couple—and the longer he looked the more angry he became, and he gave vent to his feelings by short exclamations.

"I declare the fellow puts his nose into her very face! His lips almost touch her cheek! And he holds her as tightly as if he wished to crush her slight figure altogether! How can she permit him to be so rude! There is something I don't like, too, in the expression of her eyes as she looks up at him. She is changed, and not for the better."

Lord Eskdale did not observe that two elderly ladies were standing near him, staring at the same couple which engaged his attention; presently they broke out into remarks, which he could not help overhearing. The ladies were Mrs. Percy and her widowed friend from Exeter.

"I declare it is too bad," said Mrs. Percy; "they might have a little common decency, and not take pains to show off their intimacy before everybody. That Stuart girl is quite shameless, and as to St. George, he never comes down here without doing some mischief. He was the ruin of a very pretty young woman, named Rose Ashford, who used to be the village belle; now he flies at higher game. If Lady Alice Cleveland only knew his doings down here, she would soon send him to the right-about, I fancy. I know Lady Joliffe is terribly vexed at his——" Mrs. Percy stopped to find a word to express her meaning.

"Liaison," suggested her friend.

"The affair with that bad girl Madeleine."

"She should not have invited him until after the wedding, then his wife could have come with him to look after him."

"She did not invite him," replied Mrs. Percy; "he invited himself. His last bachelor exploit will be to ruin that girl Stuart's character——"

"If it is not ruined already, Mrs. Percy," interrupted the Exeter dame. "Remember the baby!"

Lord Eskdale felt as if he had been shot in the heart, though he had only been shot in the ears. He positively trembled for a few moments, and could hardly keep his equilibrium. He looked round involuntarily at the scandal-mongers, and felt inclined to fell them both to the ground, while his pale, startled, miserable countenance attracted their observation from Madeleine and her partner.

"Who can that person be?" whispered the widow to Mrs. Percy.

"I don't know at all. I never saw him before in my life. Some foreign Papist, I suppose."

Mrs. Percy, good woman, had an unbounded horror of Papists. She looked upon them as worse than infidels, for, as she argued:

"Infidels *are* infidels; they don't pretend to be religious or Christians, but Papists *do* give themselves out for Christians, though they are idolatrous, going down on their knees before pictures, and images, and what not. I wonder sometimes that the Pope and his followers don't remember the fate of Korah and his people, and how the earth opened and they were swallowed up. But it is a lucky thing that the earth does not open and swallow them up here in England, at least, or many others that are not idolators would be swallowed with them."

Mrs. Percy had rather a strange conglomeration of ideas, and her small modicum of brain was a jumble, or rather a jungle, somewhat wild and uncultivated.

"Remember the baby!"

These unfortunate words stuck in Lord Eskdale's gorge, and were, of course, quite incomprehensible to him. What baby—whose baby? Madeleine's? Impossible! He almost wished that he had heard more, but his turning round so suddenly, and with such scowling looks upon the two ladies, had arrested the flow of their discourse. They had moved off to another part of the room, and his lordship had just the sense to remember that he, too, ought to move off and return to his party, whom he had quitted rather abruptly.

To make honourable amends for his incivility, Lord Eskdale asked Juliet Barwell to dance the next quadrille with him; and as he was leading her to her place, he saw Madeleine Stuart sitting, or rather reclining on a sofa by herself. The fact was, she had refused the gentleman who had asked her for that quadrille, in the full expectation that Lord Eskdale would beg her to dance, and intending to sit it out with him.

Lord Eskdale danced with Juliet, and her sweet, unaffected manners, combined with her very pretty face and figure, pleased him much. Juliet was no coquette, she was not even a flirt, though she was lively and pleasant. She did not seem to expect to make the slightest impression on the Scotch earl, and this absence of design on her part made him feel more at ease with her, and find her society more agreeable.

When the quadrille was over, Lord Eskdale went with Juliet to the tent where refreshments were served; it was very full, and he had to leave her near the door while he almost forced his way to one of the tables to get an ice for her; in returning with it he encountered a rush of couples from the ball-room, and he was obliged to wait to let them pass. During this time he was squeezed against the side of the tent close to a recess in which two people were standing. These were Lady Joliffe, who had been pointed out to him, though he had not yet been introduced to her, and Captain St. George; the lady was speaking earnestly, or rather angrily to the gentleman, and Lord Eskdale could not help hearing her say:

"Your conduct is really shameful, insulting towards Lady Alice, and worse towards that girl, Miss Stuart. Light-headed and unprincipled as she is, you ought not to——"

What he ought not to do, Lord Eskdale did not catch, but the lady went on:

"I have a great mind to call on Mrs. Percival, and advise her to keep her sister under lock and key while you remain here."

Captain St. George laughed, as he replied:

"Did you never hear, Amy, that 'Love laughs at locksmiths'?" If the key of the door were turned on that little Madeleine, she would soon enough get out at the window to come to *me*."

Lord Eskdale felt as if his blood were boiling, and that he would like to put a pistol to the head of "that odious, boasting scoundrel, St. George;" but, as the way was now more open, he carried the ice to Juliet, who had been patiently waiting for it, and tried to talk to her. Juliet, however, soon perceived that he was only forcing conversation, and proposing to return to her mother, she speedily released him from his attendance on her.

Later in the evening, Lord Eskdale danced with Madeleine, but she was thoroughly out of humour, and took no pains to make herself agreeable. She was exceedingly annoyed that he had danced with Juliet Barwell before asking her to dance, and that he had not shown himself entirely devoted to her. For the first time in her life, she had experienced what it was to be neglected, that evening; she was angry because Lady Joliffe, and some other ladies, were very stiff and distant to her, and mortified because the gentlemen did not flock round her, and contend for the privilege of dancing with her. Juliet, whom she disliked, was decidedly the belle of the ball-room, and had plenty of partners, while she had only danced with Captain St. George, Mr. Black, and the village doctor. It was too bad of her Spa admirer to be so tardy in doing his duty. She would make him repent his ill behaviour. And she did not take the trouble to conceal her vexation. She was cross, and sharp, and cold.

If young ladies only knew how often they play a losing game by giving way to ill humour in society, they would surely be more careful. Very few men like to marry ill-tempered girls, though a great many of them do commit this mistake, but, in these cases, the damsels have had the art to appear all amiability.

Madeleine did not choose to put the slightest restraint on her feelings, for she thought her power over her former suitor was absolute; while he, on his part, wondered what had changed her so much, and, indeed, went so far as to wonder how she had charmed him so greatly at Spa. But he remembered that there she was exceedingly lively and fascinating in her manners, and always graceful, gay, and good humoured. Graceful she still was, but where were the good humour and the gaiety? Reserved, Lord Eskdale feared, for the man who was on the eve of marrying another lady!

Mr. Black was very glad when the Woodbury Hall carriage was announced; he had found that instead of being a feather in his young wife's cap to have been Miss Stuart's chaperone, it had been a disadvantage to her, and that both he and she had been blamed for allowing her to be so much with Captain St. George. He had been attacked by Mrs. Percy, who had lectured him on his want of discretion, hinted, indeed, more than hinted, at Madeleine's supposed misdemeanours, and advised him not to encourage Mrs. Black's intimacy with that good-for-nothing little French Papist, lest, some fine day, he should find his wife following in her footsteps. Mrs. Percy was not the only person who had spoken slightly of Madeleine to Mr. Black. And even Sir Robert Joliffe, a good-natured, easy sort of man, who troubled himself about nobody, wished "that little coquette, Miss Stuart, at the deuce, or anywhere but at Woodbury."

Sir Robert had an eye to his own pocket; he was afraid that if St. George's marriage went off, that gentleman would be wanting to borrow more money from him; it would be inconvenient to lend it, yet disagreeable to refuse it, and he was anxious to have the scapegrace disposed of in matrimony to a lady who had some means.

Madeleine, on her part, regretted as much as Mr. Black that she had gone to the ball with Mrs. Black, instead of agreeing to her sister's proposal, and joining the party from Barwell Lodge. She could have appropriated Lord Eskdale to herself; she could have paraded him before

every one as her admirer, and he might have repeated his former offer. It was very unfortunate she had not known of his being at the Barwells'; but she had never dreamed of seeing him in Devonshire. All she could now hope was, that he had not remarked her intimacy with Captain St. George, or, at least, had not heard the gallant captain was engaged to another; if he had not, a little jealousy would do no harm; on the contrary, it might have a good effect.

IV.

A MORNING VISIT, AND AN UNPLEASANT DISCOVERY.

Two or three days after the subscription-ball had taken place, some of the Barwell Lodge party drove over to make an early call on Mrs. Percival. These were Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, Juliet, and Lord Eskdale. Agnes was very glad to see them, and begged them to stay luncheon, apologising at the same time for the absence of her sister, who, she said, had gone to the village to join Mrs. Black on a shopping expedition. She received Lord Eskdale in the kindest manner, and asked about his friend Mr. Lawson with much interest.

Lord Eskdale said that Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie had begged Lawson to accompany them also to Devonshire, but he had become so fond of solitude, that there was no tearing him from the "banks and braes" and the wild glens of the North.

"He talks," said Mr. Mackenzie, "of starting off to Norway or Iceland for salmon fishing. I don't know what is the matter with my cousin Johnnie, he has quite lost his spirits. Lord Eskdale here never could be got to betray his friend's secret; but I cannot help thinking that he must have fallen desperately in love with some fair lady at Spa. He has never been the same since he went there. Did *you* see anything going on, Mrs. Percival?"

Agnes, who had not the most remote idea of the deep impression the renewal of his early acquaintance with her had made upon Mr. Lawson, answered quietly and calmly, and without the slightest shade of heightened colour, that she had not observed him paying attention to any one.

"It must have been after he left Spa," she added, "that Mr. Lawson fell in with this Armida, if there be one in question."

Lord Eskdale smiled, but said nothing. *He* well knew who was—not the Armida—but certainly the enchantress of Spa. It struck his lordship that Mrs. Percival, as well as her sister, was changed. Mrs. Percival was quite as lovely as ever, perhaps even more beautiful; but there was an expression of deep melancholy in her countenance, which never used to be there. And why was Mr. Percival away from home?

Lord Eskdale was not long in finding out that Alfred spent much of his time in London, and that he was quite devoted to an actress of bad character there. If his poor wife were aware of this fact, it was enough to account for her apparent sadness.

After her guests had sat for some time in the drawing-room, Mrs. Percival proposed that they should take a stroll through the conservatories and grapery before luncheon, and at Juliet's request little Cecil was sent for to accompany them. Cecil was a great favourite with Juliet, and the child was delighted to go with her "friend," as she called Miss Barwell.

The little girl carried a basket, wherein to place the bunches of grapes that might be cut for the party.

They had passed through the grapery and the conservatories, and had admired each, especially some tropical plants, which were great favourites of Captain Howard's, who liked all the productions of those bright and beautiful regions; and Juliet had proposed that they should prolong their stroll towards the river, or rather branch of a river, which ran through the grounds. This stream was sometimes so shallow at certain places, that any one could wade through it, while in other parts the bed of the river was deeper, and if there had been anything like heavy rain, there was quite a full rush of water. A pleasure-boat was kept in a small house on its banks, but it was not very often used.

There was a walk, with embowering trees almost meeting overhead, which led towards the "shining river," and the party entered it.

In this rather long shady walk were two or three arbours, thickly covered with ivy, mingled with clematis and convulvi. Mrs. Percival and her friends had not proceeded very far, when they were all startled by seeing two people emerge from one of the above-mentioned solitary arbours, and these persons were Captain St. George and Madeleine Stuart!

Captain St. George had his arm round Madeleine's waist, and she was leaning her head lovingly on his shoulder.

The large party involuntarily stood still. Mrs. Percival, who was holding Mr. Mackenzie's arm, turned very pale, Juliet became crimson, and Lord Eskdale looked as if he had seen a ghost. No one uttered a syllable except little Cecil, who exclaimed:

"There's Aunt Leina and that Captain St. George again! She goes to the village on pretence of seeing Mrs. Black, but she meets him half way, and comes back with him. Hortense says so, and they go to the boat-house, or to——"

Juliet, who looked quite confused, stooped down to the child, and in a low voice desired her to be silent. "Hush, hush, Cecil," she whispered—but Lord Eskdale caught the words—"you must not say such things; you are very wrong to repeat Hortense's foolish stories, or to listen to them."

Hortense was Madeleine's French maid.

"They are *not* stories," persisted the little girl. "It is all true. Hortense is not the only one that knows——"

Juliet placed her hand on the child's mouth to prevent her making any more revelations, and again whispered, "Hush! you will make your mamma very unhappy."

In a moment Cecil was silent; she took Juliet's hand and walked on quietly, for the party who had stopped so suddenly were again moving forwards.

In the mean time, Captain St. George had withdrawn his arm from Madeleine's waist, she had raised her head from his shoulder, and the two approached the but lately-startled group.

Captain St. George looked very much embarrassed, as well as very angry; Madeleine did not seem in the least to feel the awkwardness of her situation, but on coming near Mrs. Percival's guests she made one of her pretty sweeping little curtseys to them all, and held out her hand to Lord Eskdale.

The Scotch earl did not pretend to see the hand extended to him, he merely bowed coldly and stiffly. Thereupon Madeleine, the sudden flush in whose cheek showed her annoyance, turned to her sister, and said, sharply :

"If you had thought fit to let me know, Agnes, that you expected your friends from Barwell Lodge this morning, I would not have gone to the village to do some shopping with Mrs. Black. I would have put it off till another day. I met Captain St. George on the way, and as there are a good many cattle on the road this morning, he was so kind as to see me safely back."

"I did not know that we were to have the pleasure of seeing our friends from Barwell Lodge this morning, Madeleine, or I should certainly have told you," replied Mrs. Percival, mustering as much self-command as she could.

"Aunt Leina, are these cattle *every day* on the road?" asked Cecil, somewhat pertly. She was always inclined to be impudent to her aunt, whom she could not endure.

Madeleine looked fiercely at the little girl, and said :

"You are a very ill-bred child, and dreadfully spoiled ; a sound whipping would be good for you."

"It would be good for somebody else, too," muttered Cecil.

Captain St. George, to stop the war of words, went up to the child and asked if he might be allowed to taste one of the splendid grapes she was carrying in her basket. Juliet picked out a charming little bunch for him, and immediately began talking about the grapery and the conservatories, until the conversation became general upon fruit, flowers, and such innocent and innocuous subjects, Madeleine and Lord Eskdale, however, taking no share in it. Madeleine was much vexed to find that Lord Eskdale walked by Juliet's side the whole of the way, even after *she* had joined the party.

On returning to the house, Captain St. George went in along with the rest, though not invited by Agnes ; he chose to remain with them, so that she was forced to ask him to lunch with them. To her surprise and annoyance, he not only stayed luncheon, but outstayed the other visitors ; and it was not until the Barwells' carriage had been gone full ten minutes that he took his leave.

Madeleine was about to quit the room after he had gone, when Agnes stopped her, and said :

"What is all this about Captain St. George, Madeleine? And how is it that you are on such intimate—indeed, familiar—terms with him?"

"All what?" asked Madeleine. "And to what familiar terms do you allude, pray?"

"You had been tête-à-tête with him in the arbour, and issued from it in what was, undeniably, a familiar attitude."

"Nonsense ; your prudery is ridiculous."

"That man is trifling very improperly with you, Madeleine. You know he is engaged to another lady. I was told this morning, by Mrs. Mackenzie, that Lord Eskdale had come here in order to renew his acquaintance with you. Your apparent intimacy with such a roué as Captain St. George is known to be must naturally be disagreeable to him, and chill his feelings for you."

"It is *not* St. George who is coming in the way to prevent Eskdale

from proposing again to me; it is your favourite, Miss Juliet. Any one could see that they are stirring heaven and earth to get him for her."

"You are quite mistaken," replied Agnes; "and if you lose Lord Eskdale, it will be altogether your own fault."

Madeleine did not choose to hear any further animadversions upon her conduct, and left her sister, who sighed as she said to herself:

"That girl will never, never reform! But I shall be glad if Lord Eskdale transfers his attention to Juliet Barwell, and marries her; she will make a much better wife than Madeleine would have done. He would have been thrown away upon *her*."

Later in the same day there was another morning visitor at Woodbury Hall, and this was the rector's wife, Mrs. Percy.

She commenced by saying that she had passed Captain St. George close to the village, on the road from Woodbury Hall, and plumply asking if he had been there. Of course she expected to find Mrs. Percival thrown into a state of surprise, and not knowing what to answer. Her own astonishment was great when Mrs. Percival told her that Captain St. George and some of her friends from Barwell Lodge had been lunching with her. For a few minutes Mrs. Percy was quite discomfited by this information, and reflected that if the gallant captain's visits were paid openly, and were known to Mrs. Percival, the case of scandal in which she had been revelling had lost much of its impropriety. But she was not willing so quietly to give up what was, though death to others, sport to her, and she returned to the charge.

"Well, Mrs. Percival, though Captain St. George's visits here may be paid to you as well as to Miss Madeleine to save appearances, I can only tell you that Lady Joliffe is extremely uneasy at his attentions to your sister, and I heard shocking things, really very shocking things, said of them at the ball the other night. It is a pity you had not been there to have prevented Miss Madeleine from making herself so remarkable as she did. I don't think it a friendly act towards you to keep from you the knowledge of all that is said, and perhaps," she added, in a mysterious whisper, "of all that is or has been going on."

Mrs. Percy waited a moment, expecting to be eagerly questioned by Agnes, but as she said nothing, the dame proceeded with her tittle-tattle.

"Captain St. George is a very dangerous man; he is so handsome, and has such captivating manners when he likes to please any one, that it is scarcely to be wondered at how completely he has got round Miss Stuart. But it is a pity for her, poor thing."

Again Mrs. Percy stopped, and Mrs. Percival, finding that she was expected to say something, merely remarked:

"Captain St. George is very handsome, certainly."

Mrs. Percy was waxing wrath.

"Handsome is as handsome does, to *my* thinking, Mrs. Percival, and I don't consider that Master St. George has acted handsomely towards your family in making your sister his . . . his . . . his mistress—Mrs. Percival."

"His mistress!" exclaimed Agnes, with a face expressive of astonishment and deep displeasure. "Mrs. Percy, please to remember to whom you are speaking, and *of* whom."

"Well, Mrs. Percival, there's no need for your taking things in such

a huff. I am old enough to be your mother, and, as the wife of the clergyman you sit under, I thought it my duty to come and put you on your guard about what is going on, and what is in everybody's mouth. I sincerely hope there won't be another baby."

Mrs. Percival started and looked very much confused; she was only able to falter out the one word:

"Baby?"

Mrs. Percy smiled; it was a satanic sort of grin.

"Unmarried women can have babies, I fancy, as well as married ones, Mrs. Percival, and servants sometimes *will* let the cat out of the bag. I should have known nothing about the baby, but Nancy——" And here she dropped her voice to a confidential whisper. "Nancy, your former maid, that was turned away when the Winslows and all poor dear Mr. Montague's people were dismissed, Lord knows for what, she had her eyes open, and she says there was a baby coming——"

Poor Agnes became quite faint; there was a sound like the roaring of the ocean during a storm in her ears, her eyes closed, and she fell back on the sofa where she was sitting with Mrs. Percy.

That loquacious lady perceived how dreadfully the poor inoffensive Mrs. Percival felt her imprudent disclosure, and for once was sorry that she had given such license to her tongue. She seized a bottle of eau-de-Cologne which was on the table, and bathed Agnes's temples with its contents, while she took from her capacious pocket a gold vinaigrette, which she held to her nose. Mrs. Percy always went about armed with this vinaigrette, as she had sometimes to visit the sick cottagers, and she was rather particular about her olfactory nerves.

After a very little time Agnes recovered her consciousness, and released herself from Mrs. Percy's vigorous onslaught with the eau-de-Cologne and the aromatic vinegar.

"You were speaking of a baby," she said, in a low tone, "and that Nancy had said something. What was it?"

"Oh, nothing positive. Nancy could tell nothing for certain, and as nobody ever saw a baby, there might not have been one at all. Only if such a misfortune *had* happened, Captain St. George must have been the culprit."

The confident assertion of Mrs. Percy's was an immense relief to poor Agnes. She turned almost with an air of cordiality to the veteran gossip, and thanked her for her kind wish to warn her against an unprincipled acquaintance and to put her on her guard. She added, that she would tell her sister how much she exposed herself to disagreeable remarks by her thoughtlessness.

Mrs. Percy took her departure, leaving her wasp-like sting behind, but, as she stepped into her brougham, she exclaimed to herself:

"Thoughtlessness, indeed! That's a mighty genteel name for wickedness and evil concupiscence. That Madeleine is no better than Potiphar's wife, though Captain St. George is not a Joseph. But Prony says it is no matter how much she sins; she has only to go and make a clean breast to a confessor, and he will give her full pardon. What a number of odd things these Papist confessors must hear!"

Her ideal enemies, the Papists, were introduced into every soliloquy of the sapient Mrs. Percy.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

SHE rounds the Lizard, where that stone doth flame,
 Scarlet and green,* her colours gaily flying;
 Spreads out the circling Bay, well known to fame,
 In loveliness with Naples' waters vying.
 She comes like some bold living thing,
 As proud to bear our future king,
 And thousands on the shore
 Gaze the blue billows o'er,
 Watching her progress till she sweeps more near—
 And now they land—then bursts the thrilling cheer,
 And cannon's iron throats a "welcome!" sound,
 Till caves reply, and far hills echo round.

St. Michael's Mount—renowned from earliest days,
 Starting with granite shoulders from the sea,
 History, religion, on it shed their rays,
 Rocks piled on rocks in wild sublimity;
 It hath no parallel on Britain's coast,
 The stranger's wonder, and the native's boast :
 Now up its stony, rugged sides,
 Lashed by the eternal, tumbling tides,
 The royal pair are winding slow,
 And mark the enchanting scene below—
 This rock-built pyramid so grand,
 Mightier than those in Pharaoh's land,
 The wide-spread waves that shine and roar,
 Old Marazion's circling shore,
 And fair Penzance with arches gay,
 And Newlyn nestling far away,
 With the broad theatre of hills,
 That sweep and bend beneath the sky—
 This matchless scene the fancy thrills,
 While glows the soul, and beams the eye.

They mount the tower where, hanging high in air,
 Is placed the power-bestowing Michael's chair;†
 They enter the baronial hall,‡
 And where the monks once sang their vesper lays,
 Mingling with ocean's voice their Maker's praise ;

* The Serpentine.

† Every female, says the legend, that performs the difficult task of sitting in St. Michael's chair, will have the power given her of governing her husband.

‡ The Chevy Chase room, so called from hunting-scenes being depicted on the walls.

Antiquity breathes histories from each wall.
Their names are penned—another there is seen
Which wakens sadness in the Prince's breast,
For he, surnamed the "Good," and our dear Queen,
Once climbed this ocean-mountain's granite crest,
And wrote their names, here to be ponder'd o'er,
And proudly, fondly cherished evermore.*

Another sun springs golden from the deep,
A jocund holiday the land doth keep ;
The little boats are dashing o'er the Bay,
Streamers from every tower are floating gay ;
The bells are sprinkling music sweet,
From town and hamlet thousands meet :
Their Duke is here—the son of her they love ;
The flower is here—the beauteous rose,
Which, rising other flowers above,
In England's garden lovelier grows—
The gentle one of Denmark, whose bright eyes,
In flashing admiration and surprise,
Gleam like the blue of our soft Cornish skies. }
"Welcome!" far and wide is ringing,
Every breeze a cheer is bringing;
Flags deck rugged granite piles,
Flowers are scattered in their way,
And the Princess sweetly smiles
At the fervour hearts display :
Beautiful she seems to all,
As her glances brightly fall ;
And no pride doth ice her brow,
Kindness, pleasure, on it now.
That sweet face doth seem a star
To the eager gazers there,
Dear, as all things beauteous are,
And herself as good as fair.

Blow, summer breezes, roll ye sparkling waves !
Ye cannon, wake the echoes of the caves !
And blaze, ye bonfires on the circling height,
Flushing the Bay till waves seem bowls of light !
This day will live in Cornish memories long,
And brightly shine all other days among ;
The Mount, the glory of the western deep,
A record of this day will ever keep.

* The autographs of her Majesty and the lamented Prince Consort, with the pens which they used on the occasion, are carefully preserved at the Mount in a glass case.

ABOUT SQUARE MEN IN ROUND HOLES; AND ROUND IN
SQUARE.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

JUST as Talleyrand—upon whom, probably, so many other people's good things have been fathered—is popularly credited with the cynical witticism about language being given us to conceal our thoughts,—a *mot* of considerably older standing than the prince-bishop; so to Sydney Smith appears to be popularly ascribed the favourite illustration of the square man getting “located,” dislocated rather, in the round hole,—a saying that was greatly in vogue a few years back, when the pet cry of the day was, the Right Man in the Right Place.

The illustration has been a well-worked one, however, in various hands; and to whose brain is due the first conception of this sort of squaring the circle may be still, possibly, a question for Notes and Queries. Bayle has something a good deal like it; Jeremy Taylor the thing itself. Mr. Fonblanque, in those political essays of his which made a stir when George the Fourth was king, introduced the illustration once and again. Thus, in opposing the assumption that the qualifications requisite for the Advocate and the Judge are the same, he concludes that, at any rate, it were desirable to define the faculties of mind proper to the Judge and the Advocate with some distinctness: “We should then perceive, as Bayle says, whether we are putting a square to the work of a circle.”* Elsewhere, and upon quite another subject, he quotes Bayle's saying on the conjunction of certain two things as being no less impossible than the conjunction of the properties of a square and of a circle.† But the full and correct version of our text is cited in a paper headed “Lyndhurst *versus* Peel,” published in 1836, where we read how Jeremy Taylor once said that the world is a board with peg-holes, some square and some round, and that certain men, fitted for one state of things and not for another, are square pegs which get into round holes, and round pegs which get into square holes. Nothing can adjust them to their stations, or fix them with any firmness or uprightness. Change their positions, and each is set right; but the change is impossible.‡

In QUADRUM redigere the man who is *totus, teres, atque ROTUNDUS*.—*hic labor, hoc opus est*. Not to every one is given the art ascribed by Swift to one of his correspondents:

You change a circle to a square,
Then to a circle as you were:
Who can imagine whence the fund is
That you *quadrata* change *rotundis*?§

* On the Scotch Judges' Salaries, in *Examiner*, 1829. Reprinted in Mr. Fonblanque's collected essays, “England under Seven Administrations,” vol. i. p. 293.

† *Ibid.*, vol. iii. p. 322.

‡ “So it is with Sir Robert Peel and Lord Lyndhurst. Sir Robert Peel was a smooth round peg, in a sharp-cornered square hole, and Lord Lyndhurst is a rectangular square-cut peg, in a smooth round hole.”—Vol. iii. p. 342.

§ An Epistle upon an Epistle, &c.

It is among the fragments that remain of Sydney Smith's table-talk, gathered up and preserved by his daughter, Lady Holland, that we find this observation: "You will generally see in human life the round man and the angular man planted in the wrong hole; but the Bishop of —, being a round man, has fallen into a triangular hole, and is far better off than many triangular men who have fallen into round holes."* Again, in his correspondence, he thus refers to Raffles's Life (1829): "A virtuous, active, high-minded man; placed at last where he ought to be: a round man, in a round hole."† Just so Francis Horner rejoices in Pillans getting his Edinburgh professorship, and so becoming (1812) "the most completely happy person in the Regent's dominions; having found exactly the corner that fits him in the world, where he can be most useful, and as universally respected."‡ It is one of Addison's reflections on the blessedness of a future state, that it will not be there as in this world; "but, on the contrary, every one will find that station the most proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been so happy in any other station."§ The paramount object in Plato's commonwealth|| is, that every human creature should find his proper level, and every man settle into that place for which his natural qualities have fitted him.—*La carrière ouverte aux talens*, The tools to him that can handle them, was to the very last, as Mr. Carlyle says, a kind of idea to Napoleon, and "really one of the best ideas yet promulgated on that matter, or rather the one true central idea, towards which all the others, if they tend anywhither, must tend."¶ So again in his panegyric on the times of Monk Sampson, Mr. Carlyle incidentally declares the difference between a good man and a bad man to have been then felt to be, what it for ever is, an immeasurable one. "Who *durst* have elected a Pandarus Dogdraught, in those days, to any office, Carlton Club, Senatorship, or place whatsoever? It was felt that the arch Satanas and no other had a clear right of property in Pandarus; that it were better for you to have no hand in Pandarus, to keep out of Pandarus his neighbourhood! Which is, to this hour, the mere fact; though for the present, alas, the forgotten fact. I think they were comparatively blessed times those, in their way."** Everywhere, indeed, it is this author's teaching, that the last finish of the State's efforts, in what he calls the operation of regimenting, will be to get the true Souls'-Overseers set over men's souls: wise men do exist, born duly into the world in every current generation; but the getting of *them* regimented is the highest pitch, he says, of human Polity, and the feat of all feats in political engineering.†† "Give every man the meed of honour he has merited, you have the ideal world of poets; a hierarchy of beneficences, your noblest man at the summit of affairs, and in every place the due gradation of the fittest for that place; a maximum of wisdom works and admi-

* Memoir of Rev. Sydney Smith, vol. i. p. 259.

† To Sir George Philips, Letters, No. 289.

‡ Life of Francis Horner, vol. ii. p. 123, cf. p. 23.

§ Spectator, No. 600.

¶ Critical Essays (3rd edit.), IV. 113.

** Past and Present, book iv. ch. i.

†† Latter-day Pamphlets: The New Downing Street.

|| Plato's Republic, book iii.

nisters, followed, as is inevitable, by a maximum of success.”* The Golden Age is always in a dim future or in a distant past :

There was a time, so ancient records tell,
There were communities
 where great men grew
Up to their natural eminence, and none
Saving the wise, just, eloquent, were great ;
Where power was of God’s gift, to whom He gave
Supremacy of merit, the sole means
And broad highway to power, that ever then
Was meritoriously administered,
While all its instruments from first to last,
The tools of state for service high or low,
Were chosen for their aptness to those ends
Which virtue meditates.†

Fielding gives us a chapter on Matters Political, in his “*Amelia*,” in which the doctor, discussing such matters with the peer, is urgent on the manifest injustice of denying a man the place he is fit for, and conferring it on an unqualified rival : injustice, not only to the man himself, but to the public, for whose good principally all public offices are, or ought to be, instituted ; and which good can never be obtained but by employing all persons according to their capacities.‡ At the very setting out of the same entertaining history, the Father of the English novel had applied to political purpose an illustration to this effect : he bids us figure to ourselves a family, the master of which should dispose of the several economical offices by putting his butler on the coach-box, his coachman in the butlery, his footman in the stewardship, and in the same ridiculous manner should misemploy the talents of every other servant. “It is easy to see what a figure such a family must make in the world.—As ridiculous as this may seem, I have often considered some of the lower offices in our civil government to be disposed in this very manner,”§ &c. A noble kinswoman of Henry Fielding’s, more nearly perhaps akin to him in wit and vivacity than in blood, censures, in one of her letters, a recent appointment by a great man of a worthless relation of his, and remarks thereupon : “It has long been a maxim not to consider if a man be fit for a place, but if the place be fit for him ; and we see the fruits of these Machiavellian proceedings.”||

Figaro *sans emploi*, and *au désespoir* therefor, is witty at his own expense, and that of government : “On pense à moi pour une place, mais par malheur j’y étais propre : il fallait un calculateur, ce fut un danseur qui l’obtint.”¶

When the late Lord Campbell was transferred from the chiefship of the Queen’s Bench to the woolsack, a Saturday Reviewer, who would have preferred his actual successor on that exalted seat, objected, that the appointment of Sir Richard Bethell, then head of the Chancery bar, to the

* Latter-day Pamphlets: Hudson’s Statue.

† Henry Taylor, Philip van Artevelde, Part the Second, Act II. Sc. 1.

‡ *Amelia*, book xi. ch. ii.

§ *Ibid.*, book i. ch. ii.

|| Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague: To the Countess of Bute, Oct. 13, 1758.

¶ *Le Mariage de Figaro*, Acte V. Sc. 3.

Chief Justiceship would not have been more incongruous than that of Lord Campbell to his new dignity ; and declared it to be a curious commentary on all the cant about putting the right man in the right place, to extinguish a Chief Justice who was not likely to be surpassed in his old office, in order to create a Chancellor who would be very fortunate if he achieved mediocrity.* Before many months had elapsed, the same reviewer found occasion for strictures on Lord Chancellor Campbell's doings in office, as regards the designed abolition of one-half of the duties of the Courts of Equity ; and went on to remark, that the more clever a man is, the greater is the danger of placing him in a position where he has to deal with matters with which he has been unfamiliar during, it may be, a long and active life ; for he is apt to feel bound, for his credit's sake, to do something great, if possible, while he is necessarily without the experience which is necessary to enable him to do anything either wisely or well.† In short, the appointment was looked upon as the result of political favouritism, not of individual fitness ; and though the critic would be the last to call the fortunate Chancellor blockhead,—expressly indicating his cleverness, as we have seen—he would probably have seen something applicable to the case in the very old complaint

That ministers have royal boons
Conferred on blockheads and buffoons :
In spite of nature, merit, wit,
Their friends for every post were fit.‡

In political appointments, observes Mr. Carlyle,§ sententiously and epigrammatically withal, the man you appoint is not he who was ablest to perform the duty, but only he who was ablest to be appointed.

One fine morning in the hot weather of A.D. 1666, Mr. Pepys, at the Admiralty, gets sudden official notice that the Dutch fleet is certainly abroad, and that the English one must be up and doing. "But, Lord!" breaks out the perplexed Secretary, "to see how my Lord Brouncker undertakes the despatch of the fireships, when he is no more fit for it than a porter; and all the while Sir W. Pen, who is the most fit, is unwilling to displease him, and do not look after it; and so the King's work is like to be well done."||

They say there is a Royal Court
Maintained in noble state,
Where every able man, and good,
Is certain to be great!
I'm very fond of seeing sights,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."¶

When Sir Alexander Macdonald—duly introduced by Boswell, and courteously received by his great friend—observes that the Chancellors in England are chosen, not for their fitness, but for temporary political views, "Why, sir," replied Johnson, "in such a government as ours, no man is

* *Saturday Review*, VII. 739.

† *Ibid.*, vol. ix. p. 492.

‡ John Gay.

§ In his second essay on History.

|| Diary of Samuel Pepys, Aug. 23, 1666.

¶ Poems of Wit and Humour, by Thomas Hood: A Plain Direction.

38 *About Square Men in Round Holes; and Round in Square.*

appointed to an office because he is the fittest for it, not hardly in any other government; because there are so many dependencies and connexions to be studied. A despotic prince may choose a man to an office merely because he is the fittest for it. The King of Prussia may do it."* And Mr. Carlyle would probably say that that King of Prussia *did*.

Swift may well call it

—hard to find in every case
The fittest man to fill a place—

and therefore praise one who

—found the wisest man he could,
Without respect to friends or blood.†

And well may he declare, in one of his letters to the Earl of Peterborough, that he has often admired at the capriciousness of Fortune in regard to his lordship—she having forced courts to act against their oldest and most constant maxims; to make him a general because he had courage and conduct; an ambassador, because he had wisdom and knowledge in the interests of Europe; and an admiral, on account of his skill in maritime affairs: "whereas, according to the usual method of court proceedings, I should have been at the head of the army, and you of the church, or rather a curate under the dean of St. Patrick's."‡ Among the Crumbs Fallen from King James's Table, picked up and preserved for us by Sir Thomas Overbury—whose tragical history makes so black a blot on that Scottish Solomon's reign—this wholesome fragment occurs: "The wisdom of a King is chiefly seen in the election of his officers, as in places which require a peculiar sufficiency, not to choose them which he affects most, but to use every one according to his proper fitness."§ Judged by which rule, the wisdom of this particular King—despite his Solomonian prestige—would seem to have been almost a negative quantity.

Moralising on the difficulty to a youth of gauging his capacities, so as to make discreet choice of a profession, Mr. Anthony Trollope says the right man is wanted in the right place, but how is a lad of two-and-twenty to surmise what place will be right for him? And yet, if he surmises wrong, he fails in taking his tide at its single flood. "How many lawyers are there who should have been soldiers! how many clergymen who should have been lawyers! how many unsuccessful doctors who might have done well on 'Change, or in Capel Court!"|| Many men there are, says Hooker, taking his cue from Aristotle's Ethics, than whom nothing is more commendable when they are singled; and yet in society with others, none less fit to answer the duties which are looked for at their hands.¶ Let any one take note, says Nicole, in one of his *Pensées*,** of the sort of persons who occupy post and office in the world, and of the sort of place they fill, and it will be found that scarcely one among them

* Boswell's Life of Johnson, sub anno 1772.

† The Beasts' Confession (1732). ‡ Swift to Lord Peterborough, 1732.

§ Miscellaneous Works of Sir Thos. Overbury: "Crumbs Fal'n from King James's Table." No. 49.

|| The Bertrams, ch. ii.

¶ Hooker, Ecclesiastical Polity, book i. sect. xvi.

** De la Prudence dans le choix d'un état.

is in his right place—*l'on trouvera que presque personne n'est bien placé*. How many there are who having a stout pair of arms, and no head to speak of, get into employments that require a strong headpiece, and make no demand on the muscular powers!

Referring to Johnson's regret that he had not become a Lawyer, and risen to be Chancellor, which he might easily have done, Mr. Carlyle observes, with a resigned "However, it was otherwise appointed," that to no man does Fortune throw open all the kingdoms of the world, and say, It is thine: choose where thou wilt dwell.* To the most "she opens hardly the smallest cranny or dog-hatch," which the round man, on getting in, finds uncommonly angular, and ill adjusted to his too too ponderous flesh. The rarest thing in the world, says Robert Southey, in one of his ever-delightful letters,† is to see a man in the station for which he is best fitted.

Prosperous Uncle Dean complacently tells poor Tom Tulliver, in "George Eliot's" story, that if he got places, it was because he made himself fit for them. "If you want to slip into a round hole, you must make a ball of yourself—that's where it is." And again, uncle tells nephew, "There's heaps of your sort, like so many pebbles, made to fit in nowhere."‡

Clifford Pyncheon is proposed by Mr. Hawthorne as an example and representative of that great class of persons whom an inexplicable Providence is continually putting at cross purposes with the world, and thus, when it might so easily, one would think, have been adjusted otherwise, making their existence a perplexity and a discord.§ This was just the topic to excite the dreamy questionings of an author so "deep contemplative;" and we accordingly find *Misplaced People* an iterated subject of Mr. Hawthorne's speculations. In one of his suggestive fantasy-pieces he marshals before us a great multitude, comprising members of the learned professions who were born for the plough, the forge, and the wheelbarrow, or for the routine of unintellectual business; then again, on the other hand, labourers and handicraftsmen, who pine, as with a dying thirst, after the unattainable fountains of knowledge. He shows us Quakers with the instinct of battle in them; and men of war who should have worn the broad-brim. Nor be forgotten one "weak-framed blacksmith," whose "delicacy of muscle might have suited a tailor's shopboard better than the anvil,"—nor the refined collegian, whose true sphere is cloistered study, but whom fate has pitched into the thick of political strife, and who becomes a name for brawling parties to bandy to and fro.|| Elsewhere Mr. Hawthorne pictures, in his visionary way, an inquirer for a place at the Intelligence Office. *What* place? the Intelligencer asks, for he has all sorts to dispose of. The Inquirer, with nervous impatience, answers, "I want my place—my own place!—my true place in the world!—my proper sphere—my thing to do, which nature intended me to perform when she fashioned me thus awry, and which I have vainly sought, all my lifetime." Of course he is sent empty away. And it is

* See Carlyle's *Miscellanies*: Boswell's Johnson.

† To Mr. Rickman, Aug. 16, 1828.

‡ The Mill on the Floss, book iii. ch. v.

§ See ch. x. of *The House of the Seven Gables*.

|| Mosses from an Old Manse: *The Procession of Life*.

a true touch of our author, that, in disposing of so exacting an applicant, he should add, that if he died of the disappointment, he was probably buried in the wrong tomb; inasmuch as the fatality of such people never deserts them, and, whether alive or dead, they are invariably out of place.*

Archbishop Trench points a moral in the manly lesson of the Persian proverb: "A stone that is fit for the wall, is not left in the way." Only be fit for the wall (thus he expounds, and improves, the text), square, polish, prepare thyself for it; and it is certain thy turn will come. "Thou wilt not be 'left in the way;' sooner or later the builders will be glad of thee; the wall will need thee to fill a place in it, quite as much as thou needest a place to occupy in the wall. For the amount of real capacity in this world is so small, that places want persons to fill them quite as really as persons want to fill places; although it must be allowed, they are not always as much aware of their want."† After this sort can his Grace find sermons in stones, and good in everything. But he would scarcely impugn the moral of Gay's rhyming apologue anent the misplaced man, who,

Whether he blunders at the bar,
Or owes his infamy to war;
Or if by license or degree
The sexton share the doctor's fee;
Or from the pulpit by the hour
He weekly floods of nonsense pour,
We find (the intent of nature foiled)
A tailor or a butcher spoiled.‡

Napoleon found himself mistaken in appointing Laplace Minister of the Interior. Napoleon's own account of the result is on record, and, as the mathematician's admirers readily allow, will be a part of the biography of Laplace in all time to come. "A mathematician of the highest rank, he lost not a moment in showing himself below mediocrity as a minister. In his very first attempt at business, the consuls [especially including the First] saw that they had made a mistake. Laplace looked at no question in its true point of view. He was always searching after subtleties, and he carried the spirit of the infinitesimal calculus into the management of business." Those who object that the character of Laplace's mathematical writings is signally and ridiculously the opposite of what the Emperor intimates, are yet free to own that the mathematician made an incompetent minister.

Men in their places are the men that stand,

says the author of *The Statesman's* best dramatic hero,§ and Laplace, being signally out of his place, did not stand.

Be it remarked, however, by the way, that not a few persons lend a too flattering unction to their souls, when they complainingly yet complacently assume their choice of a profession to have been the great blunder of their lives. One man thinks—as a popular essayist puts it—that if he

* The Intelligence Office.

† Trench on Proverbs and their Lessons, lecture v.

‡ Gay's Fables, part ii.

§ Philip van Artevelde, Part I. Act II. Sc. 3.

had been a barrister instead of a doctor, he would have been certain of the highest success; another is equally sure that the stage or the pulpit is the only career in which his brilliant natural talents would have had fair play. And this writer concedes that it is no doubt very true that men choose their professions, or have their professions chosen for them, without much regard to special aptitudes. But he contends that, in the majority of cases, there is no special aptitude which it would be worth while to consult; and that most people would probably make just as good cobblers as tailors, just as efficient lawyers as doctors, just as persuasive parsons as members of Parliament. What they take for a false step, he asserts to be nothing of the kind, only it is consolatory to their vanity to think otherwise.*

But to keep to our text in its *einzigkeitheit*, and illustrate it accordingly. Grievously disappointed is Shakspeare's (if Shakspeare's?) Queen Margaret with the monk-like disposition of her royal husband—born to a throne he was never, in the fitness of things, meant for. She had hoped King Henry would have resembled her model Suffolk, "in courage, courtship, and proportion;" but all his mind, she complains, is bent to holiness, to number Ave-Maries on his beads; his only weapons, saws of sacred writ; his study his tilt-yard; and his loves, but brazen images of canonised saints.

I would the college of cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head;
That were a state fit for his holiness.†

In the like strain insurgent York withstands the meek monarch to his face =

King did I call thee? no, thou art not king. . . .
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.‡

Peter Pindar declares that kings who take pride in gossiping and tattle, should, "instead of sitting on a throne in purple rich," have had an apron, and dressed wigs, and plied the razor.

By such mistakes is nature often foiled:

* * * *

Thus a fine chattering barber may be spoiled,
To make a most indifferent king.§

And of course when Peter Pindar flung his gibes at kings in general, he always had in his mind's eye one king in particular.

Macaulay thought it likely, of our James the First, that if he had been a Canon of Christ Church, or a Prebendary of Westminster, he would have left a highly respectable name to posterity, and been regarded by

* "There are men whose Genius lies only in one direction, and, unless room is provided for its expansion in that direction, there is a pure waste of force. As a rule, however, the same qualities which make a man fail in one calling would cause him to fail whatever calling he had followed, and there is no reason to doubt the soundness of the old precept, *Optimum elige, suave et facile illud faciet consuetudo*."—Essay on False Steps.

† Second Part of King Henry VI., Act I. Sc. 3.

‡ Ibid., Act V. Sc. 1.

§ Odes of Peter Pindar.

the literary world as no contemptible rival of Vossius and Casaubon :—but fortune placed him in a situation in which his weaknesses covered him with disgrace,* and in which his accomplishments brought him no honour. In a college, it is added, “much eccentricity and childishness would have been readily pardoned in so learned a man. But all learning could do for him on the throne was to make people think him a pedant as well as a fool.”†

Apostrophising Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, Mr. Carlyle piteously and pathetically exclaims, “As poor peasants, how happy, worthy had ye two been ! But by evil destiny ye were made a King and Queen of; and so both once more—are become an astonishment and a by-word to all times.”‡

The historian of Ferdinand and Isabella tells us of John II. of Castile, that, penetrated with remorse at the retrospect of his unprofitable life, he lamented on his death-bed that he had not “been born the son of a mechanic, instead of king of Castile.”§—In another of his histories, Mr. Prescott comments on the career of Fonseca—in his conduct alike to Columbus and to Cortez—as showing the overweening ascendancy which the ecclesiastical profession possessed in Castile in the sixteenth century; when it could “raise a man to so important a station, for which he was totally unfit—and keep him there after he had proved himself to be so.”|| —The most imaginative of Mr. Prescott’s fellow-countrymen, though no verse-writer, pronounces it the worst of ill success to attain a higher fortune than one’s abilities can vindicate—referring to politicians whom some malicious contingency of affairs has thrust into conspicuous station, where, while the world stands gazing at them, the dreary consciousness of imbecility makes them curse their birth-hour.¶ But not every place-man is thus sensitive to, or indeed at all self-conscious of, the fact of being thus misplaced.

Berryer, the predecessor of the Duke of Choiseul as minister of naval affairs under Lewis the Fifteenth, is said to have done nothing whatever in office but commit blunders; and his meddlesomeness being as great as his incapacity, he only completed the ruin of what was still called the fleet.** But, being a protégé of Madame de Pompadour, when Berryer had to give up the navy, he was entrusted with the seals. And thus, as M. Bungener says, of a lieutenant of police a minister of naval affairs had been made; and of a minister of naval affairs, a chancellor. This was,

* To apply the words of an old dramatist of the time:

“ — foolish Statuaries,
That under little Saints suppose [*sub-ponunt*, put under] great bases,
Make less (to sense) the saints; and so, where fortune
Advanceth vile minds to states great and noble,
She much the more exposeth them to shame;
Not able to make good, and fill their bases
With a conformed structure.”

GEORGE CHAPMAN: *Biron’s Conspiracy*.

† Essay on Lord Bacon.

‡ The Diamond Necklace, ch. vii.

§ Prescott, History of the Reign of Ferd. and Isab., part i. ch. i.

|| History of the Conquest of Mexico, book vii. ch. i.

¶ Hawthorne, The Procession of Life.

** The wits of the day called the office he filled a sinecure, England having, as they alleged, rid France of her vessels and colonies.

in fact, the way with all offices. *Il fallait un calculateur, ce fut un danseur qui l'obtint.*

There is a fable of John Gay's wherein a swan, a cock, a spider, and an ass, all get misplaced, and so become in their several ways good for nothing. An oracular owl is the cause of their undoing, for he it is assigns to each his impracticable rôle. The swan he turns out for a military career. The cock he sends to sea, to become a merchant prince. The spider he places at court, there to acquire a pre-eminence in power and fortune. The ass he directs to the study of music, and predicts for him a fame that shall emulate Corelli's. But thus a shrewd farmer rebukes the sapient owl for his distribution of parts; and suggests an amendment:

Had you with judgment weighed the case,
Their genius thus had fixed their place:
The Swan had learnt the sailor's art;
The Cock had played the soldier's part;
The Spider in the weaver's trade
With credit had a fortune made;
But for the fool, in every class
The blockhead had appeared an Ass.*

Sydney Smith would fain make out that Mr. Perceval was born to be a Methodist preacher,—“that man,” he says, “who, instead of being a Methodist preacher, is, for the curse of us and our children, and for the ruin of Troy, and the misery of good old Priam and his sons, become a legislator and a politician.”† In a like mood of irreverence towards the powers that be, had Peter Pindar pitied Lord Sandwich for being condemned to the Board of Admiralty, whereas his lordship's feats on the kettle-drums—

(Great in tattoo, my lord, and cross-hand roll;
Great in the Dead-march stroke sublime of Saul),

pointed to the regimental drumsticks as his true vocation:

What pity, to our military host
That such a charming drummer should be lost!
And feel through life his glories overcast
At that dull Board, where, never could he learn
Of ships the difference between stem and stern,
Hencoops and boats, the rudder and the mast.‡

The Tory wits of *Blackwood's Magazine* protested,§ on the appointment of Lord Althorp to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, that there had been no such political appointment since Caligula made his horse consul. That of Sir Thomas Robinson, a century before, had equally shocked the sensibilities of the House of Commons, when the Duke of Newcastle thought that dull heavy man good enough to lead them. “*He lead us? He might as well send his jack-boot to lead us!*” was the indignant outcry of recalcitrant disdain.

Burke's latest biographer tells us of the Honourable Constantine Phipps, whom fortune had made a naval officer, that Nature had intended

* Gay's Fables: The Owl, Swan, Cock, Spider, Ass, and Farmer.

† Peter Plymley's Letters, No. 2.

‡ Peter Pindar, Ode upon Ode.

§ Noctes Ambrosianæ, IV. 122.

44 *About Square Men in Round Holes ; and Round in Square.*

him for a lawyer, and that the display of his passion for legal matters occasioned much surprise and amusement to his friends.*

Mr. Disraeli suggests that Sir Robert Peel's want of perception of character was never more remarkably illustrated than in the appointment of his Secretaries of the Treasury in the government of '34. The party had been managed in opposition, he tells us, by two gentlemen, each distinguished by different but admirable qualities ; one being remarkable for the sweetness of his temper, his conciliatory manners, and an obliging habit, which gains hearts oftener than the greatest services ; he knew every member by name, talked to all sides, and had a quick eye which caught every corner of the House : his colleague, on the other hand, was reserved and cold, and a great parliamentary student ; very capable of laborious affairs, and with the right information always ready for a minister. Sir Robert appointed the man of the world Financial Secretary of the Treasury, and locked him up in a room or sealed him to a bench ; and entrusted to the student, under the usual title of Patronage Secretary of the Treasury, the management of the House of Commons, a position which requires consummate knowledge of human nature, the most amiable flexibility, and complete self-control. The government, adds Mr. Disraeli, "did not last five months ; but enough occurred in the interval to induce the minister to change on the next occasion the positions of these two gentlemen, who then served him as efficiently as they had before done with fidelity and zeal."† A result effected by the simple process of transferring round peg to round hole, and square to square.

So again a Quarterly Reviewer, in his strictures on the formation and composition of Lord Aberdeen's coalition ministry, objected that if a man was particularly conversant with foreign affairs, he was appointed to manage the home department ; if he was intimately versed in colonial government, he was set to look after the woods and forests ; if he was noted for elaborate theories on Church and State, he was made the guardian of the public purse. In short, "that all definite opinions might be neutralised, and prevented from coming into conflict with the opinions of anybody else, the man and his proper subject were kept apart, and the qualification for an office was to be a stranger to its functions."‡

The gift of making a successful speech has been signalled by Macaulay as a talent which has made judges without law, and diplomatists without French, which has sent to the Admiralty men who did not know the stern of a ship from her bowsprit, and to the India Board men who did not know the difference between a rupee and a pagoda, which made a foreign secretary of Mr. Pitt, who, as George the Second said, had never opened Vattel, and which was very near making a Chancellor of the Exchequer of Mr. Sheridan, who could not work a sum in long division.§

Of Macaulay himself, on getting into Parliament, Sydney Smith said at the time, that to take him out of literature and society, and put him into the House of Commons, was like taking the chief physician out of

* Macknight's *Life of Burke*, I. 439.

† Lord Geo. Bentinck : *A Political Biography*, ch. xvii.

‡ *Quarterly Review*, CXCL. 575.

§ Macaulay's *Essay on Sir William Temple*.

London during a pestilence;*—hardly so pat a simile as to be characteristic of the similitudinous speaker at his best. Better by a good deal was Jekyll's remark when somebody asked what ever could induce the Ministry to send Lord M—— to Ireland and Lord C—— to Scotland: "Oh, it is only the doctor who has put wrong labels on them by mistake."

Popes, Emperors, Archbishops,—have at ye all. Of that Twelfth of the papal Benedicts whom Gibbon† calls "a dull peasant," "immersed in sloth and wine," Petrarch exclaims, with a rhetorical sigh, Alas, how far happier had it been for him to have followed his father's plough than embarked in the fisherman's boat—*quàm scalum piscatorium ascendisset!* Or, at least, if he must go in the wake of St. Peter, better stick to the boat and nets, and let pontificals alone. Probably Benedict could have managed well enough by hook—by crook certainly not. Literally at sea, he might not have been at sea metaphorically; but who made him a fisher of men?

The Emperor Maximilian one day suddenly burst out into an uproarious laugh, and being asked the cause, "Truly," said he, "I laughed to think that God should have entrusted the spiritual government of the world to a drunken priest like Pope Julius, and the government of the empire to a chamois-hunter like me."‡ Clerical misfits are perhaps as numerous as political ones, or indeed any other kind.

That such a man as Archbishop Laud was misplaced, most students of history and of human nature will perhaps agree. And yet how differently is he judged, even by those who agree in this main issue. May describes him as "of a disposition too fierce and cruel for his coat;" but sums him up as, "in a word, a man not so bad, as unfit for the state of England."§ Hartley Coleridge hits the mark when he says Laud should never have left his college:—there his learning, his piety, his munificence, would have earned him an unenvied admiration. "The *congé d'être* that made him Archbishop of Canterbury signed his sovereign's death-warrant and his own."||

Among Mr. Hawthorne's reflections in the churchyard of Hatton, in regard to its sometime pastor, Dr. Parr, it struck him as a rare example (even where examples are numerous) of a man utterly misplaced, that this enormous scholar, great in the classic tongues, and inevitably converting his own simplest vernacular into a learned language, should have been set up in this homely pulpit, and ordained to preach salvation to a rustic audience to whom it is difficult to imagine how he could ever have spoken one available word.¶ To adapt a parallel passage of A. K. H. B.'s, it is the old story of "cutting blocks with a razor," or like setting the winner of the Derby to pull a dray.

Which same Mr. A. K. H. Boyd, by-the-by, and on the other hand, in his account of College Life in Scotland, reports the Divinity Hall of each University to be never free from lads who would have made excellent ploughmen, or schoolmasters, or mechanics, but whose whole future life

* Memoir of Rev. Sydney Smith, I. 265.

† Appendix to Luther's Table-talk.

‡ May, History of the Long Parliament.

§ Ignoramus on the Fine Arts, No. 2.

‡ Roman Empire, ch. lxvi.

¶ Our Old Home, vol. i. p. 96.

must be blasted by the unfortunate fact that nothing would serve themselves or their relations but that they must try for a pulpit.*

There was a time when churchmen too literally militant were not thought so very anomalous. Mr. Froude speaks of Rowland Lee, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, Lord Warden of the Welsh Marshes, as the last survivor of the old martial prelates, fitter for harness than for bishop's robes, for a court of justice than a court of theology; and more at home at the head of his troopers, chasing cattle-stealers in the gorges of Llangollen, than hunting heretics to the stake, or chasing formulas in the arduous defiles of controversy.† Type of a large class is that Alfonso Carillo, Archbishop of Toledo, whom the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella describes as "one of those turbulent prelates, not unfrequent in a rude age, who seem intended by nature for the camp rather than the church;"‡ a fierce, haughty, intractable man-at-arms.

Pretty pattern of priesthood, again, was that Carloman, fourth son of Charles the Bald, upon whom abbacies were so profusely heaped, despite his unclerical passion for a restless and adventurous life, and who, after a modicum of durance vile in the prison of Senlis, raised a band of desperate robbers in the Belgic country, and committed frightful ravages over the whole district.§

Currer Bell, in "Shirley," declines to join in denouncing the "diabolical rector of Briarfield." He was not diabolical at all: the evil simply was, he had missed his vocation: he should have been a soldier, and circumstances had made him a priest. "It seems to me, reader, that you cannot always cut men out to fit their profession; and that you ought not to curse them because that profession sometimes hangs on them ungracefully: nor will I curse Helstone, clerical Cossack as he was."||

Sainte-Beuve mildly says of l'Abbé Maury, that you would scarcely have pronounced holy orders to be his natural vocation: he gave so many proofs *d'audace et d'action* that the army seemed his proper sphere, and he very readily owned this to be the case.

The Cardinal de Retz was confessedly a man of great ability; but his contempt for his profession he took no pains to conceal. He says of himself in his Memoirs that he had a soul the least ecclesiastical perhaps of any in the wide world; that chagrin at being in orders fretted him continually; that, in short, he hated his profession. Voltaire signalises in his Eminence the first bishop in France who carried on a civil war without making religion the pretence.

Béranger said one day to the author of *Paroles d'un croyant*, "Vous avez manqué votre vocation, mon cher Lamennais, vous étiez né pour faire un corsaire." "Vous avez raison," was the reply; "la lutte va à ma nature."¶ It is paradoxical, at least in the vulgar sense, in Mr. Carlyle to say of Robespierre that he was meant by Nature for a Methodist parson of the stricter sort, to doom men who departed from the written confession.

* College Life in Glasgow.

† See Froude's History of England, vol. iii. p. 415.

‡ Prescott, Hist. of Reign of Ferd. and Isab., part i. ch. iii.

§ Milman, History of Latin Christianity, II. 386.

|| Shirley, ch. iii.

¶ *Mémoires sur Béranger*, par S. Lapointe, p. 229.

Charles Churchill is a flagrant example of mistaken vocation. John Horne Tooke, having made the acquaintance of that congenial spirit, Wilkes, thus wrote to him in 1765: "You are now entering into correspondence with a parson, and I am greatly apprehensive lest that title should disgust: but give me leave to assure you, I am not ordained a hypocrite. It is true I have suffered the infectious hand of a bishop to be waved over me; whose imposition, like the sop given to Judas, is only a signal for the devil to enter. I hope I have escaped the contagion; and, if I have not, if you should at any time discover the black spot under my tongue, pray kindly assist me to conquer the prejudices of education and profession." Yet, as one of his biographers observes, he continued for eight years longer to hold the benefice he thus coarsely acknowledged himself utterly unjustified in holding; for it was not until 1773 that his dislike to the clerical profession had become so great, his occupations so entirely opposed to it, and the gross inconsistency of remaining in it with his avowed principles so obvious, as to make him resign his living, with the view of studying for the bar.

Dr. Wolcott (Peter Pindar) is another example of reverend irreverence. "He took orders and even officiated as a clergyman, though an avowed and profane unbeliever." Add to this disqualification, the utter selfishness and pronounced sensuality of the man.

The essay-writer quoted in a previous page, who opposes the tendency men have to class an error in choosing their profession, among those fatally critical proceedings which make all the difference between a prosperous and a miserable life,—specially admits of an exception in the clerical calling. For he holds that a man who has gone into orders, and found out afterwards that convictions and sentiments of all kinds are growing up in his mind which expose him to a peculiarly penetrating sort of obloquy from those around him, as well as unfit him for the effective and conscientious discharge of his duties, may well look back upon the day of his ordination as the point where he took the wrong turn. "This, in such a case, is a genuine false step, and the person who had been so unfortunate as to take it may have to flounder about for the rest of his days among all manner of obstacles and impediments and general wretchedness. The better the quality of his mind, and the more honourably sensitive his conscience, the clearer is his perception of the blunder, and therefore the greater is the blunder itself."*

Leigh Hunt admits of his father, that volatile and Rev. Isaac Hunt who was once (for the charm of delivery) a popular preacher at Bentinck Chapel, and whose heterodoxy was very far-going indeed, that he "made a great mistake when he entered the profession. By the nature of the tenure, it was irretrievable; and his whole life after was a series of errors, arising from the unsuitability of his position."† At the extreme examples of this type it was that Cowper was hitting, in the well-known lines, beginning,

No. But his own engagement binds him fast;
Or if it does not, brands him to the last

* *False Steps*, an Essay.

† *Autobiography of Leigh Hunt*, ch. i.

What atheists call him, a designing knave,
 A mere church juggler, hypocrite, and slave.
 Oh laugh, or mourn with me, the rueful jest,
 A cassocked huntsman, and a fiddling priest. . .
 . . . He takes the field. The master of the pack
 Cries—"Well done, Saint!" and claps him on the back;*

whereat the poet slaps him in the face, with a stern

Go, cast your orders at your Bishop's feet,
 Send your dishonoured gown to Monmouth-street.

Sydney Smith has supplied more than one or two contributions of one kind or another to this omnium gatherum, and is so often pointed to as a most misplaced *person* (of the parish), that it ought not to be forgotten, as his daughter pleads, in the Preface to his "Life," that he entered holy orders out of consideration for, and in obedience to, the wishes of his father; and, like his friend, Dr. Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, with a strong natural bias towards another profession; so that, in his passage through life, he had often to exercise control over himself, and to make a struggle to do that which is comparatively easy to those who have embraced their profession from personal preference. Lady Holland's narrative goes to prove that having taken orders from a sense of duty—such as it was—he made Duty, in a less questionable sense, his guide through life.

THE UNKNOWN LAND.

MOST of the great geographical difficulties have been solved within the last few years; the Polar Sea has been traversed from west to east; Australia has been crossed from north to south, and its centre has been ascertained to contain, not a vast expanse of water, but rich tracts of land fit for cultivation; and but lately one of the mysteries of Africa has been discovered—the sources of the White Nile have been reached, by way of Zanzibar, by Captains Speke and Grant—while other enterprising travellers are pushing their explorations in all directions through that wonderful continent. Their reports, their letters, and their books, are read with avidity by all classes—men of science, patriots and philanthropists, and those influenced by religious motives alone. Worthy objects these of the deepest interest; but not less worthy of interest to all the classes mentioned, in every point of view, and practically of infinitely more consequence to Great Britain, is that vast extent of territory properly called Central British America, but which, to the great mass of educated persons, is less known or cared for than the centre of Australia or Africa. The earlier French settlers in Canada believed, and not without reason, that the high road to China would be found along the course of the mighty river on the banks of which they had located themselves. Their idea was ridiculed, and the name of La Chine was given to a village to

* Cowper, *The Progress of Error*.

the west of Montreal by those who believed that the explorers would never get farther in that direction, little supposing that ere long a rich province, full of wealthy cities, would have its eastern limits beyond the point in question; while only of late years the truth has dawned on a few far-sighted individuals that in that direction will be found the shortest and safest high road not only to China, but to provinces fast rising into importance—to British Columbia and Vancouver's Island, to the wide-spreading shores of the Pacific, and to the numberless islands which stud its bosom; that it will afford a western outlet to the commercial enterprise of Canada, which will raise her to a position of wealth and power that will enable her to treat with contempt the hostile demonstrations of the evil-disposed among her neighbours of the American Commonwealth.

Following up the course of the St. Lawrence across Lake Ontario, and passing over a broad isthmus, where a deep canal is to be formed, we reach Lake Huron. Still going west some two thousand miles distant from the mouth of the St. Lawrence, we arrive at the Saulte St. Marie, where the waters of the great Lake Superior fall into that of Huron. Here is a free port, and a free settlement has been formed; but we have yet Lake Superior to cross, when we shall reach Fort William, in Thunder Bay, where the most western Canadian settlement has lately been established. From Thunder Bay, a spot of great picturesque beauty, a good map will show us a succession of lakes, joined by rivers, and known as Dog Lake, Lac des Milles Lacs, Rainy Lake, and Lake of the Woods, the chain, extending till the extensive Lake Winnipeg is reached, having again numberless other lakes and rivers farther west. A journey of about eighty miles beyond the extreme west of the lovely Lake of the Woods carries us to a settlement of British people, not of people who have cast off their allegiance to the British crown, but true British subjects, who desire to live under British laws and institutions, and to enjoy all the privileges which Britons justly value as their birthright; yet it is not too much to say that no community of the British race is more completely debarred from the advantages possessed by Englishmen at large than are the inhabitants of the settlement in question. A glance at our map will show us a river rising in the state of Minnesota, and running nearly due north, entering British territory at the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, and finally falling into Lake Winnipeg. This is the Red River, and the British settlements on its banks are known as the Selkirk, or Red River settlements. Here are located about six thousand white inhabitants. The spiritual wants of the people have not been neglected, and a bishop, called the Bishop of Rupert's Land, and about eight Protestant clergymen are placed there, besides a Roman Catholic bishop and several priests. The productions of the district are valuable and numerous, and the climate, though cold enough in winter to ensure a supply of snow, and very warm in summer, is healthy in the extreme, and admirably adapted to British constitutions. The Red River is navigable from the States to the settlements, and again thence to Lake Winnipeg, from which there is a ramification of water communication by lakes and rivers, navigable for steamers for many hundred miles.

The Hudson's Bay Company have a strongly fortified post at the junction of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers, called Fort Garry, which serves

as the citadel or capital of the settlements, for town or village there is not. Here the Company rule supreme. The general aspect of the country here is that of a rich level prairie, with the river cutting its way tortuously through it towards Lake Winnipeg, forming steep or cliff-like banks. Belts of trees, however, are to be seen near the river, and woods scattered about, and to the east ranges of hills, while along the sides of both rivers are homesteads, substantial farm-houses, mills, stores, churches, parsonages, and school buildings. These settlements are about four hundred miles west of Thunder Bay, in Lake Superior, and the country for this distance must be the first opened up, and about three hundred miles of it is by far the most difficult part of the undertaking; yet the engineering difficulties for forming such a road as is required are trifling compared to those which have been overcome in numerous works in Canada. It is a country peculiarly of lakes, and rivers, and forests, the timber being very fine. The timber, by means of the lakes and rivers, can be carried to the settlements, while it is most valuable for the formation of the roads, dams, canals, and villages about to be constructed. We are speaking of the first three hundred miles of road to be formed, whether that road is by lake, river, canal, or on the firm earth. The great object is to get a way opened up with the greatest expedition and at the least expense. Now let us turn our eyes west of the settlements, and we shall see a **BELT OF FERTILE LAND**, in some places one hundred, in others, fifty miles wide, extending for eight hundred miles, to the very base of the Rocky Mountains. This magnificent belt of land has already been traversed from one end to the other by exploring expeditions, and emigrant parties with carts, dragged by oxen travelling at the rate of twenty miles a day. It is intersected by many rivers. The carts were unladen, formed into rafts, and towed across; the cattle swam or waded. The once declared impassable Rocky Mountains were passed with perfect ease in several places, and British Columbia entered.

To understand clearly the nature of the country, we shall suppose ourselves standing on the banks of the Red River, looking west. In front we shall have the fertile belt stretching out before us, consisting chiefly of rich level prairie land, ascending gradually towards the Rocky Mountains. Rivers and streams run directly across it at intervals, invariably lined with trees, and here and there are forests of considerable extent, though generally trees are found in small clumps or copses, covering a few acres, having escaped the ravages of the fires which destroyed the primeval forests.

On our left, running from west to east, we have the Assiniboine River, connected by the Calling River with the south branch of the Saskatchewan. On our right, extending in a north-easterly direction, we have a range of wood-covered mountains known as the Riding, Duck, and Porcupine Mountains, and on the other side of these the three large lakes of Winnipeg, Manitobah, and Winnipegosis. Into the northern end of the first falls the important river Saskatchewan, navigable by steamers for two or more hundred miles, and, with certain breaks, up to the very foot of the Rocky Mountains. The Saskatchewan gives its name to the greater portion of the fertile territory, which is known as the valley of the Saskatchewan. This wonderful chain of rivers and lakes abounds in a great variety of excellent fish, on which once numerous

tribes of natives entirely subsisted—so that they thus afford a never-failing supply of good, abundant irrigation and extensive water inter-communication. Compared with the latitude of the British North American Provinces, the climate may be supposed to be severe, but it should be understood that as the west is approached the climate improves, and the fact is that near the Rocky Mountains, farther north, and at a far greater elevation, the climate is not more severe than at the Red River, and thus there is a great uniformity of temperature and productions throughout the territory. The cold is great, but not greater than in Lower Canada, and sometimes the winters are so mild that, as Mr. Ross, an old settler, states, he has known ploughs at work at Christmas. When spring begins, the heat becomes considerable; thus all the productions of the earth ripen with wonderful rapidity, and from sowing to harvest time is often but three months. We shall obtain a still better idea of the importance of this territory if we turn to a paper by Professor Hind, of the University of Toronto, just sent us from Canada. Having been twice despatched by the Canadian government to explore the country, he is thoroughly acquainted with it.

He states that the valley of the Saskatchewan, or rather the basin of Lake Winnipeg, contains an area available for cultivation of eighty thousand square miles—a territory very nearly as large as England—and that it is capable of supporting an agricultural population exceeding fifteen millions of souls. “The outlying patches of fertile land lying within the limits of the great plains, together with the deep, narrow valleys of the rivers which run through those arid regions (that is, to the south of the fertile belt), the east flanks of the Rocky Mountains, and the low lands in the region of the great lakes, might support another ten millions, so that the present available area of arable soil—the greater portion of which is susceptible of being at once turned up by the plough—would sustain an agricultural population equal to that of Prussia.” Indeed, vast as is Canada, the professor’s calculations show an excess of land fitted for the permanent abode of man, in favour of the basin of Lake Winnipeg over that province, of five million five hundred thousand acres. If the whole quantity of land fit for cultivation in Canada were occupied, it would sustain a population of eighteen millions, while in the same proportion the territory under discussion would sustain nineteen millions of people. Including the red men who slaughter the buffaloes which roam over its rich pastures for the sake alone of their skins, it scarcely now supports twenty thousand souls.

As to the natural productions of this region, it may briefly be stated to contain abundance of wood, stone, and clay for building; lignite in many districts, and coal in others; iron of excellent quality in the neighbourhood of coal; salt, which has long been in use, the springs being easy of access; and grasses, which afford rich fodder in abundance throughout the winter season to large numbers of horses, and to many cattle. “Within the limits of the fertile belt vast herds of buffalo come in winter to feed and fatten on the rich natural grasses, which the early frosts in autumn convert into nutritious hay.” To sum up the capabilities of the territory: It is an admirable grazing country, and cattle and horses can remain out all the winter. Sheep thrive and multiply. Pigs, where there are oak woods, if turned out, require no looking after. It must be

understood that agricultural operations have for many years been carried on at the Red River and round the mission stations and trading posts, and that the statements made are the results of actual experience. Wheat is the staple produce. The ordinary yield is thirty bushels to the acre, and oftentimes forty bushels. It is cut three months from the date of sowing. Indian corn is very fine, and never fails on dry lands. Root crops, especially potatoes, turnips, and beet, yield abundantly, and attain large dimensions. The potato disease is unknown. Garden vegetables grow luxuriantly, and equal those of Canada. Barley and oats, when cultivated with care, yield as abundantly as wheat. Of hay, from the natural grasses an abundance can be made. Tobacco is successfully cultivated. Hops, in great luxuriance, grow wild. Ale is brewed from them at Red River. Hemp and flax have also been successfully cultivated. A variety of fruits grow wild, such as strawberries, raspberries, currants, and gooseberries; so does rice. Melons grown in the open air are very fine, and sugar, which may be considered a natural production, is manufactured from the maple-tree.

Again referring to the abundant supply of fish, and also to various sorts of game large and small, from the buffalo and deer to the hare and rabbit, it will be understood how amply the territory has been provided for the support of a large population. Yet this superb territory is held under the absolute sway of the Hudson's Bay Company, and till lately all its resources were sacrificed to the one object of obtaining a supply of peltries and skins, its settlers were oppressed by restrictive regulations, its red men and half-castes for the most part kept heathen-hunters, drunkards, and savages, while the country was closed to colonisation.

Of the Indians, there are scarcely forty thousand in the fertile belt and wood and lake regions together, who chiefly subsist either on buffalo flesh or on fish, and live in skin or birch-bark tents. The Prairie Indians have large numbers of horses, while only some tribes of the Wood Indians possess those animals. Some few have been converted to Christianity, but the larger proportion retain all their heathen customs, though generally they do not show any hostility to the whites. The Sioux Indians, however, across the boundary line, from the treatment they have received from the people of the republic, are determined enemies of the white men and half-breeds. There can be no doubt that missionary efforts would have produced far more effect (successful as in some instances they have been), had it not been for the system pursued by the fur traders both of the Company and interlopers, who tempt the Indians to hunt for them with the destructive fire-water. The hapless red men are thus prevented from laying in a supply of food for the winter, from furnishing themselves with proper clothing and shelter; they are continually kept hunting when sober, and thus exposed to hardships, their lives are endangered and shortened. They are rapidly disappearing by the threefold process of hard drinking, starvation, and exposure, while in consequence it is impossible to reach them with the benign influences of Christianity and civilisation. Thus, unless British law with a strong arm can be sent to their rescue, as heathen savages they will be swept from the face of the earth.

But how, it may be asked, can this vast territory be peopled? By a simple and easily carried out system. The object, in the first place, is

to establish a direct communication across it. A railroad is out of the question for many years to come, and even a regular macadamised road can scarcely be expected for some time, but we may well be content if we can obtain a road over which a wheeled vehicle may travel some forty miles in the day, and horsemen at still greater speed. In the first instance, there must be settlements, and it is proposed to establish them at about twenty-five miles apart, in a direct line from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains. Grants of land with freedom from taxation, and the certainty of obtaining ample employment, will quickly attract settlers. In the first place, in each settlement a wheelwright and cart-builder, a blacksmith, two or more carpenters, a painter and glazier, a baker, a butcher, an inn-keeper, and other artisans obviously required on a great highway, would find employment. Several farmers and agricultural labourers, and a kitchen-gardener, would be wanted to supply food. Stable-keepers, and grooms, and postilions may be named, and all these would, of course, attract storekeepers, tailors, and shoemakers. A police force, with small bodies of military pensioners, and perhaps a few troops, might be stationed at intervals in the settlements along the line. To these communities, with the aid of some navvies, might be confided the duty of improving the road at first roughly marked out. Bridges might be required over small streams, and ferries would certainly be required over broad ones, and here boat-builders and ferrymen would be called for. It will thus be seen in what way the settlements must first be formed; but before they can be placed along the whole line, the more difficult part of the country between Lake Superior and the Lake of the Woods must be pierced through, trees have to be cut down, and rough places smoothed and bridges erected; when the line is by water, dams have to be constructed, landing-places formed, and steamers launched. Scarcely one summer, however, would be required for the work; and it must be remembered that the route in question has been traversed for years back, and that, although heavy luggage cannot at present be carried that way, passengers and light goods may be transported by canoes through the lakes and rivers which have been described. The first settlement has already been formed by the Canadian government at Fort William, on Thunder Bay. About forty miles to the west is the boundary-line between Canada Proper and the territory claimed by the Hudson's Bay Company.

It remains to be seen whether that Company, as at present constituted, will make use of the vast resources at their command to form a road through the intervening rugged district to the superb region which has been described, and thus to unite it to Canada and to open it up to colonisation and civilisation, constituting it a great highway entirely through British territory between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Englishmen may be assured that this superb territory, although an "Unknown Land" to them, is thoroughly known and appreciated by the inhabitants of the Northern States, and that as it is their by far most practicable route to the Pacific, they will possess themselves of what we ignorantly despise, and we shall find ourselves dispossessed of a territory capable of supporting tens of thousands of our countrymen, and of forming the link which would unite the numberless scattered portions of that vast empire, on which we, as Britons, proudly boast the sun never sets.

A STORY OF HARUN AR RASHID.

ABU'L-FARAJ, the Christian historian and primate of the Jacobites, relates the following story of the renowned Harun ar Rashid, in which the hero of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" does not figure in so favourable a light as in those popular tales. It must be premised that the unrelenting cruelty of the khalif to the Barmekides, especially to Yahia and his son Fadhl, who had served him long, and given the most distinguished proofs of zeal and fidelity, was another trait opposed to the general complexion of his character. To this illustrious family, well known to the western world through the same enchanting tales that have celebrated their royal master, Harun had entrusted the entire administration of his extensive dominions. But court favour is precarious; circumstances gave rise to, and exasperated, the khalif's aversion, and death or imprisonment extirpated the unhappy race of Barmek. The ingratitude of Harun in this instance inflicted its own punishment, for, with their destruction, his affairs fell into immediate and irretrievable confusion.

It has been said by some ungallant cynics that there is no mischief brewed in the world but a woman has something to do with it. Without in any way endorsing so rude a generalisation, it would certainly appear from the narrative of the learned Melitene—Abu'l-faraj—that a fair lady had something to do with the fall of the Barmekides, for it is related that no sooner had the inconvenient officials been got rid of, than the khalif hastened to summon into his presence Denanir, the beautiful slave of the family, and whom, it is stated, he had previously wished to obtain possession of, and to place in his harem.

When the innocent source of so much mischief was brought into the presence of the khalif, he received her with respect, gave her a place of honour, and addressed her in flattering terms, saying to her:

"Denanir, thy master and his family were only slaves subject to my will; they betrayed my confidence, and I have been obliged to cast them down from the rank to which my regard for them had raised them; they have been guilty; forget those who are no more, and consider that there are others who will be happy in loading you with rewards."

"Prince of the Faithful," replied Denanir, "it was they who fed me and brought me up; I owe everything to them, even to the precious favour of being allowed to approach you and being received by you; but what you ask of me it is not in my power to grant. When I wish to sing, tears suffocate me and stifle my voice; I cannot overcome my emotion, nor conquer these sorrowful impressions. Perhaps time will bring some relief to my grief, and render my regret less poignant, then I shall be able to obey you without apprehension of drowning my song in sobs."

The irritated khalif sent for the redoubtable Mesrur (well known to the readers of Shehrezade's* stories), and delivered up the young girl to him, with instructions to subject her to all kinds of torments till she consented to sing. Mesrur tried various modes of punishment in vain, and then

* Properly, Shahîr-zadeh—"Town-Princess."

informed his master of his failure. Whereupon the khalif sent again for Denanir, and said to her :

"You know that I have claims upon you, and you have not lost the memory of my kindness. I entreat you, therefore, by the gratitude you owe me, sing this day only, and I promise never to make a similar request again."

The fair girl took up her lute, and sang :

"Victories cost many tears, but not so the recent conquest of Thalekan.

Fadhl, son of Yahia, has earned there a victory which will last as long as the just or the unjust.

Thou hast, O Fadhl, delivered the Fatimite from the dangers that threatened Islam.

And thou has made of the impious Thalekan an offering to the son of Hashem, the chief of our faith."

She could not continue, but throwing her lute aside, she gave way to such intensity of despair as to lose all consciousness. Harun ar Rashid could not resist the emotions raised within him by the contemplation of so great a grief, and he arose and withdrew, that he might weep in secret. Then he washed his face and returned to the audience-hall.

"Unfortunate woman !" he said, on his return, to Denanir, "did I send for you to make me miserable, instead of rejoicing me with your songs? Drive away these melancholy reminiscences, and select another subject."

Denanir resumed her lute, and sang the two following verses :

"Are you not aware that generosity issued forth from the flanks of Adam, to abide in the hand of Fadhl ?

When Abu'l Abbas sheds the rain of his favours, what favours ! what generosity !"

The last line in the original Arabic plays upon the name of Fadhl, and the maid made her preference for the son of Yahia, the Barmekide, so manifest, that the khalif's anger could no longer restrain itself :

"May Heaven curse you !" he is reported to have exclaimed, and he ordered her to be expelled the palace, never afterwards mentioning her name.

As to the constant Denanir, she is said to have clothed herself in woollen garments, and to have given herself up solely to her grief. She died shortly afterwards—the only one of the slaves of the disgraced minister who remained faithful to his memory.

The same scene, and even the same expressions, are met with in the touching narrative of the interview of Joseph and his brethren : "He entered into his chamber, and wept there. And he washed his face, and went out, and refrained himself." (Gen. xliii. 30, 31).

The town alluded to in this story under the name of Thalekan is situated between Kaswin and Abhar. It is a district as well as a town, and comprises several villages, all situated in the midst of the mountains east of Kaswin ; the climate is described as being cold, and the country produces corn and nuts, but few fruits.

Mustafi says that the inhabitants call themselves Sunnites, but they are in reality Batenians. But Nur Allah Shusteri, or "of Shuster," classes them among the most fervent Shi'ahs or Shiites, and he quotes two or three legends, professedly emanating from Ali himself, which would tend

to show that their adhesion to the claims of Ali existed among them from the earliest times of Islamism.

Denanir's verses have a manifest reference to differences of opinion upon this subject between Harun ar Rashid and his vizier. She declares that Fadhl delivered at Thalekan the Fatimite from the dangers that menaced Islam. The followers of Ali were designated Fatimites (properly Fathimites), because Ali married Fatima, the beloved daughter of Muhammad. Thalekan is also declared as *impious*, previous to its subjugation by Fadhl. The allusion to Abu'l Abbas, known as Assapha "the blood-spiller," and the founder of the Abbasside dynasty, appears to have had reference to the same Shiite principles. Lebrecht, who in his essay on the Khalifate, appended to Assher's Itinerary of Benjamin of Tudela, attributes the downfall of the Abbassides to the appointment of a first vizier, justly remarks, that under that dynasty the struggle for the fragments of the empire was not only a contest for dominion but also for principles.

At the onset, the broad distinction between Sunnis, or followers of the first four legitimate khalifs, or "the perfect khalifate," and Shi'ahs or Shiites, who admit no khalifs between Muhammad and Ali, was not so clearly defined as it is now.

The Ommaiades, for example, were the successors of the four legitimate khalifs, and the Abbassides of Ali and his successors; yet both were regarded as Sunni or orthodox, and their chiefs claimed the titles of khalifs, or vicars of Muhammad, of Emir al Mumenim, "princes of believers," and Imam al Moslemin, or spiritual heads of the Moslems.

The Shi'ah dissension arose mainly from the pious horror excited by the destruction of Husain, son of Ali, by Ommaiade mercenaries, acting upon previously existing political and religious jealousies. The murder hence became the basis of a new sect, and the locality of the deed is to the present day the most holy place of pilgrimage and sepulture of the Persian Shi'ahs.

There were, in fact, numerous points of dissension, but at the head of these may be placed, first, those who admitted only the first four khalifs and their Ommaiade successors, a view of the subject embraced by the Moorish dynasty in Spain; secondly, those who admitted the first four khalifs and Ali and his successors, as did the Abbasside dynasty; as also Abu'l-fada, the historian and Ayubite prince, who enumerated five legitimate khalifs, viz. Abu Bekr, Omar, Othman, Ali, and Husain ben Ali; and, lastly, those who admitted only Ali and his successors, and rejected the first four khalifs, as is the case with the modern Persians or Shi'ahs.

A FRENCH CONSCRIPT AT LEIPSIC AND WATERLOO.*

THERE is no greater sign of progress than when the rising literary men of the day devote their talents and abilities to the correction of abuses which have, as in the case of "war," become consecrated by tradition and history. War has been from all times the chief mode of solving political, religious, and even personal difficulties among people and princes—the successful warrior has always been exalted as the first among men—and so long as the instinct given to man for wise purposes remains, so long, probably, will war exist. But much may be done to diminish the frequency and to alleviate the bitterness of such barbarous practices. A proper appreciation of the utter folly and abomination of such a mode of arbitration—which at the best only establishes the right of the strongest—will do more to bring about such a happy result than the principle of non-interference in the affairs of other people except in the most extreme cases, and even the unending contention between means of offence and defence, which threatens to be carried so far as to one day cast ridicule on the whole art of war itself.

It is not surprising that in a country situated as ours is, where freedom of thought is universal, and where there are a vast body of really thoughtful men, that war should long ago have been viewed in its true light, and that some have carried their hostile convictions so far that they would actually disarm in the presence of an insulting, threatening, and aggressive policy on the part of other nations, when self-defence is at all events one of the first rights of man as well as of peoples; but it is surprising to find a new school rising up in France, and among the essentially and pre-eminently bellicose Gauls and Franks, exposing the fallacy and absurdity of the thing, and actually denouncing the vanity of that "military glory" which hitherto the young Frank has sucked in with his first milk-spoon, as he has strutted about in his first sabots in the conviction that it was his destiny to rule the world. It is, further, not a little curious that these fictions and stories illustrative of the advantages of peace, liberty, and labour over disastrous warfare should emanate chiefly from the Germanic provinces of France—from Lorraine and Alsatia. As it was with M. About, so it is with Messrs. Erckmann-Chatrian, all three write from and about the same regions, and of their sad sufferings from the great wars of the Republic and the Empire, and when their retrospective and philosophic illustrations shall have obtained an audience and found an echo—and Erckmann-Chatrian's "*Histoire d'un Conscrit*" has reached a tenth edition, and "*Waterloo*" a ninth—we shall expect to hear the nation which claims to take the lead in the civilisation of the world, propound itself as the first missionary of a new light. Well, let the initiative be conceded to them. Who would care to dispute such a trifle, if so valuable a result as even the partial disarmament of a whole

* *Histoire d'un Conscrit* de 1813. Erckmann-Chatrian. Dixième Edition. *Waterloo, Suite du Conscrit* de 1813. Erckmann-Chatrian. Neuvième Edition. J. Hetzel et A. Lacroix, Editeurs. Paris.

nation of armed men, torn from their natural pursuits to idle in a wasp-like kind of existence, could be brought about? It is obvious that one nation can reduce its armaments in proportion as another does so, but one nation, with say a hundred thousand men for the defence of home and colonies, cannot disarm in the face of another with five or six hundred thousand, or lay up its iron-clads in ordinary when others are building floating batteries from morn to eve, and from year to year. The progress of better thoughts and feelings, of a more correct appreciation of what humanity, civilisation, and Christianity really imply, and a proper sense of the true interests of mankind, can alone bring about a revolution in such a state of things.

Messrs. Erckmann-Chatrian have laboured with graceful and earnest pens, in the most felicitous language, and with a minuteness of detail that carries the reader along whether he likes it or not, to depict the sufferings of a youth of Alsatia, a young watchmaker of Phalsbourg, who, born lame, was apprenticed to a quiet business, who is thriving in peaceful industry, who is beloved by his master, and still more by one worthy in all respects of being the happy wife of a good and virtuous citizen, and who yet, by the disasters of Russia, is compelled, with the maimed, the afflicted, and even the married men (without children, or who had only one child), to fill up the gaps created by the loss of the "grande armée" in order to uphold one man in his insatiable ambition.

The sketch given of the "glory" of the Emperor Napoleon in the years 1810, 1811, 1812, constitutes a striking introduction to the theme proposed. The man was idolised and looked up to, till, like Alexander at Ammon, he was almost deified. France breathed by him, and, if he had died, they would have thought that all was over. There were, however, even in those times of excitement, thoughtful men who knew that there were other things besides "glory" in the world, and fancied that even that could be dearly purchased. Of such a stamp was the old watchmaker, Goulden. As regiment after regiment entered Phalsbourg by the gate of France to issue forth by that of Germany, sometimes buried in dust, at others covered with mud, "Joseph," he would say to his assistant, "how many do you think we have seen pass by since 1804?"

"Oh! I don't know, M. Goulden," would be the reply; "at least, four or five hundred thousand."

"Yes, at the least! And how many have you seen come back?"

"Oh, perhaps they come back by way of Mayence. It is impossible otherwise."

But the old watchmaker would shake his head:

"Those whom you have not seen come back are dead, as hundreds of thousands more will be, if a kind Providence does not take pity on us, for the Emperor loves nothing but war! He has already shed more blood to give crowns to his brothers, than did our great Revolution in order to establish the rights of man."

And then master and man would resume their work in more thoughtful and more melancholy mood.

On the 15th of September, 1812, news came of the great victory of Moskowa. People were delighted. "We shall now have peace," they

said to one another. But there were others who pointed out that China still remained to be subjected. There are always foreboders of evil in every class of society. Then came tidings of disaster. The old watch-maker was buried in deep thought, and Joseph heard him ejaculate :

"Yes, yes, this is what it is to be a great military nation. This is what they call glory!"

And to Joseph's anxious inquiries he replied :

"At this moment, Joseph, there are four hundred thousand families weeping in France. Our great army has perished in the ices of Russia : all those young and vigorous men whom we have seen pass by are buried in the snow. The news arrived this evening. When one thinks of it, it is frightful!"

But Joseph replied not, his heart beat only for Catherine ; there must be a new conscription, to take the place of those who had perished in Russia ; the country was almost exhausted, they would have to have recourse to the lame ! This was the fear that filled his bosom with dire apprehensions, and made him tongue-tied.

Nor was he far wrong. The Emperor returned to Paris, the entombment of the great army was veiled behind the gorgeous ceremonials of the coronation of the Empress and of the King of Rome, and on the 8th of January, 1813, the mayoralty of Phalsbourg was placarded with a senatus consultus announcing that the grand army was to be revived by one hundred and fifty thousand conscripts for the year ; one hundred thousand of those who had escaped from 1809 and 1812, and so on, till it seemed as if every man capable of carrying arms would be enrolled.

There was no escape for Joseph. He pleaded lameness. It was proved that he had walked so many leagues to a village festival, he could march just as well as many, his eyes and arms were good, and he had all that was necessary to fight the battles of his country. That was the stereotyped phrase, but it meant the battles of Napoleon. So dear old Goulден, the beloved Catherine, and the noble-hearted Aunt Grédel, who already looked upon Joseph as her nephew, had to be left in the direst affliction, and our conscript marched off, knapsack on the back, drums beating, but with a heart sinking within him, and full only of the terrible conviction that he had been torn against his will from all that was dear to him in this world, to be maimed or slain in battling against those with whom he had not even an excuse for a quarrel.

For a lame man the march from Phalsbourg to Mayence, the first place of destination of the conscripts, constituted no bad initiative into the pains and penalties of soldiering. It was winter time, the men were covered with mud and wet to the skin, provisions were scarce, fuel equally rare, and as for Joseph, his feet were covered with blisters. A kind old body washed and anointed them at Mayence, and receiving his arms and accoutrements at the same place, he was at once hurried off thence to Frankfort, where he was further initiated in the goose step and the elements of drill and discipline. Here also he had a bedfellow—Zébédé by name—and who, when Joseph would declaim against the vanity of military glory, would say :

"Well, I think like you, but since we are caught, it is better to say that we fight for glory. One must always uphold one's condition, and

endeavour to make people believe that we are well off and happy ; without that, Joseph, we should only be laughed at."

Our conscript had been taught to believe that the French were favourably viewed in Germany as propagandists of liberty, but he was soon undeceived. An Alsatian, he could speak the language of the country, and he was thus quickly enlightened as to the sentiments of the people. It was now their turn, they said, to speak of liberty, virtue, and justice to France, and they were prepared to rise to the last man in defence of their homes and outraged honour. The enemy made no sign, however, until at the passage of the Saale, near Erfurt, which was disputed by the Cossacks. The Russians had a few guns with them, and Joseph for the first time saw gaps opened in the line to the right and left, and heard that significant order, with which he was soon to become but too familiar, repeated at every other moment : "Close up the ranks." He had also to oppose cavalry in a square, and when at length the Russians were obliged to retire, "Tiens, tiens, ils s'en vont !" he said to himself, and never did he feel so delighted. As to the soldiery, they united in their shouts of "Vive l'Empereur," and our conscript, rejoicing in a safe skin, joined in the general glee.

Constant rain, deep mud, and rivers to ford, diversified the approach to Leipsic. Joseph's back and legs were aching with fatigue and exposure, and he said, "One can imagine the reflections of a sensible man, his lot cast amongst such thoughtless beings as Furst, Zébédé, and Klipfel, who rejoiced in the forward movement, as if such could entail anything but sword, bayonet, or gunshot wounds." Nor were these reflections relieved by the appearance of the enemy in force on the other side of the Elster, for whilst the main body of the French army was moving on the highway from Lutzen to Leipsic, the allies were operating on the flank, of which Joseph's regiment, the 6th Light Infantry, constituted a portion. In the engagement that ensued the French were driven back, first upon Gross Gorschen, and then upon Klein Gorschen and Kaya, where they received reinforcements. Only forty men of Joseph's company remained ; Furst had fallen, but Zébédé, Klipfel, and our conscript were untouched.

"Several people," says Joseph, "have reproached me with running away so quickly, but I have replied to them that when Michel Ney was running, surely Joseph Bertha could be permitted to retreat also." The Prussians never ceased pushing onwards, and the combat became a street engagement, the French occupying the houses. Joseph was with some twenty or thirty others in a barn, from whence they made what opposition was in their power to the progress of the enemy. At length our conscript fell, shot in the shoulder. When he recovered his senses, for he had fainted from loss of blood, the artillery was dashing along the street, regardless of the heaps of wounded and dying men, and the noise made by their bones breaking beneath the wheels, was heard over and above their shrieks. "My hair," says Joseph, "stood on an end !"

And then the thought that he would be buried in the little garden in front, and thoughts of home and of those he had left behind him, crowded upon his mind. The whole past hurries across the brain of the moribund. He could see his father and mother, and wish that it was only permitted to him to ask pardon for the trouble he had given them. He could see

his beloved Catherine, Aunt Grédel, the good old Goulden, even to the house-dog, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. "Poor Joseph! poor Joseph!" he murmured; and then he thought he was not the only one, for thirty or forty thousand families would be put in mourning by the same terrible combat, and this came to him in the light of an abomination—of a great cry raised by humanity against the horrors of war.

Exhausted nature once more gave way, and when he came to himself for a second time, he found that he had been transported to one of those great outbuildings in which brewers place their waggons and casks. It was full of wounded, and the surgeons were operating on a table in the centre. His own wound he perceived had been dressed, but the burning pain continued. He did not care much for this, however. It was so pleasant to find that he was alive. But the scene around was frightful. All the wounded were clamorous for drink. Five or six beds off was an old corporal with his leg bandaged. He said to his neighbour, whose arm had been just amputated:

"Conscript, look at that heap. I'll take a bet you don't know your own arm."

The man appealed to, pale but courageous, looked and fainted. Then the corporal laughed:

"He made it out at last. It has always the same effect." And he seemed proud of his experience of the effect produced by the sight of the lost member upon the sufferer.

From Kaya, Joseph was removed to an hospital at Leipsic, and on his way he witnessed and described others of the multiplied horrors of war, especially "the immense trenches in which they heaped the dead, Russians, French, Prussians, all together, as God made them to love one another before the invention of feathers and uniforms, which divide them for the profit of those who rule over them. There they are; they embrace one another, and if aught of them survives, which we must believe to be the case, they must love and pardon one another, whilst they curse the crime which prevents for so many centuries their being brothers before death!"

After being some time in hospital, a tardy convalescence permitted Joseph to take walks in the town, and "one may imagine," he says, "the position of twelve or fifteen hundred poor devils in grey coats with lead buttons, and great shakos in the shape of flower-pots, with shoes worn out by marches and counter-marches, pale, careworn, and without a sou in their pockets, in a prosperous city like Leipsic. We cut but a very sorry figure amidst these students, goodly citizens, and young and brilliant ladies, who, notwithstanding all our 'glory,' looked upon us as so many miserable hounds."

At length, however, the conferences of Prague broke up, men were wanted, the doctor declared the wound healed, and, on the 1st of October, Joseph was marched off amidst mud and rain to join his regiment. An amusing description is given of an old soldier, Poitevin by name, who, whenever the fatigues, exposure, and privations were at their height on this disagreeable march, used to say:

"Ah! Poitevin, this will teach you to hiss!"

It turned out that this war-beaten veteran was one of the many youths of good families who had been ordered by a well-known ukase of the

Emperor's to join the army, because they had hissed a play at the Rouen Theatre. Twenty or thirty of these unfortunate young men had perished from fatigue or in the battle-field; the others, who might have been surgeons, solicitors, or even judges, were now drunken veterans.

When Joseph joined his regiment at Torgau, he found that the men had, through long-continued privations, become mere skeletons; their cheeks were sunk, their noses pointed, their ears starting out of their heads, and their great-coats were three times too large for them. Never was such a ragged, broken-down regiment on active service. Misery had also rendered the men profoundly egotistical. It was now every one for himself. Joseph heard here of the battle of Dresden, followed by the almost utter destruction of a division, under Macdonald, on the heights of Lowenberg, and of another, under Vandamme, at Kulm. Oudinot had likewise been beaten at Gross Beeren, and Ney at Dennewitz. It was under these depressing circumstances that the enemy was expected every moment.

"Here we are," said Zébédé, "with everything against us: the country, continual rains, and our own generals wearied with the contest. Some are princes, others dukes, and they are tired of being seated in the mud instead of arm-chairs; others, like Vandamme, wish to become marshals by striking a decisive blow. We poor devils, who have nothing to gain save being lamed for the rest of our days, who are the sons of peasants and working men, who fought to abolish nobility, we must perish in order to raise up a new aristocracy!"

It was under these disastrous circumstances that the second battle of Leipsic was fought. As the men sat at their bivouac-fires the previous eve, they both felt and said:

"The whole world is now against us: all the people of the earth demand our extermination: they won't have any more of our glory!"

On the night after the battle, Joseph found himself, with his comrade Zébédé, at Rendnitz, defeated, but unscathed.

"How is it we are here, Joseph," said the latter, "when so many thousands perished close by us? Now we shall never die."

But Joseph did not reply. He was fatigued, dispirited, and famished. It was with difficulty that he obtained a bit of bread and a glass of brandy from a cantinière for a crown of six livres. It appears that the cantinières know how to profit by occasions. As to the disbanded men, they looked at each other gloomily, almost revengefully. On seeing those harsh faces, those hollow eyes, and that terrible expression of having survived a thousand deaths, making their way, elbowing one another, there was only one impression: "Every one for himself; God for us all."

Driven out of Leipsic, Joseph saved the remnant of his battalion by his previous acquaintance with the city. When the bridge over the Elster was blown up, he remembered that when bathing in the river there was a ford, and he conducted them to the point by which they were enabled to escape the musketry of the Austrians.

Now came the miseries of a retreat. A long campaign, fighting against superior numbers, amidst fatigues, privations, and dangers innumerable, is bad enough; but a prolonged retreat, when all discipline is

lost, when every one acts for himself, and dire necessity engenders theft and all kinds of crimes, is a far more fearful condition of things. "I have seen these things," our conscript relates; "I have seen miserable Cossacks, real beggars in rags, covered with vermin, their feet in rope stirrups, with a rusty old pistol, and a nail stuck into a pole for a lance, make prisoners of fifteen or twenty soldiers, and lead them away like sheep. The peasants, so meek before, now refused a bit of bread, and insulted cuirassiers, dragoons, and guardsmen, who could have felled them with a blow of their fists. Typhus, dysentery, and other dire maladies, tracked the footsteps of the famished multitude, and they perished by thousands. Out of a hundred that were struck down, only ten or twelve survived. Joseph's turn came at last. He had been feverish ever since leaving Leipsic, it had scarcely ever ceased to rain, he had no rations with which to support a nature exhausted by sickness and famine, and at length he gave up. It was in vain that Zébédé endeavoured to give him courage, even tried to carry him on his back, he was obliged to leave him behind. Joseph's last words were :

"Listen. You will embrace Catherine for me; promise it? Tell her that I died embracing her, and that you are the bearer of my parting kiss."

"Yes," he replied, weeping like a child, "yes, I will say so! Oh, my poor Joseph!"

Happily for Joseph, however, he was recognised by an artilleryman who had been a patient in the hospital at Leipsic with him, and who lifted him up from the wayside and placed him in a waggon, already crowded with sick and wounded. It was by this happy chance that he lived to see his beloved Alsatia again, to recruit his forces under the cherished attentions of Catherine, and the devotion of Aunt Grédel and old Goulden. Catherine had recognised him when, speechless and senseless, he was being dragged through Phalsbourg, with thousands of others in the same helpless condition. Thousands of fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, had gathered along the line of retreat in the search for friends and relatives. Few had been so fortunate as Catherine. No one believed her when she declared that that debilitated object in a kind of basket was her Joseph; but she persisted, had him taken out and carried home, and there he came to himself after a time, and finally recovered from his wounds, his illness, and his fatigue.

The Emperor had withdrawn to Elba, Louis XVIII. was on the throne of France, and hopes were entertained of a permanent peace. Joseph's affection and constancy had been rewarded with the hand of his beloved Catherine, and Père Goulden had taken him into partnership, but the old man shook his head when he found that the Bourbons, instead of profiting by exile and experience, had come back with the old order of ideas, and said he feared that the new state of things would not last. Each day brought one or more emigrant lords and gentlemen across the Rhine, and these prodigal children did not hesitate to call the people rebels on their return, to boast of their conquests over their own countrymen, and to declare that they had come back to restore order. Once at Paris, they clamoured for their châteaux, their parks, their forests, and their ponds, and still more so for pensions and places.

All that had been done for twenty-five years was to be upset. There were nothing but processions and masses for the souls of Louis XVI., of Pichegru, of Moreau, and even of Georges Cadoudal. Predicators were also sent as missionaries to small towns and villages to preach the necessity of restoring the national property to the priests and nobles in order to expiate the rebellion and crimes of the last quarter of a century. The peasants, the working classes, nay, even the middle classes, were all opposed to a return to the old state of things. They would have accepted a constitutional monarchy loyally, as a return to legitimacy, peace, and order, but they were to a man throughout the country (always excepting those who obtained appointments) opposed to the restoration of the Church and other property which had been divided among the people, as also to the return of an era of mummery and superstition. The goods of the Church, they argued, had belonged to the poor before they were given to the monks and friars, and it was robbing the poor to restore them to the Church. Saint Quirin, Sainte Odile, and others who had suspended all miracles during the Revolution and Empire, had, it was said, consented to give tokens of joy at the restoration of the old order of things. Nay, the little saint, Black John of Kortzeroth, had, it was reported, shed tears of joy on seeing the old prior return to his abbey. The Protestants of Alsatia were persecuted, the Romanists placed in front; there was no faith, nor even any public instruction, but what was vouchsafed by them. Old Goulden shrugged his shoulders, and murmured:

"Seigneur Dieu! Seigneur Dieu! you who permit the little saint, Black John of Kortzeroth, to perform miracles, if you would only permit one ray of common sense to penetrate into the head of Louis XVIII. and of his friends, it would do much more good than the tears of the little saint! Is not the other one there in his island watching the progress of events? He is like a hawk pretending to sleep while the geese are getting entangled in the mud. Seigneur Dieu! only think that in five or six sweeps of his wing he will be down upon us, that the geese will run away, and that as for us—the working classes—we shall have Europe on our backs again!"

Nor was this all; the leaders of the Imperial troops were persecuted or expatriated, and their sons and daughters were expelled from Saint Cyr, La Flèche, and other schools and convents, to make way for the royalists, who claimed the monopoly of the Church, the Army, and the Civil Service. All the country towns were full of retired officers, who dared not appear in Paris, and who were actually starving.

It was amidst such a state of things that the news came—Heaven knows how, for, as far as any one could tell, it was on the wings of the wind—that the Emperor had disembarked at Cannes. People spoke to one another with their eyes. They did not dare to open their mouths.

Rébec and Offran, two neighbours, called at M. Goulden's, under pretext of their watches being out of order:

"Anything new, friend?" they said.

"Mon Dieu!" replied the old Jacobin, "I don't know anything, do you?"

"No."

And yet their eyes told one another that the wondrous news had reached them. Three days passed thus, the papers said nothing, but the half-pay officers began to move about with deep anxiety on their weather-beaten countenances. They could no longer disguise their impatience. People began to leave off their work to listen.

"Who will stop Bonaparte?" old Goulden remarked, in the secrecy of his own shop. "Not the citizens, they are persecuted as Jacobins; not the peasants, they have been deprived of their rights; not the soldiery, they are starving."

On the 8th of March the drums beat to arms. Zébédé, who was still attached to the 6th Regiment of Light Infantry, came in pale and excited.

"Well?" said Père Goulden.

"Well!" replied Zébédé, "we are off."

"To stop him on the way?" asked Goulden.

"Yes, to stop him on the way!" And the old soldier winked ferociously as he took off his shako, and displayed the tricolored cockade at the bottom. "That is ours," he said, "and every soldier has one like it."

As to Joseph, he said to himself, "The cataclysm is beginning, powder will take the place of incense, arsenals of convents, and cannons of church bells. Good-bye to wife, home, and peace. There will be a conscription again. Had it not been for the priests and the emigrants, all would have gone on quietly. And, as usual, it will be us poor workmen who will have to pay the costs. We ask nothing, yet is it always us who have to suffer for other people's folly and mismanagement."

The news that Ney had gone forth after kissing the king's hand, promising to bring Bonaparte to Paris dead or alive, was met with irrepressible shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" The priests, the municipality, and the gendarmes were utterly disregarded—the latter were, in fact, for the most part old soldiers. "Things have a bad look," said Père Goulden; "the town is in the hands of the Imperialists."

The peasants began to hurry, too, from the neighbourhood into the town, seditious placards were posted up quicker than the authorities could pull them down, and half-pay officers walked about with an air of triumph. Joseph alone was melancholy. He thought of Lutzen and Leipzig, and that it was all to be gone over again. At length, on the 21st of March the drums beat once more, the troops assembled in front of the town-hall, and the Commandant Vidal addressed them briefly:

"Soldiers!" he said, "his Majesty Louis XVIII. left Paris on the 20th of March, and the Emperor Napoleon entered the capital on the same day."

For a moment every one shuddered, all were pale, some old soldiers wept. But the old tricolored flag was unfurled and waved aloft, and shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" rang through the square like blasts from a thousand trumpets.

For five or six days there were nothing but rejoicings. The old mayor and adjoints, down to the gardes champêtres, were restored to their places. Tricolor cockades were worn by all. The *Te Deum* was sung, the municipality and the whole of the garrison being present. Public

banquets and entertainments were given. The *Gazette* announced peace, but the old regiments were to be placed on the war footing, and the frontiers put in a state of defence. Joseph was not so enthusiastic as others. He knew that his turn must come.

"I should prefer," he would say to his wife, "even seeing those eternal processions go by the window, than to have to fight people I know nothing about. The sight would not at least cost the loss of an arm or a leg."

Nor were his anticipations erroneous. The news that the allied powers who had signed the Treaty of Paris looked upon the return of Napoleon as a breach of the convention, and an open rupture with the cause of legitimacy and order, and that they would unite to replace Louis XVIII. on the throne, soon spread over the country.

It was in vain that the old Jacobin Goulden declared that these people had nothing to do with the internal affairs of France, that they would exterminate the human race without shame or pity merely to maintain a few families in power and wealth, that they considered themselves as a superior race and the people as beasts of the field, that he would obtain an appointment for Joseph as an able armourer in the Arsenal; it was all to no purpose, on the 23rd of May Joseph was summoned before the commandant:

"I have bad news for you, Bertha," he said, briefly; "the third battalion, to which you are attached, leaves for Metz. But you are married man and skilled workman, something may be done for you. Here is a letter for Colonel Desmichels, of the Arsenal of Metz; he will give you employment."

The grief of all parties can be better imagined than portrayed; Catherine, Aunt Grédel, Père Goulden, and Joseph Bertha himself, were overwhelmed. The only hope lay in the letter. The very next day Joseph had to put on his knapsack and shoulder his musket. France wanted all her children for the defence of the frontiers, and the second battalion of the 6th Light Infantry marched off by the Gate of France on the way to Waterloo.

On the 5th day of March they reached Metz. Zébédé was now a sergeant, Joseph still a private, and a countryman of his, Jean Buche by name, had become his chum. The barracks were full of soldiers, and billets were distributed to the new comers. Joseph, wearied with a long day's march, deferred till the morning to deliver his letter, but he was still sleeping when he heard the "rappel." He had barely time to dress, buckle on his knapsack, and reach the great square of the town. Commandant Gémeau was already there. The ranks were soon filled up, and the order was given to march. It was all over, there was no chance for the Arsenal of Metz, and Joseph had to proceed, whether he liked it or not, on the high road to Thionville. It was evident that the movements of the allies gave no time for even a day's repose on the onward march. All they knew was, that their way led to Belgium, and the report was that the Emperor was about to fall upon the English and the Prussians. Cavalry, infantry, and artillery were advancing on all sides; there was nothing else to be seen on the road, and the long files of men extended to far beyond the reach of vision.

The army crossed the Meuse on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of June. A proclamation from the Emperor was read, which filled the men with ardour. There was nothing they desired more than to measure themselves against their old enemies, the Prussians. "One would have thought," Joseph remarked, "that these Prussians and these English were not going to defend themselves, and that we ran no risk of being received with balls and grape-shot as at Lutzen, Gross Beren, and Leipsic."

The night of the 14th to the 15th was very hot. Between three and four in the morning, Joseph and Buche's turn came to relieve guard at the advanced posts. The grasshoppers were chirping by the wayside, and the quails were calling in the corn-fields—reminiscences of home came with distressful poignancy upon the heart of the conscript. Early the same morning the news of Bourmont's defection was whispered through the ranks, and awoke feelings of deepest indignation. At ten o'clock the thunder of great guns was heard in the direction of the Sambre. The men raised their shakos on the points of their bayonets, and shouted, "En avant! Vive l'Empereur." All they cared for was revenge. It was one great shout all along the vast plain. As one regiment finished, another took it up, while the sound of great guns continued to be heard, and the regiment was hurried first in the direction of Charleroi and then to the right. The French were at that moment over a hundred thousand strong in an angle of the Sambre and the Meuse, and but for the defection of Bourmont, the enemy would have been, it is supposed, surprised in their cantonments.

The same evening the 6th Light Infantry arrived at Chatelet, on the Sambre, and there they learnt that there had been fighting near Charleroi, Marchiennes, and Jumet. The advance guard had carried the village of Chatelet, and a few Prussians lay to the right and left in the streets. A forest of nearly three leagues in extent, but with open cultivated intervals, extended from Chatelet towards Fleurus. The Prussians, driven from Charleroi by the Emperor, had withdrawn to the cover of the woods upon the latter village. Their forces occupied the roads towards Namur, whilst the Belgians and Hanoverians were posted at Gossilies and Quatre Bras, keeping open the highway which extended across the uplands of Quatre Bras and Ligny, in the rear of Fleurus, between the Prussian position and Brussels, where were the head-quarters of the English. Estafettes were thus enabled to pass from morning to night all along the line of the allies from their extreme right to their extreme left.

It was expected by the soldiers that a movement in advance would be made upon this high road, in order to divide the two armies the one from the other. The 6th Light Infantry was sent as the advance guard into the forest. A detachment of hussars accompanied them to clear the way. It was a clear moonlight, and the column was enabled to penetrate into the wood by a common cart-road. Passing out of the forest into fields of luxurious corn, the steeple of Fleurus could be discerned at a distance of some two thousand paces, or of an English mile. The countless fires of the enemy were burning all along the heights behind the village. Upon these heights were the villages of Saint Amand, to the left and the

nearest; Ligny in the middle; and Sombref to the right beyond, and some five miles distant. The line of the enemy could be more readily made out at night than by day, on account of their fires. It was evident that they had also their reserves at Bry, a village in the rear of the three first mentioned, and on a loftier height. There were also fires to be seen on the plain to the left, marking the position of the French. It was one o'clock in the morning, and the light infantry resigned itself to a brief repose along the skirts of the forest without lighting fires. It was the eve of the battle of Ligny, and one-half of those who slept there were destined to leave their bones to rot in those corn-fields and in the straggling villages that crowned the heights above them. "If they had known it," says Joseph, "many of them would not have slept a wink, for these men hold by their lives, and it is a sad thing to think that to day I breathe for the last time."

At break of day the light cavalry of Exelmans moved towards Saint Amand, whilst the foot were breakfasting. The Prussian guns could be plainly distinguished in the morning sun on the heights between that village and Ligny, and every one thought that would be the main point of the engagement. The divisions Gerard and Vandamme first moved up in the same direction to support the cavalry. The lines of bayonets stretched out of sight. But soon cavalry came up and moved off to the right, the division of which Joseph's regiment constituted a part following in the same direction. It became manifest that, whilst the main force was engaged at Saint Amand, a flank movement was to be made on Ligny. But the Prussians anticipated this by occupying the slopes between Ligny and Fleurus. Still the French kept advancing through fields of wheat, barley, and oats. When near Fleurus the Emperor was seen to enter the village with his staff, and there was a delay of a whole hour. That time expired, aides-de-camp issued forth in every direction, and soon after the whole army was on the move, bands playing, trumpets blowing, the right in advance. But another delay took place, the Emperor was in a wind-mill reconnoitring. It was two o'clock before musketry and cannonading announced that the action had commenced at Saint Amand. Joseph and his division, some ten or twelve thousand men strong, were close upon Ligny, supported by cavalry in the rear. The houses and orchards, strengthened by palisades, were within fifty paces of them. Joseph and Buche exchanged a few words; they were recommendations for home in case either survived. At three the troops moved on Ligny in three columns. Joseph was in that of the left, with a great brick tower in front, pierced for musketry. The reception given by the Prussian musketry in front, whilst they swept the French with a battery on the extreme left, was effective. The advance of the column was arrested for a moment—every one began to think it would be prudent to return. But the officers drew their swords, and shouted "En avant!" To do this with the least possible loss was to run, so the palisades and outworks were carried; but even when in the orchards the fire from the houses and from behind garden walls was so well sustained that the French had to give way, and the descent of the hill was effected in much quicker time than the ascent had been accomplished. Joseph says he never believed that he could have jumped so cleverly with his knapsack and pouch on his back.

More than a hundred were left behind in the orchards. In the mean time the combat had extended all along the line of hills from Ligny to Saint Amand. Nothing but fire and smoke arose out of woods of poplars, aspen, and willows, whilst long lines of infantry, with an innumerable cavalry, occupied the heights above. Joseph thought within himself that with such forces, with villages like fortresses, and batteries in every direction, they would never carry those heights. He even felt disgusted with the generals, and admitted that he loved his home better even than Napoleon!

No time was given, however, for discouraging thoughts. General Gerard arrived at full gallop, shouting "En avant!" This time the advance was supported by a brisk cannonade, which crumbled the walls and the roofs of the houses. The drums beat to the charge, the men encouraged themselves with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" but they fell by dozens. No attention was paid to them, the village was reached, the doors broken in, no quarter was given, every Prussian found in the houses was bayoneted without pity. The Prussians knew what no quarter meant, and they defended themselves bravely to the last. In the house in which Joseph found himself, the first floor was full of Prussians, who were firing from the windows. The first that attempted to ascend the narrow staircase were shot down, till it became slimy with blood. Those who finally succeeded, and put the enemy to the sword and bayonet, were all severely or fatally wounded. The French had in the mean time passed the church and reached a bridge beyond, where the battle became fierce beyond description, when a fresh column of Prussians was seen advancing to recapture the place. It was five o'clock, and all the houses, with the exception of the great brick tower, were in the hands of the French. The troops formed in the square, the general standing on the steps of the church door. Great guns were also coming up. A movement was then made to carry the bridge. Luckily for Joseph, he was posted, with fifteen others, in a great barn, pierced for musketry, to support the attacking column. The latter was, however, received with a masked battery, which at once cast it back in utter discomfiture. The Prussians followed, and before Joseph and his companions had time to close the door, they were upon them. Retreating to an upper story they drew the ladder after them, and then put a musket through the steps to prevent the enemy pulling it down. The whole street, the barn, and the houses opposite, in which other riflemen had also been posted, were full of Prussians. There were no means of retreat. Still every man fought for his life; the uproar was tremendous. Men were seen to shout because their mouths were open, but not a sound was heard. By six o'clock only six remained of the fifteen in the barn, their pouches were nearly empty, and death stared them in the face, when the sound of great guns was heard coming along the street, the Prussians were seen to give way, the brief discontinuance of musketry permitted the shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" to be distinguished, and soon the French passed the fatal barn. Joseph, Zébédé, and Buche, were among the six survivors of that desperate affray.

It was half-past six. Blücher had moved with the main body towards Saint Amand, where the battle-field was most severely contested. The rivulet and bridge also still separated the Prussians and the French at

Ligny. Each party were dying with thirst, yet not one could fetch a drop of water on either side. At length, the sound of grape-shot approached from the direction of Saint Amand. General Erlon's division, which had got astray between Ney's attack on the English at Quatre Bras, and the French attack on the Prussians at Ligny, had luckily come up. The old guard was pushed forwards just as evening fell, followed by cuirassiers and dragoons. It was, in fact, a new army, which had been as yet disengaged, that passed through the village, carried the bridge and rivulet, and finally drove the exhausted Prussians from their position. It was, perhaps, lucky it was so, for those who occupied Ligny. The battle was over, the Prussians had been forced to retire, and the rest of the evening was spent in cooking, and removing the wounded. The slaughter, Joseph declares, was worse than at Lutzen, or even at Leipsic, for the struggle had only lasted five hours, and the dead were lying two or three feet deep, while the blood flowed in rivulets beneath. "Young people," says our conscript, "who talk about 'war' and 'glory' should witness such scenes. They should have seen the wounded and the dead lying entangled in the streets, and the great guns and the heavy ammunition-waggon, and the innumerable horses, driven over them without time for a thought." "War!" he says, "those who will have war, those who convert men into worse than wild beasts, must have a terrible account to give in another world!"

The next day it rained heavily, and the march forward had to be effected amid slippery mud. Add to this, the men were oppressed with hunger. Joseph thought of Père Goulden seated at table, and of Catherine serving up a good soup while the chops were broiling on the fire. At eight o'clock they arrived at Quatre Bras, where Ney had opposed the junction of the English with the Prussians. It was there that Joseph first saw the red-coats, but they were on dead men prostrate in fields of barley and oats. At eleven they reached Genappe, and beyond that their way lay through fields of corn, and, as night was coming on, dragoons were posted every couple of hundred paces, to indicate the direction to be taken.

At length they reached a gentle ascent, from which the fires of the English could be contemplated at leisure. They bivouacked here in a field of corn, with orders not to light fires, "for fear of frightening the enemy away!" Joseph's homely mind was, however, filled with reflections of a different character.

"Is this," he asked himself, wet to the skin, fatigued and hungry, "the life of honest people? Is it for this that God has created us, and sent us into the world? Is it not a veritable abomination to think that a king or an emperor, instead of superintending the affairs of his country, of encouraging commerce, of spreading instruction, liberty, and good example, should reduce us by hundreds of thousands to this condition? I am quite aware that this is called glory, but people are wondrously stupid to glorify such persons. One must have lost all common sense, all heart, all religion."

The next morning, when Joseph woke up, it was Sunday, and the comparisons which suggested themselves between his then position and what a Sunday would be in his native town, were by no means calculated

to diminish his regrets. The tolling of the church-bells at Planchenois, Frichemont, Waterloo, and other places, gave additional poignancy to his feelings. It was in this despondent tone that, as the fog cleared off, he contemplated the field before him. It was manifest that a great battle was about to be fought. Instead of villages in the foreground, as at Ligny, which gave birth to so many separate combats, the English occupied a long extent of rising ground, which was precisely cut in half by the high road to Brussels. In their rear was the village of Mont. St. Jean and the forest of Soignés. The only points the English held in front were the two farms of La Haye Sainte and Hougoumont, the first on the right of the highway, the second on the left, or the first on the left of their position, the second on the right. On the extreme left of the English was also the farm of Papelotte, occupied, as was also La Haye Sainte, not by English, but by the allies. No apprehensions were now entertained of the English retreating, and every one proceeded to breakfast with what appetite he could. At eight o'clock a fresh supply of brandy and of cartridges arrived.

The disposition of the French was, in the main, simple. Reille's division to the left opposite Hougoumont, D'Erlon's on the right, facing La Haye Sainte. Ney across the highway, with Napoleon and the old guard, the lancers, and the chasseurs, in the rear.

At half-past eight the four divisions with which the 6th Light Infantry was engaged, from fifteen to twenty thousand men strong, advanced in two lines. "People relate," says Joseph, "that we were lively, and that we sang. It is false. It is true that the bands played, and drums and trumpets mingled their sounds, but the men were harassed and mute. The English were in front, well arranged, their gunners, with lighted matches, awaiting us. The sight was by no means calculated to make those most in love with great guns either laugh or sing. On the side of the French, also, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but artillery taking up its position, cuirasses, helmets, lances, swords, and interminable lines of bayonets."

"What a battle!" exclaimed Buche. "Bad luck to the English!"

"And I thought, like him, that not an Englishman would escape. One may truly say that it is us who had the bad luck, however, that day, for had it not been for the Prussians, I still think that we should have exterminated the lot."

The details given of the combat by Joseph himself, however, as far as was supposed to come under his own eye, by no means tend to corroborate the accuracy of this notion, so commonly entertained both by the French and the Prussians.

It was mid-day before the combat opened. Cannon roared, followed by musketry, but it was on the other side of the highway, on the approach to Hougoumont. These first notes of active hostilities were responded to by a general shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" which extended the whole length of the line. The guns of the right division were loaded, and eighty pieces went off almost simultaneously. The cannonade lasted without interruption for half an hour. Nothing was visible for the smoke, but the sound of men cast down, of muskets broken to pieces, and the terrible neighing of wounded horses, was heard amid the obscurity.

This was succeeded by an advance on La Haye Sainte in column, but as the English continued to fire their great guns, the balls, instead of carrying off two, swept down a dozen at every discharge. The anxiety to drive the English before them upheld the men, however, but still Joseph had time to perceive that he was in the 25th company from the front rank, and that a good many must be killed before it came to his turn.

On ascending the hill-side, a shower of grape-shot from the left made the columns swerve to the right; had it not been that they were so crowded, Joseph thinks, indeed, that the onward progress would have been stopped. It was here that he first saw the English face to face. "They are," he says, "a solid race, white, well-shaven, like respectable citizens. They defend themselves well, but we are worth them! It is not our fault as mere soldiers that they beat us; all the world knows that we have shown as much and more courage than them!"

"The ranks were broken, when thousands of English rose out of the barley, and fired point-blank upon us. The slaughter was dreadful, and we should have been driven back had not the shout of cavalry coming been heard. There was no time to form square, and the 'red dragoons on grey horses' came down between the divisions, sabring right and left. It was one of the most terrible moments of my life," says Joseph; but his life was saved by his being in the second file, the sergeant to his right was cut down, and he himself, he says, shot one of these terrible Scots Greys. What was worse was, that the English infantry, not content with shooting them down, at the same time "actually had the audacity to charge them with their bayonets!" The result was, however, a general repulse, Joseph and Buche ran together, and it was not till ten minutes after, he says, that they were rallied near the highway in the hollow of the valley by groups of different regiments.

This did not precisely look like the extermination predicted. But the Emperor had, we are told, witnessed the repulse, and the victorious Greys were just about capturing the whole battery of eighty guns, when he sent two regiments of cuirassiers to the right, and one of lancers to the left, against the single regiment of Greys. The English had neither cuirassiers nor lancers at Waterloo, and, according to Joseph, seven hundred of the Greys fell in that charge—whilst three thousand French already lay dead in that fatal hollow. The officers said, "We must begin again," and Ney came himself to lead on the renewed attack upon La Haye Sainte. "Ney is with us," said the men; "the others are done for!" "But this," says the philosophic conscript, "only testifies to human stupidity, for every instant some were falling on the way." La Haye Sainte, although gallantly defended, fell, however, as is well known, before the right and central divisions of the French army, whilst the left was being successfully held at bay by the English at Hougomont. Joseph declares that all that remained alive of the two battalions of Nassau that defended La Haye Sainte were a major and three or four men. Two other battalions of the same troops that were coming to their aid were cut to pieces in the open by the men in armour—the cuirassiers of modern times. Joseph believed that the French were now victorious, that they had nothing to do but to advance upon the high road to Brussels, and drive the English into the forest of Soignés. He believes

that a good bayonet charge, well supported by cavalry, would have broken their line and dispersed them, like chaff before the wind, in less than an hour's time. Considering the stuff that English soldiers are made of, this is very questionable, but, be that as it may, Joseph was not destined to be involved in so desperate a struggle.

At this very moment the news came that the Prussians were advancing. Blücher had left Grouchy to pursue him far away in the rear, whilst he fell upon the French flank whilst they were engaged with the English. Grouchy has been accused of treachery, but Joseph pertinently inquires if Grouchy could force Blücher to come back when he wanted to go forwards. He had played the same trick previously at Leipsic.

La Haye Sainte was, under these circumstances, put into a tolerable state for defence, whilst all the disposable forces on that part of the field were sent off to strengthen D'Erlon's corps d'armée to the left, and to aid in driving in the English in that direction. Ten thousand men were despatched at the same time under Lobau to arrest the Prussians in their advance. But the arrival of the latter, instead of relieving the English on the right or around Hougomont, only entailed a further gathering of troops on that point. "The old guard, the young guard, the cuirassiers of Milhaud, those of Kellermann, and the chasseurs of Lefebvre-Desnoëttes, all our magnificent cavalry," says Joseph, "remained in position: the great, the real battle was fought against the English."

The attitude of the latter, on their side, appeared to our conscript stronger even than in the morning. Their squares succeeded to one another like one vast chess-board. There was no getting between them for the cross-fire. Their guns remained in position on the borders of the upland, their cavalry behind towards Mont Saint Jean.

Seeing this position of affairs, and considering that they "had already not succeeded against their left wing," and that the Prussians were on their flank, the idea first came across Joseph's thoughtful mind that "they were not sure of winning the battle."

Shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" however, filled the air, the whole of the cavalry, cuirassiers, chasseurs, and lancers of the guard, more than five thousand men, were trotting by to disperse the Scotch and English squares. Joseph felt that the die of the battle was cast. It was a terrible moment. After the first burst of cavalry, came more cuirassiers, after them the *généralistes à cheval de la garde*, after them the dragoons. There was no end of cavalry. The noise was deafening. They all rushed upon the squares, filling the air with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur." But the British squares remained unbroken. One-half of the men, we are told, had been cut to pieces by twenty charges of this overwhelming cavalry, but still they remained intact, and at last cuirassiers, lancers, dragoons, chasseurs, and *généralistes à cheval*, had to come back—"their horses could no longer make way amidst the heaps of dead!"

"We looked at one another," says Joseph, "terrified."

"Riflemen," said the captain, "the hour is come to conquer or to die."

It was now the turn for the "Garde" to change the fate of the day. The "Garde" was coming at last. Every one said, "*La garde va donner!*" it was as if they had said "*La bataille est gagnée!*" "*C'est le*

grand coup," said others; and they thought, "S'il manque tout est perdu!"

But the English also understood that it was the "grand coup," and massed together to receive the shock.

"How many times," says Joseph, "for now fifty years past, have I represented to myself that night attack, and how many times have I heard it related by others! On listening to these stories, one would think that the 'Garde' was alone, that it advanced like rows of palisades, and that it alone had to withstand the showers of grape. But everything passed in the greatest confusion; this terrible attack was in reality made by our whole army; everything that remained of the left wing and of the centre was engaged; all that remained of the hosts of cavalry, exhausted by six hours' struggle—all that could still stand upright and raise their arms—all that still lived and did not care to be massacred in a hopeless retreat, were engaged.

But the allies were there to receive them. And the numbers of the "Garde," as they advanced amidst grape-shot and a terrible musketry, kept diminishing momentarily. "Then the whole mass of the enemy in front of us, and to the right and left, the cavalry on our flanks, rose up and fell upon us. The four battalions of the 'Garde,' reduced from three thousand to twelve hundred men, could no longer sustain such a charge; they retired slowly, and we also retired, defending ourselves with bayonets and musket-shots."

"We had seen more terrible fights, but this was the last!"

And what has come of this tremendous struggle of giants? Louis XVIII. was replaced on his throne, but he is gone, and the nephew of Napoleon holds the sceptre, which Europe twice coalesced to tear from the hands of his warlike and ambitious uncle. War, then, does not always decide the destinies of nations, and it is pleasant to find that, even in France, there are missionaries of peace—not of peace at all price, or of an inglorious and dishonourable non-intervention, but men who can deride the vanity of military glory and the folly of war, and who have the courage to place liberty, industry, and the cause of a general humanity in the front.

IDALIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," "STRATHMORE," &c.

BOOK THE THIRD.

IN THE ROSES OF THE EAST.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DAUGHTER OF EMPERORS.

ONCE, twice, thrice, the days came and passed away, spent thus. He sought her in the warm amber noons, stayed with her through the long delicious days, amidst the wilderness of roses, on the cypress-shaded terraces, and on the sunny sea along the Bosphorus shore, and left her only when the midnight stars rose over the minarets of the city of Constantine.

Once, twice, thrice, these golden days followed each other, and nothing broke their solitude. He met no one in her Turkish palace, and she let him come in this familiar, unbroken intercourse as though it were welcome to her; as though, indeed, their friendship had been the long-accustomed growth of years. He asked nothing, heeded nothing; he never paused to recal that there was a strange defiance of custom in the intercourse between them, or to note that she, with her wealth and her splendour, was as utterly alone as though she were a recluse of Mount Athos; he never observed that she kept silence on all that could have explained her presence in Moldavia, or given him account of the position and the character of her life; he never noticed, he never recollected;—he was lost in a day-dream of such magic that it lulled him to oblivion of everything save itself, and he loved her so passionately that all criticism, all reason, all doubt, were as impossible in him as insult and outrage to her. He had the delight of her presence; he could have no sense of anything beside. And his own nature was one too boldly free, too accustomed to the liberty of both action and thought, too little tolerant of the ceremonials and conventionalities of the world, to be awake to the singularity of her reception of him as others might have been. Moreover, while she allowed him this familiar and unrestrained communion with her, while she received him alone, dined with him alone, spent all the long hours alone with him, their only companion the great hound Sulla, he would have been a vainer man far than Erceldoune who could have flattered himself that this was done because her heart was touched; it would have been a madman, indeed, who should have brought on him his exile for ever by warmer entreaties for a softer joy than friendship. While untrammelled by any of the bonds of conventionality, while accustomed to a liberty of thought, of speech, of act that brooked no dictator, while distinguished by a careless negligence of custom and of opinion that was patrician even whilst it was bohemian, Idalia still kept the light but inexorable rein upon his passion, which forbade him to pass

the bounds that she tacitly prescribed to him. He was a bold and daring man enough; in his early days he had been steeped in vice, though he had learned to hate it; he was impassioned in his pursuit of her as any lover that the Asian suns had ever nurtured to their own heat. But he loved her as William Craven loved the Winter Queen, as George Douglas the White Queen; and he loved her but the more for all that claimed his reverence, even while it fettered his passions.

There was, besides, an engrained knightliness in his nature, and it would have seemed to him a foul stain on his honour to take advantage of the solitude to which she admitted him, to say or to do what she forbade; moreover, he felt that the man who should venture to incense her, to insult her—were it but with a whispered or a hinted word—would never look upon her face again. Happy he was not; he was too restless, too unsatisfied, too dizzy, too lost in a whirlwind of new emotions and feverish desires; but he was intoxicated, and he would have given all the old free peace of other years for one hour of this mingled misery and rapture.

The fourth day came, and brought him to her side at the same hour; he spent the hottest hours in sketching for her the pastelle portrait of the Russian hound, that an hour's work dashed in in life-like Landseer vigour, though the wrist of the artist was often unsteady when he glanced at his sitter, couched like a lion on the trailing train of Idalia's dress, while her hand rested on the dog's broad tawny head; when the heat cooled, he took the oars of her caique and rowed her down the shore, through the fragrant beds of water-weeds, and past fairy islands all odorous with wild flowers and wild lavender and the scarlet blossoms of the impenetrable cactus thickets; and, with the setting of the sun, he came homeward to dine with her alone in the Arabian banqueting-hall, with its mellowed light, its dreamy perfumes, its luxurious couches, its splendid colouring, with no sound but the lulling melody of the falling fountain and the enchantment of her voice, while the golden wine of the Lebanon that he drank seemed like the Love Draught of Ysonde.

Who can wonder that his life seemed transfigured?—that he was intoxicated with it as with wine?

One who should not have loved her—if such there could have been—would have found an infinite variety, an endless charm in her companionship. She had travelled in most countries, she was familiar with most nations, she had knowledge of the classic and the Oriental literatures, deep to a scholar's scope and warmed with the picturesque hue of an imagination naturally luxuriant, though the world had joined with it an ironic and contemptuous scepticism that gave the keenness of wit, side by side with the colour of a poet, to her thoughts and to her words; she understood men pitilessly, human nature unerringly, none could have palmed off on her a false mask or a glossed action; she had seen and known the world in all its brilliance and all its intricacies, the variety of her acquirements was scarcely so singular as the variety of her experience, and the swift change of her mood, now grave to melancholy, now careless to caprice, now thoughtful with a profound and philosophic insight into the labyrinths of human life, now gay with the nonchalant and glittering gaiety of Bohemian levity, gave her much of inconstancy, it is true, but gave her infinitely more of charm and enchantment.

The night fell once more; they had lingered without moving in the banqueting-room; the wines, and flowers, and fruits still standing on the table, the curled tube of his narghilé floating indolently in the porcelain basin of rose-water, no light stronger than the clear, vivid moonlight of the East shining on the freshly-cut flowers that strewed the ground, the frescoes of the pomegranates that wreathed the hall, the rich scarlet hues melting away in the shadow, and the tall, slender column of the fountain flinging its foam aloft. Idalia leant back among the cushions, the dazzling play of her words ceasing for a while; the moon's rays touching the proud arch of her brows, the clusters of her hair bound with a narrow gold band of antique workmanship, the voluptuous softness of her lips, and the dark, unfathomable lustre of her eyes.

Erceldoune looked at her, silent; he scarce dared trust himself to speak, since he could not utter the thoughts that incessantly rose to his lips. A man of few words ordinarily, he could be eloquent enough when roused, though this was rare; she, however, had an influence on him that made him with her lay bare his heart and his mind as he had never done to any human being; with her, through her, all the deeper feeling, the more ardent impulses, latent in him, though unguessed even by himself, were awakened; for her, by her, he became a poet in his heart. But now, as the night deepened, and the moon strayed into the chamber in its first brightness, he was silent.

Unless she wished his love to be heightened to its strongest, and enthralled to its uttermost captivity, she did a bitter cruelty in letting him linger here with all that could subdue his reason, fever his senses, and intoxicate his hope. If he were nothing to her, and would remain nothing to her, it was a wanton and a pitiless exercise of power to bring him here, where the hour, the scene, the solitude, everything that surrounded her and that beguiled him, lashed his passion a thousand-fold, and lulled to forgetfulness every memory save the memory of her. Was it wittingly done to woo him on? Was it carelessly done to destroy the life she had saved? Doubt might have whispered, "Why does she so tacitly forbid your love its utterance, and yet blind you through your senses, and bring you to her solitude?" But doubt was utterly alien to the code of his heart and his chivalry. When he had once adored her, then he had for ever believed in her. She had given him back his life; he would have trusted her with far more than life.

Her eyes met his own, that were burning with the eloquence he felt forbidden to put into words, but hers were not moved; they did not droop, as women's often do, beneath the fire of the passion uttered in his, they passed on from him to rest dreamily on the distance, where the domes of Santa Sophia rose against the stars, and the lighted minarets glittered among the cypress groves of the Moslem city.

"It was a fair heritage to lose through a feeble vanity—that beautiful Constantinople!" she said, softly. "The East and the West! What an empire! More than Alexander ever grasped at—what might not have been done with it? Asian faith and Oriental sublimity, with Roman power and Gothic force; if there had been a hand strong enough to weld all these together, what a world there might have been!"

"But to have done that would have been to attain the Impossible?" said Erceldoune. "Oil and flame, old and new, living and dying, tradi-

tion and scepticism, iconoclast and idolator, you cannot unite and harmonise those antagonisms?"

He barely knew what he answered her; he was thinking nothing of her words, solely of her and the loveliness before him, that made him feel as though the Lebanon and Chian wines he had drunk had been the draught of so much liquid fire.

She gave a sign of dissent.

"The prophet or the hero unites all antagonisms, because he binds them all to his own genius. The Byzantine empire had none such; the nearest was Julian, but he believed less in himself than in the gods; the nearest after him was Belisarius—the fool of a courtesan!—and he was but a good soldier, he was no teacher, no liberator, no leader for the nations. John Vatices came too late. A man must be his own convert before he can convert others. Zoroaster, Mahomet, Cromwell, Napoleon believed intensely in their own missions; hence their influence on the peoples. How can we tell what Byzantium might have become under one mighty hand?—it was torn in pieces among courtesans, and parasites and Christian fanatics, and Houmousians, and Houmoiousians! I have the blood of the Commneni in me. I think of it with shame when I remember what they might have been."

"You come from the Roman Emperors?"

His voice was unsteady as he asked it; looking on her he thought that no imperial diadem the earth could offer would be too proud a crown for her, and—he thought, too, of his own broken fortunes, of the beggar's title that alone was left to him, as if in mockery of all his race had lost and of the ivy-covered ruins on which the sun would now be setting amongst the hawthorn glens and purple moors of the old Border land at home.

"The Roman Emperors!" she repeated, with that contemptuous archness of her brows which spoke disdain far more scornfully than any satire. "When the name was a travesty, an ignominy, a reproach! When the Barbarians thronged the Forum, and the representative of Galilee fishermen claimed power in the Capitol! *Grande chose!* No. I descend—they say—from the Commneni; but I am prouder than that, on the other hand I come from pure Athenians. I belong to two buried worlds. But the stone throne of the Areopagus was greater than the gold one of Manuel."

"You are the daughter of Emperors; you are worthy an empire."

His voice was very low; they were the words of no flattery of the hour, but of a homage as idolatrous as was ever offered in the fair shadows of the Sacred Groves of Antioch to the goddess from whom she took her name. And there was a great pang at his heart as he spoke them; again he thought of the only thing on earth he called his own, those crumbling ruins to the far westward, by the Cheviot range, where the scarlet creepers hid the jagged rents in the walls, and owls roosted where princes once had banqueted.

"An empire! I thought so once," she answered, with a low, slight laugh. "I had dreams—of the sceptre of my ancestors, of the crown of the Violet City, of Utopias here, where east and west meet one another and God would give us a paradise if men did not make us a hell. Dream—dreams—youth is all a dream, and life too, some metaphysicians say

Where shall we wake, I wonder, and how—for the better? It is to be hoped so, if we ever wake at all, which is more than doubtful!"

There was an accent of sadness in the opening words, but the rest were spoken with that moqueur irony which, while it was never bitter, was more contemptuous than bitterness in its half languid levity. He looked at her with a vague and troubled pain, there was so much in the complexity of her nature that was veiled from him; seeing her life but dimly, there was so much of splendour, so much of melancholy in it, that exiled him from her, and that oppressed him; the more magnificent her lineage or her fortunes, the farther she was from him.

"You have one empire," he said, almost abruptly, in the tumult of the suppressed thoughts in him, "a wider one than the Byzantine! You can do what you will with men's lives! I have nothing, I can lose nothing, except the life you gave me back, but if I had all the kingdoms of the earth I would throw them away for——"

The passion in his voice dropped suddenly, leaving the words unfinished; he crushed them into silence with a fierce effort; he did not know how vast her possessions, or how high her rank might not be, and in his beggared fortunes he was very proud—proud as the haughtiest noble in Europe. She rose, with that graceful negligence with which she silenced all she would not hear, yet she lingered by him one moment, looking at him with a gentle smile, the smile that changed her as by magic.

"No kingdom would be a tithe so peaceful as your manhood and your honour. Never peril *those* for any woman; there is not one worth the loss."

She swept out on to the terrace on which the great court opened, while he rose and followed her, as the Albanians entered the various chambers to light the candelabra and chandeliers. The flash of a giddy, exultant, incredulous rapture ran like lightning through his veins for a moment; she had softly repulsed, but she had not rebuked him; she had known at what his words paused, and the smile she had given him had a light in it that was almost tenderness. He did not ask, he did not think, where his hope began or ended; he did not weigh its meaning, he dared not have drawn it to the light, lest close seen it should have faded; he only felt—

So my eyes hold her! What is worth
The best of heaven, the best of earth?

"There it lies!" she said, as she leaned over the marble balustrade, resting her eyes on the distant minarets and roofs of Constantinople, rising clear and dark in the intense silvered lustre of the moon, undimmed to-night by even a floating cloud. "And all its glories are dead. The Porphyry-chamber, and the Tyrian dyes, the Pandects, and the Labarum, the thunder of Chrysostom, and the violets of child-Protus—they could not make the city live that had dared to dethrone Rome! The hordes of the Forest and the Desert avenged the wrongs of the Scipii and the Julii. It was but just."

"As the soldiers of Islam avenged the gods of Greece. Aphrodite perished that Arians might rage, and the beautiful mythus was swept away, that hell and the devil might be believed in instead! When the Crescent glittered there, it half redressed the wrongs of your Olympus."

"And we reign still!" She turned, as she spoke, towards the western

waters, where the sea-line of the Ægean lay, while in her eyes came the look of a royal pride and of a deathless love. "Greece cannot die. No matter what the land be now, Greece—*our* Greece—must live forever. Her language lives; the children of Europe learn it, even if they halt it in imperfect numbers. The greater the scholar the humbler he still bends to learn the words of wisdom from her schools. The poet comes to her for all his fairest myths, his noblest mysteries, his greatest masters. The sculptor looks at the broken, shattered fragments of her statues, and throws aside his calliope in despair before those matchless wrecks. From her, soldiers learn how to die, and nations how to conquer and to keep their liberties. No deed of heroism is done but, to crown it, it is named parallel to hers. They write of love, and who forgets the Lesbian? They dream of freedom, and to reach it they remember Salamis. They talk of progress, and while they talk they sigh for that which they have lost in Academus. They seek truth, and while they see wearily long, as little children, to hear the golden speech of Sokrates that slave, and fisherman, and sailor, and stonemason, and date-seller were all once free to hear in her Agora. But for the light that shone from Greece in the breaking of the Renaissance, Europe would have perished in its Gothic darkness. They call her dead; she can never die while her life, her soul, her genius breathe fire into the new nations, and give their youth all of greatness and of grace that they can claim Greece dead! She reigns in every poem written, in every art pursued in every beauty treasured, in every liberty won, in every god-like life and god-like death, in your fresh lands, which, but for her, would be barbaria now."

Where she stood, with her eyes turned westward to the far-off snows of Cithæron and Mount Ida, and the shores which the bronze spear of Pallad Athene once guarded through the night and day, the dark light in her eyes grew grander, and the flash of a superb pride was on her brow—was Aspasia who lived again, and who remembered Pericles.

He looked on her, with the glow of passion on his face, made sublime by the poet's thoughts that were awaking in him—looked on her Alcæus looked on Sappho. He was silent, for his heart was lulled with the oppression of his love, as the great forests are silenced before the storm.

She had forgotten his presence, standing there in the hush of the midnight, with the Byzantine city to the eastward, and to the west the land that had heard Plato—her thoughts were far away among the shadows of the past, the great past, when the "Io Triumphe" had been echoed up to the dim majesty of the Acropolis, or the roses had drooped the fragrant heads on the gracious gold of Alkibiades's love-locks.

He knew that he was forgotten, yet his heart did not reproach her; she was far above him in his sight, far as the stars that shone now above Athens, and his love was one that would take neglect and anguish silently, without swerving once from its loyalty. He would have lain his heart down to be pressed out in agony, so that it should have given him one passing moment of pleasure, as a rose is thrown under a woman's foot to be crushed as she steps, that dying it may lend a breath of fragrance to the air she breathes. He stooped his head, and his voice was scarce louder than the low-stealing breeze that shook the cups of the water-lilies.

"You are the daughter of Emperors, and I have nothing that is worthy to bring you; only—only—remember, if ever you need it, one man's life will be yours to die for you."

She started slightly where she leaned, with her musing eyes resting on Athens; she had forgotten his presence, and his words, though they told her no more than she knew, startled her still with their suddenness. The look of proud disdainful pain that he had seen before came on her face—the disdain was not for him—but the smile that already to him was the only sun the world held, lingered on her lips a moment.

"A year's pain to a true life—a day's pain, an hour's!—were far more than mine were worth. The daughter of Emperors?—the daughter of men who gamed away their birthright, and played with diadems as idiot children play with olive-stones! Is there much greatness there? As for you—I have had so many die for me, I am tired of the shadow of the cypress!"

Strange though the words were, no vanity of power spoke in them, but a fatal truth, a mournful earnestness, tinged by, deepened to, remorse; the shadow of the cypress seemed to fall across the brilliance of her face as she uttered them.

"Will you let me live for you?"

The words escaped him before he knew they were uttered, before he realised all they meant, before he was conscious what he offered and pledged to a woman who, for aught he knew or could tell, might be the head of an illustrious race, the wife of one of the royal chiefs of the Levant or of the East, or—might be anything that Europe held of what was fairest, most fatal, most dangerous in her sex.

She lifted the Oriental lashes of her eyes, and looked at him; a long, earnest, unwavering look, intense almost to melancholy. Then that soft, delicate warmth that he had seen once before, when she had greeted him in her solitude with that one word, "You!" came on her face, she smiled slightly, and shook her head.

"How rash you are! It is well for you that I will not take you at your word. No!—your life is a noble, gallant thing; treasure its liberty, and never risk it in a woman's hands."

The calmness with which she put aside words that had been nothing less than a declaration of the love he bore her, the serenity with which her gaze had dwelt on him, were not those of a woman who did or who would give him answering tenderness; yet the smile, the glance with which she had spoken, had not been those of one to whom he was wholly indifferent, or to whom his words had been repugnant. It seemed as though she would never let him come to her as a lover, yet as though she would never let him free himself from the sway of her fascination; she refused his homage with easy and delicate grace, but she refused so that she showed that the man who had been saved by her in the depths of the Carpathian Pass had her interest and had her pity.

A pity more cruel, perhaps, than grosser cruelty which should have bade him go and leave her then and for ever, for as she turned and went back to the lighted chambers, noting the deadly pain that for the moment she had dealt, she smiled on him; she talked to him of a thousand things with her rich and graphic eloquence, that charmed the ear like the flowing of music, and often sank to silence that only lent it rarer charm; she

sang the grand chants of the Catholic Church, and the splendours of Bach, of Pergolesi, of Mozart—sang as she would never sing when she thronged salon petitioned her; she let him stay with her till midnight—had long passed over the distant mosques and courts of Constantinople—and she bade him good night, leaning again over the marble parapet of the terrace, with the moonlight full upon her, as she gave him such a sign of adieu, just so proud, just so gentle, as Mary Stuart might have given to her Warden of the Marches while yet she knew his love and would not yield him hers.

There was little wonder that as the hoofs of the Monarch thundered their course by the sea, through the odorous Oriental night, there was more of wild joy in his rider's heart than of any other thought.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SOLDIER OF POLAND.

WHERE Idalia leaned, with her eyes still musingly dropped on the shelving mass of myrtle blossom, long after the ring of the Monarch's gallop had ceased to echo down the shore, a step hurriedly crushed the fallen leaves of pomegranate flowers; before she saw him, a man had thrown himself before her, pressing his lips on the trailing folds of her laces, kneeling there as one kneels who sues for life.

"Idalia!"

In the single word all that the world can hold of love was told—and told in despair.

She started and looked down; surprise, anger, something of pity, came into her glance; she drew herself from his clasp with the gesture of her habitual haughty grace, and turned from him without a word, bending her head with a silent salutation.

"Idalia!—I have come from Paris only to look upon your face!"

The vibration of intense suffering in his voice made her involuntarily pause; but when she spoke it was with a calm indifference, a pointed meaning.

"I do not receive this evening, Prince Waldemar; did not my people inform you so?"

A quick, sudden shudder of torture shook him; he it was who had worn the badge of the Silver Ivy, and had answered Victor Vane with three brief pregnant words—"To my cost!" To his cost, his most bitter cost, he had loved her, and he had forced his way to her here in the quiet of the Asiatic night. He grasped again the hem of her perfumed and trailing dress, and held her there, looking upward to that fair and fatal face in the silvered lustre of the full moon shining from the sea.

She had destroyed him;—but he could not look on her without growing drunk with his own idolatry as men grow drunk with raki.

"Idalia!"—in that single name all his misery seemed uttered with a great cry from his heart's depths—"have you no pity—no remorse? You know what you have made me, and you give me no mercy? Is your heart stone?"

No change came on her face, so lovely in the silvered shadows; she smiled slightly, with a negligent disdain.

"You have studied at the Porte St. Martin! That is not the way we speak anywhere else in Paris."

There was a contemptuous languor in the words more cruel than the bitterest utterance, *in earnest*, would have been; with scenes and hours so vivid in his memory, in which his love had been lavished at her feet, and sunned in her smile, and welcomed by her word, they struck on him as passing all that history had ever held of women's traitorous heartlessness. Was she who spoke them the same who a brief half-hour before talked of divine and dreamy thoughts, with a light in her eyes that would have made Erceldoune sooner doubt his own existence than doubt her?

Yes; for Idalia was now—what the world had made her.

His hands clenched on her dress in a convulsive wretchedness.

"Oh, God! have you no heart, no soul, no conscience? I laid down all I had on earth for you; I gave you my peace, my honour, my utter abject slavery. I only lived for you. And yet——"

His voice died inarticulate, his eyes still gazing upwards, while the light from the sea fell on it—a face of fair and gallant beauty, of ancient race and leonine blood, in the early prime of manhood, yet now worn, haggard, drawn, and darkened with the hopeless passions that were loosening in him beyond all strength to hold them.

She looked down on him, still without change of glance or feature. It was a tale so often told to her! She drew herself from him with her proudest indolence.

"You came here to tell me this? It was scarcely worth while. Good evening, Prince Waldemar."

Like a deer stung by a shot he started to his feet, standing between her and the vast shafts of white marble that formed the portico into the building; the blood stained his forehead, his teeth were set; the endurance that had laid him at her mercy, suffering all things for her sake, living only in the light of her smile, and knowing no law but her desire, broke its bondage now and turned against her in fierce but just rebuke, incoherent in its misery.

"It is true, then, what they say! You have a heart of bronze, a soul of marble! You have that divine glory of your loveliness only to draw men in your net and hurl them to perdition! It is true, then! in worshipping you we worship the fairest traitress, the most angelical lie that the world ever saw? Have you ever thought what it is you do? Have you ever asked yourself what price *we* pay for the power you hold? Have you ever thought that you may tempt us, and betray us, and destroy us once too often, till your very slaves may turn against you?"

He stood alone with her in the lateness of the night, his words incoherent and crushed between his teeth, his eyes gleaming through the shadows; and she knew that she had done him wrong which before now has turned men into fiends, and has made them stamp out into its grave the beauty that has beguiled them and betrayed them. But she gave no sign of fear; her dauntless nature knew fear no more than Jeanne d'Arc knew it. Her conscience alone smote her, a pang of remorse awakened in her. She was silent, looking at him in the shadowy moonlight; she knew that she had ruined his life—a loyal, high-souled, patriotic life, full of bright promise and of fearless action—a life laid

subject to her, and broken in her hands as a child breaks the painted butterfly.

"Oh, my God!" he cried, and it was the involuntary cry of a great despair that broke his force down before the woman he idolised, the woman by whom he had been fooled and forsaken, yet whom he still worshipped but the more the more that he condemned her. "That such divinity of beauty should only veil a heart of steel! If you had ever loved—if ever you could love—you could not do such treachery to love as this. I know you as you are, now—now that it is too late, and yet—and yet——"

A single sob broke his voice, he threw himself again down at her feet in the sheer blindness of an utter misery, his hands clutching the folds of her dress, his lips pressed in kisses on the senseless laces, conscious alone of the woman who now had no more thought, or need, or tenderness for him than the cold marble that rose above him into the starry stillness of the Bosphorus night.

"And yet there is no crime I would not take on me at your word—there is no sin I would not sin for you! I know you as you are—and yet, so utterly in spite of all, I love you! I came to-night to see your face once more. I go to die for Poland, and I could not die without one word more from you, one last look from your eyes. *Idalia! Idalia!* have you no remorse? Say one last gentle word to me; we shall never meet again on earth!"

She stood there, above him, in the clear radiance shining from the waters, while at her feet this man, who so loved her that love survived all wrong, poured out his passionate words, and wrestled with the suffering that she had dealt. She was silent; his words had struck deep to the core of the remorse that was slowly awaking in her, a profound pity for him, as profound a loathing of herself, arose; all the gentler, purer, nobler nature in her was touched, and accused her more poignantly than the most bitter of his accusations. She stooped slightly; her proud nature, her habit of power, and her world of levity and mockery, made her yield with difficulty, made her pity with rarity; but when she did either, she did them as no other woman could.

She stooped slightly, and her eyes were heavy as they rested on him: "I have but one word: Forgive me!"

And in that one word *Idalia* spoke more than could have been uttered in the richest eloquence that could have confessed her error and his wrong. Yet while she said it, she knew that both the sin and the injury were beyond all pardon, as utterly as though through her hand, or by her will, this man's existence had been destroyed, and swept away from amongst the living.

He looked up, a wild eager hope against hope flashing in on him one moment, it was quenched as soon as born; her face had pain on it, and an unspoken remorse, but the light that he had once seen there was gone—there was no love for him.

His head sank again, he took her hands and pressed his lips on them in burning kisses—the kisses of an eternal farewell:

"Forgive! I would have forgiven you death—I forgive you more than death. But if you ever meet again one who loves you as I have loved, remember me—and spare him."

The words died in his throat, the throes of a great agony were on him ; never again in life, he knew, would he look upon the loveliness that had betrayed him ; he knew that he was going to his death, as surely as though he sank into the sea-depths glistening below, and that when he should lie in the darkness and decay of a forgotten soldier's grave, there would be no pang of memory for him in her heart, no thought that gave him pity or lament in the life to which his own was sacrificed.

He looked yet once again upward to her face, as dying men may look their last on what they love, then slowly, very slowly, as though each moment were a separate pang, he loosened his hold upon her, and turned and went through the shadows of the cypress, downward to where the silvered waves were drearily breaking on the strand below.

Where he had left her, Idalia stood silent, the moonlight falling on the white marble about her, till from the sea the lustre on her looked bright as the radiance of day. Her eyes were fixed on the starry distance, noting nothing, and in them there rose and gathered tears that did not fall, almost the first that ever had dimmed their glory. In one thing alone had he wronged her. She knew the weariness of remorse, she knew the tenderness of pity.

Though no sign had escaped her, each word of his passionate accusation had quivered to her heart ; he did not feel their truth more bitterly than she. That rebuke, poured out before her in the solitude of the night, had stirred her heart with its pain ; it showed her what it was that she had done, it made her shudder from the fatal gift of her own beauty ; how had she used it ?

Again and again, till they had passed by her, no more noted than the winds that swept the air about her, the anguish of men's lives, the fire of their passions had been spent upon her, and been wasted for her ; she had won love without scruple, embittered it without self-reproach. But now, standing in the silence of the Asiatic night, with the stars shining over the face of the sea, and the accents of an eternal farewell still echoing on her ear, her own heart awakened, vibrating with the same futile and passionate pain.

"What do I do ? What do I do ?" she thought. "Ruin their lives, destroy their peace, send them out to their deaths—and for what ? A phantom, a falsehood, an unreality, that betrays them as utterly as I ! The life I lead is but cruelty on cruelty, sin on sin ; I am weary of it. I know its crime, and yet I love its sovereignty still ! I am vile enough to feel the charm of its power, while I have conscience enough to abhor its work !"

The thoughts floated through her mind where she stood, looking over to where the sea lay, the dark outline of some felucca alone gliding spirit-like across the moonlit surface. Yet as the starlight fell also upon her—upon that regal and exquisite grace, which would have befitted the proudest throne of Europe—crime seemed to have no possible fellowship with her, cruelty no lodging there, dishonour no resting-place for one instant in her life.

Still in her own sight, in her own knowledge, all these were hers—all these could be quoted at her charge by those who had known no name so fatal as that fair Greek name—"Idalia."

She withdrew her eyes from the grey gleaming Bosphorus water, and

swept with that step which had the slow languor of the gliding swan's softest movement, with all the free royalty of a forest animal's, up and down the length of the terrace that stretched out into the shadows of the cypress glades. The last words of the man who had left her seemed to echo still upon the air; the summons of conscience, the reproach of the past, the duty and the demand of the present instant, all were spoken in them. Even as he had uttered them, she had thought of one whose love would be as this which now upbraided her, and pleaded with her. She knew that he should be spared. It might not be too late to save him—from what? From herself?

She walked unceasingly to and fro the marble of the terrace in the late Eastern night that was now nearing the dawn. He who had left her to go out and find a soldier's death under the black and endless pine forests and the snow plains of Poland, stood between her and the fearless, chivalrous, generous life which she had once saved from such a grave, and which now was in the first radiant flush of faith that held her rather angel than woman, and love that had sprung up, full grown in one short night, like a flower under tropical suns.

To save Erceldoune: not to let him spend this treasure of loyalty at her feet, not to let him stake his peace and manhood on the smile of a woman's lips, not to let him lose his present and his future in the traitorous sweetness of a vain idolatry; this was what the life she had destroyed commanded her to do for him whom she had rescued in the loneliness of the Moldavian ravines.

"Spare him!—yes, he should be spared," she thought, while in her heart recollection whispered her, "Is it not too late?"

Too late to spare him the keenness of a cruel pang, too late to sweep from him a memory that would haunt him with the haunting eyes of a Lamia; yet not too late, perhaps, to break him from his madness by one sharp throe that should spare him worse in the future, to save him greater suffering by wounding to the quick his pride and stinging his resentment?

Better one pang at first than for a while the sweetness of a cheated hope, to end in lifelong desolation, like that which had to-night upbraided her.

"Most men in their passion love but their own indulgence; but now and then there are those who love us for ourselves; they should be spared," she thought, as in that restless walk to and fro the terrace she paused again and leaned down over the balustrade, with her face turned once more towards the sea.

They called her unscrupulous, she had been so; they had called her heartless, merciless, remorseless, in all her poetic beauty; there had perhaps been too much truth in the charge; much error lay on her life, great ruin at her door; but of what this woman really was her foes knew nothing, and her lovers knew as little. With neither was she ever what she now was, alone under the Asiatic stars, looking on the white gleam of the surf where it broke up on the sands below—now, when she was musing how to save again, from herself, him whom she had once saved from the grave.

CHAPTER VIII.

"DIE QUALST MICH ALS TYRANN; UND ICH? ICH LIEB DICH NOCH!"

A NEW life had dawned on Erceldoune.

All his old habits of soldier-like decision, of sportsman-like activity, were broken up; he who had used to dash from one end of Europe to the other as most men walk over a covert, and to find his greatest pleasures in the saddle and the rifle, in waiting high up in a leafy nest for the lions to come down to the spring to drink, and in riding wild races with the Arabs over amber stretches of torrid sand, in spending whole days alone with a retriever among the sedge-pools of the Border fowl, and in bivouacking through a searching Christmas night with South American guachos, he had now changed into the veriest dreamer that ever let the long hours steal away,

Floating up, bright forms ideal,
Half sense-supplied, and half unreal,
Like music mingling with a dream.

All the athletic enjoyments, all the vigorous sports, all the dauntless zest in danger, which had used to be all he cared for, had lost their spell; he lived in a land of enchantment, whose sole sunlight was a woman's glance; he gave himself up without a struggle to the only passion that had ever touched his life. Now and then there swept over him a foreboding that his own peace was wrecked for ever, once launched on the stormy torrent to which he had so long refused, because so long untempted, to surrender himself; now and then the knowledge of his own utter ignorance of the woman to whom he was yielding up his destiny, smote him with a terrible pang, but very rarely: in proportion to the length and the immensity of his resistance to the passion, was the reckless headlong force of his fall into its power. Moreover, his nature was essentially trustful, essentially loyal; and he had, all unconsciously, an old-world chivalry in him that would have made it seem to him the poorest and most craven poltroonery to cast doubt on the guardian-angel who had saved him from the very jaws of death. His mother, dead in his earliest childhood, had been a young and lovely Spaniard, who, neglected by her lord, had been left to break her soft, wild Castilian spirit as she would against the grey walls of the King's Rest, longing for the perfume and the colour and the southern winds of her home in the Vega, while the Border moors stretched round her, and the Cheviots shut her in until she died, like a tropic bird that is caged in the cold and in the twilight. Something inherited from the tenderness and the enthusiasm of her Spanish blood was latent in her son, little as he knew it; an unworldliness, a romance, were in his nature, though he did not perceive them; and though his career had done much to strengthen the lion-like daring and athlete's hardihood of his character, softening it in nothing, on the other hand the picturesque colouring and varied wandering in which his years had been spent had done much to preserve the vein of romance within him, unworn while unsuspected. Nothing had touched this side of his nature until now; and now, the stronger for its past suppression, it conquered him in its turn, and ruled alone.

When he left her that evening he could not sleep; he took a long furious gallop through the cool of the late night, dashing down far

into the interior, along sandy plains, and through cypress groves, across perfumy stretches of tangled vegetation, and over the rocky beds of dried-up brooks, or the foam of tumbling freshets. The wild estro of *pace* chimed in with the tumult in his heart; the swift rush through the cooled air softened the fever in him; his thoughts and his passions kept throbbing time with the beat of the hoofs, with the sweep of the gallop. He loved her, he thought;—oh God how he loved her!

So long ago loved his namesake the Rhymer, when under the tree of Erceldoune—the Tree of Grammarye—the sorceress lips touched his, and the eyes brighter than mortal brightness looked into his own—lips that wooed him across the dark Border, eyes that dared him brave the Lake of Fire for her sake. Those old, old legends! how they repeat themselves in every life!

With the dawn he came upon a clear, still pool, lying landlocked, far and solitary, encircled with cedars and cypress and superb drooping boughs, now heavy with the white blossoms of the sweet chesnut, and while the horse drank at the brink threw himself in to bathe, dipping down into the clear brown waters, and striking out into the depths of cool, green, blossoming shade, while the swell of a torrent that poured into it lashed him with its delicious foam, cold even in the East before sunrise, and hurled the mass of water against his magnificent limbs, firm knit, symmetrical, colossal as the polished limbs of a Roman bronze of Milo. As he shook the drenching spray from his hair, and swam against the current, looking upward at the sky where the rose-flush of dawn was just breaking in all its glow and glory, all the beauty that life might know seemed suddenly to rise on him in revelation, with the golden dawning of those first sunrays. There stands an Eastern fable, told in that mystic and poetic Asia in whose cypress shadows he now lay with his eyes lifted to the light, a fable that, when paradise faded from earth, a single rose was saved and treasured by an angel, who gives to every mortal, sooner or later in his life, one breath of fragrance from the immortal flowers—one alone. The legend came into his memory as the sunbeams deepened slanting spear-like across the clear azure of the skies, and he dashed down into the cold shock of the waters to still in him this passionate fever, this fierce sweetness of longing for all that might never be his own.

One woman alone could bring to *him* that perfume of paradise; the rose of Eden could only breathe its divine fragrance on him from her lips. And he would have given all the years of his life to have it come to him one hour!

In the break of the morning, while he thought thus of her with the rising of the sun, Idalia, just risen, stood looking outward at the east. The loose silken folds of a Turkish robe floated round her, her face was pale with a dark shadow beneath the eyes, and her hair lay in long, loose masses on her shoulders, now and then lifted by the wind from the latticed windows. She was thinking deeply and painfully, while her eyes followed mechanically the flight of those white-winged Bosphorus gulls that the Turkish sailors call the spirits of unfaithful women, as their silvery wings swept in a bright cloud above the water. The reproaches that had been uttered to her a few hours before still had their sting for her, the truths with which they had been barbed still pierced her.

Proud, fearless, negligent, superbly indifferent to the world's opinion though she was, contemptuous of its censure as she was careless of its homage, she was not steeled against the accusation of her own heart and conscience; she felt pity and she felt remorse. She had been, perhaps, something too fiercely upbraided by the man whom she had sent out to his grave under the black woods of Poland, yet she did not question the arraignment. She knew that she had had a great power vested in her hands; a power for good and evil, a power over men's lives with which she had played at will; and she knew that she had used it wrongly, used it so that many beside him could have cried out against her with as terrible a reproach, as deep a justice. She was no sophist, no coward; she could look at her own acts and condemn them with an unsparing truth; Idalia never shrank from anything, and though haughtily disdainful of all censure, she tore down the mask from her own errors, and looked them fully, face to face, as they were. Erred she had, gravely, passing on from the slighter to the deeper, in that course which is almost inevitable, since no single false step ever yet could be taken *alone*.

The brightest chivalry, the noblest love, the strongest passions, the most unquestioning self-sacrifice, the most headlong devotion, these had all been awakened by her, and lavished on her;—what had she done with them? Accepted them, to turn them to her tools; excited them, to make them her slaves and her creatures; won them and wooed them with her glorious beauty, her sorceress charm; to weigh them with cold cruelty at their worth, and let them drift unpitied to their doom.

Those who had loved her had been no more to her than this; beguiled for the value they were, betrayed to love that by their passion they might grow plastic to her purpose, bent to her command. She, who had all the superb, satiric, contemptuous disbelief in love of a woman of the world, still knew that, over and over again, the tide of a passionate grief had broken up vainly against the disdain of her delicate, pitiless irony; knew that over and over again a life made desolate, a life driven out to recklessness and desperation, a life laid down in the early glory of ambitious manhood, had been sacrificed through her, ruined by her, as cruelly, as carelessly as a young child destroys the brightness of the butterfly, the fragrance of the cowslip, in its sport of summer-day chase or spring-day blossom-ball. And for what? For the sake of triumphs that had palled in their gaining, for the sake of things that were valueless now, for the sake of a sovereignty that seemed to brand her forehead with its crown, for the sake of evil things that had worn a fair mask, of freedom that had grown into slavery, of daring that had said, "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

She had erred deeply; all that was noblest, tenderest, most generous in her nature—and there was so much still, despite the accusing lives that could appeal against her as the soldier of Poland had appealed in the night that was just passed—knew it, and did not seek to palliate it to herself. For long the career (that closed her in, once entered, as the net closes round the bird it ensnares) had wearied her, had revolted her, had made her pride condemn the part she played, her conscience plead against the woe she worked, her nature, grand in its mould and fearless in its courage, repent, revolt from and scorn much that she had once voluntarily sought and confessedly loved in the earlier years when it was fresh to her. And she was not happy: the simplicity of the aged recluse at Monastica had

pierced to a truth that Paris, and the world, and the men who glittered round her and adored her, did not perceive. She was not happy. With her brilliance, her power, her enterprise, the fineness of her intricate intrigues, the daring of her constant adventures, the excitement of her incessant changes, no morbid sentiment, no passive melancholy could have hold on her or be known to her, but something deeper than this was at her heart; it was the melancholy of a mute remorse, the unavailing and vainly-silenced lament of one who finds that he has bartered his gold for stones.

Her eyes were weary in all the splendour of their lustre as they followed the flight of the Marmoran sea-gulls. She thought of herself seven years past, when only fifteen summers had warmed the gold of her hair, yet had made her Hellenic beauty in its early blush and sudden maturity almost, even then, the beauty of her present womanhood; she thought of herself as she had stood one evening at sunset leaning down over the ivy-mantled ruins of an antique bridge in Sicily, looking across to the Mediterranean flashing in the light, and thinking of the centuries far away in the distance of the past when those waves had broken against the prows of Scipio's galleys, and been crowded with the returning fleet of Sulla Felix; she remembered the vivid and decorated eloquence that had wooed her then to her present path, murmuring such bright rich words of liberty and triumph, while the waters in their melody and the sunset in its splendour seemed filled with the grand dead names of Gracchan Rome and of Sokratic Athens; she remembered how the proud imagination of her dawning life had leapt to those subtle temptings as an arrow leaps from the bow into the empyrean, and had seen in its ambitious and still child-like dreams the sovereignty of Semiramis, the sway of Aspasia, the empire of Maria Theresa, waiting in the future for her, with their haughty diadems and their conquered worlds. She would have given all the riches that she owned now to have back that one hour by the blue Sicilian sea, and to be able to reject the voice of the charmer that charmed so deftly and so falsely!

Seven years had gone by since then, and she had known the world deeply, widely, wisely; she had been sated with homage and with victory, she had wakened love almost wherever her glance fell; her hours had been filled with vivid colour and incessant variety, with luxury and with pleasure, with the *vie de Bohême* in its airy nouchalance, mingled with all the grace and elegance of patrician tastes and habits. And yet she was not happy; for the fame she had was notoriety, the power she had was used unscrupulously, in the core of the rose there was always an asp, and in the heart of Idalia there were disappointment, remorse, and dishonour.

"And yet I was more sinned against than sinning," she reflected. "I believed in him implicitly, I was so young then, and he dressed his tempting in such grand hues, I was allured with such glorious beguilement. The regeneration of nations, the revolution of empires, the striking off of the serf's fetters, the redressing of every unjust balance, the conquest of kings, empires and liberties, the people's homage and the monarchs' crowns,—those were what tempted me. It was the old fable of Satan and Eve: 'Eat of this fruit, and ye shall have the knowledge of heaven and earth;' 'Believe in me, follow me, and you shall have glory beside which paradise is poor, kingdoms beside which Eden is

a desert!" And I took the fruit. How could I tell then that it would be all a lie?"

The thoughts floated through her mind, leaning there wearily against the green lattice of the casement, while the early wind of the warm dawn stirred the half-opened scarlet blossoms of the japonica twining round it. But she was too integrally proud to seek refuge or exculpation in self-excuses even in her solitary thoughts.

"No, that is but half the truth," she mused, while her eyes still unconsciously followed the sweep of the sea-birds out to sea. "I was sinned against *then*, in the first, but it has been my own wrong since. I have kept to error long since I have known it to be error. I have loved my power even while I despised its means and its ends. I have felt the intoxication of hazard till I have let it entangle me beyond recal. I have felt the evil I did, yet I have not paused in it when I might. I have seen the fatal issue of so much, and I have gone on and on with the charm that deludes them. I have bound them, I have blinded them, I have despoiled them, I have taken their youth and their manhood, their faith and their courage, their wealth and their genius, and ruined them all. I have spared none of them. I have betrayed so many! *That* has not been done in ignorance—that has not been palliated with the excuse of youth scarce conscious what it does."

Her thoughts travelled far over past years, while the sun rose higher; and while Erceldoune, lying on the cool rest of the waters, thought of her with a passionate idolatry as of one so far above his love, that

No head save some world-genius should rest
Above the treasures of that perfect breast.

She remained still and silent at the casement till the sea-gulls had winged their way out of sight, and the distant call of the drums, as the Soldan went up to the mosque for the sunrise prayers, died softly away on the air.

"I have betrayed so many—I will save him. One sharp blow—and perhaps he will forget. Pride will aid him; and if we never meet again, I shall remain only a dream to him—a dream without pain," she said, half aloud. And, for the moment, a darker shadow swept over her face; she remembered loyal lustrous eyes that had gazed their eager passion into hers; she remembered a bold leonine strength that would have been felled into its tomb but for her; she remembered that the man who had sought her with such untiring patience on the clue of one frail memory, would not forget in a day, in a year. But her resolve was not shaken.

"I will save him if he will be saved;—he, at least, shall have nothing to reproach me," she thought, while she watched the grey sea flash between the scarlet blossoms of the japonica tendrils. Then she turned away from the window, the breeze still playing with those loose heavy masses of her burnished hair, and rang a little gold hand-bell that had once belonged to Catherina Medici: like the one whose long, slender Italian palm had before touched the delicate spiral column of its handle, she never hesitated in any course when her resolve was taken, she never swerved when once she had decided.

The Nubian slave, who attended her wherever she travelled as her maid, answered the summons from where she stood in the ante-chamber.

"Tell Paulus that I start for Europe this morning. He knows what to do. I leave by ten; you accompany me, of course, and Sulla."

The Nubian bowed to the ground, and withdrew. Idalia stood beside the ivory table where the bell was placed, thoughtful still, with the shadow that had gathered on the splendour of her loveliness deepening in the purple light that fell from the gold-bordered curtains near. She was not a woman to whom tears were familiar;—many would have said she was too heartless; it was rather because she had seen, and known, and penetrated too much to be lightly touched;—but a great pain gathered in her eyes, and her hand closed with a gesture of suffering on the sharp metal circle of the Medician bell.

"He will feel it bitterly," she thought—"he will be stung to the heart—and yet, better one pang at once! What could it avail him to know me more except to suffer longer?"

Reckless she had been of the peace of those who loved her, but she could not be so of the man whom she had succoured in the still depths of the Moldavian woods; too much indifference and disdain she had had of the passion and the pain that she had roused, but she could not have them for him whose life had been owed to her, and whose debt to her had been so deeply felt, so tenderly treasured. She stood silent long in the shade from the deep-blue silken folds of the curtain; her resolve was not changed; vacillation was impossible to her; she had none of its weakness in her nature, but a regret poignant and almost remorseful was on her—she thought of the knightly and fearless fidelity with which he had refused ever again to become as a stranger to her, she thought of the love that she knew so well he bore to her, that had looked out from the dark, ardent worship of his eyes in the calm of the Eastern night a few short hours before.

And she was about to kill this at a blow, because the prayer of another had pierced her heart and pleaded with her to spare him—if it were not too late.

"I hope to Heaven he may forget me!—I hope to Heaven that no taint of pain may rest on him through me!" she thought; but the doubt was on her that it *was* too late to give him oblivion or to save him from his doom. And with the doubt rose the remembrance of his words, "I shall not forget while I have life!"—rose something which was half like hope that, through all and despite all, this man would cling to the madness of his passion; a hope that she cast out from her, loathing and scorning herself for its mere birth.

"Am I so vile that I would have the very man I saved sacrificed to my vanity, to my power!" she thought, with bitter scorn at her own heart. Idalia was too proud, too world-worn, and too haughtily free from the weaker submissions of women, to think that this reluctance to lose her hold upon the gallant loyalty and passionate love of the only man whom she had ever pitied, might rise from some gentler, softer, closer desire than the desires of either vanity or power.

When the sun was at its noon he went to her, heeding no more the downpour of the scorching vertical rays than the Rhymer had heeded the leaping tongues of flame while he rode, with the golden tresses sweeping his lips, down to the glories of *Fœrie*. Distinct thought, distinct expectation, he had none; he had but one instinct, to see her, to be with

her, to lay down at her feet the strongest passion and the knightliest love that ever man gave to woman. He knew nothing of her, knew not whether she were wedded or unwedded, but he knew that the world had one meaning alone for him now—he loved her. That she could ever answer it, he had barely the shadow of a hope; there was a grand humility in him; he held himself but at a lowly account; though a proud man with men, he would have felt, had he ever followed out his thoughts, that he had nothing with which to merit or to win the haughty and brilliant loveliness of Idalia; he would have felt that he had no title and no charm to gain that delicate sovereign beauty of hers, and gather it into arms that would be strong, indeed, to defend her until the last breath of life as they had been strong to strangle the bear in the death grasp and to tame the young wild horse on the prairies, but that had no gold to clasp and fling down at her feet, no purples of state and of wealth to fold round her, bringing their equal royalty to hers. That he himself could attract her, he would have had little belief; he did not see himself as others saw him, he did not know that his martial beauty, his dauntless manhood, his fearless pride, and his generous chivalry, might charm by their very novelty and nobility a woman of the world who had been won by none; he was unconscious of any of these in his own person, and he would have thought that he had nothing on earth which could give him the right ever to hope for her tenderness. But hope is always strong in us till despair is forced on us, however little we may know its existence; and thought was the last thing that was shaped in him—thought never grouped itself before him; he was in the first trance of passion; he was still in the opium-dream: neither future nor past existed for him; he was drunk with his present; he only knew that he loved her, and this love blinded him to any other memory than itself. It was too wholly in its early freshness for it to forecast its fate.

His eyes eagerly swept over the building as he rode up the avenue; the green lattices were all closed; this was usual in the noon, yet it gave him a vague disquietude and dread: he was in love, therefore he was unreasoning. The echo of his step resounded on the marble, as he had done when he had forced his entrance into what he had believed the lair of his assassin, and it was the only sound; the stillness froze his heart like ice; the deep, rolling bay of the Russian hound had never before failed to challenge his arrival.

The first court was deserted; in the second he saw the Abyssinian.

"The Countess Vassalis?" he asked, rapidly.

"Is not here," answered the negress, in Greek, with a profound prostration before him.

"Not here!"

"No, most illustrious. Her Excellency left Stamboul this morning."

He staggered like a man who has received a blow, the warm and eager light that had been upon his face faded into an ashen hue, his voice trembled, and his words came hoarsely:

"Left—left—where?—why?—for how long?"

The Abyssinian shook her head with another of her profound salaams; she knew nothing, or would say nothing; her mistress had left Constantinople with Paulus her Albanian courier, her mute Nubian maid, and the hound Sulla; where she intended to travel she could not tell, whether to Europe or eastward in the interior; her Excellency was always tra-

velling, she believed ; but a note that she drew from the amber folds on her waist-sash had been given her to deliver to the English Effendi perhaps that might tell more.

He seized it from her, and tore it open ; a mist was before his sight, and his wrist shook while he held the delicate paper as it had never done lifting the rifle to his shoulder to take aim at a tiger or a cheetah, where one error in the bullet's flight would have been instant death to himself. The letter brought him little solace ; it was but a few words, in delicate clear writing, words of graceful courtesy, giving him the adieu that a sudden departure rendered necessary, but adding nothing of why or whither she was gone, and seeming, in their polished ceremonial, cold as ice to the storm of anguish, passion, shattered hope, and tempestuous pain that was rife in his own heart. Instinctively as his hand closed on it he turned away from the Abyssinian, and went out of the marble court into the hot blaze of the Eastern day, alone ; he could not bear the eyes of even that African upon him in the desolation that had swept down upon his life. He went out ; where, he did not see or know, passing into the scorching air and into the cooler shade of the cypress groves, with a blind, dumb suffering on him like the suffering of a dog. For her he had no pride, against wounds from her hand he had no shield ; and nothing with which she could wring his heart, nothing with which she could try his loyalty, could avail to turn his love away. They had been no idle words with which he had said that his life was hers to do with what she would ; having made the vow he would keep it, no matter what the test, or what the cost.

He crushed in his grasp that delicate pitiless letter with its cruel courtesy, its torturing ceremonial ;—her hand had touched it, her hand had written it, bitter as it was it was sacred to him ;—and he stood like a man in a dream in the vertical sun, gazing blankly down on the glistening waves below the terraces, tossing upward in the light at their feet. The blow had fallen on him with a crushing, sickening force, —again he had lost her ! Again, when to the old baffled weariness with which he had so long vainly sought her was added the keen grief of certainty that he who had lavished his heart's best treasure on her was no more to her than the yellow sands that the seas kissed and left.

The anguish that fell upon him was as intense as his passion, as strong as his nature. He could scarcely believe in the shock of her loss. A few hours before and her eyes had smiled on him, her presence had been with him ; she had listened to him, spoken with him, let him linger beside her in all the familiar communion of a welcome friendship ; he could not realise that he was forsaken by her without a word, without a regret, without an effort for them ever to meet again. He had no claim on her remembrance, no title to her confidence, it was true ; his acquaintance with her was so slight, as the world would have considered. But he could not realise that the tie between them of a life saved, so powerful on him, so deathless in its memory for him, could be as nothing to the woman who knew that she could claim his love, his fealty, and his peace. The wanton cruelty of her desertion, refined to him only the more torturingly by those light, cold courtesies of her farewell words, seemed to him so merciless that he had no remembrance of how little hold he had, in reason and in fact, upon her tenderness. The knowledge of her loss

alone was on him, leaving him no consciousness save of the burning, intolerable misery that possessed him.

As he had never loved, so he had never suffered until now; his wild, adventurous career in camps, and cities, and deserts, had never been touched by any sort of grief, and this fell on him with all the vaster desolation, because he had come there in the gladness of the morning, full of faith, of hope, of eager delight, and of unquestioning expectation. He stood in the scorch of the noonday heat, stupified, the glare of sun and sea unfelt in the fiery agony that had seized him.

The little gilded caique, a glittering toy of azure and white and gold, was rocking at his feet, where it was moored to the landing-stairs; trifles link thought to thought, and with the memory of that first enchanted hour when he had floated with her down the serene and silvery Bosphorus water, he remembered the warning that she had given him—the warning “not to lie under the linden.”

The warning had been—she had said—for his sake, not her own; was it for his that she had left him now? She had implied clearly that some sort of peril, some threatening of danger, must await him with her friendship; was it to save him from these that she had left him thus? Then the grand humility in him that was integrally a part of his nature, as his lofty pride of race was towards men, subdued the bitter sense of her cruelty: what was he more to her than any other to whom she gave her gracious courtesies, that he should look for recollection from her? He owed her his life;—but that debt lay on him, it left no claim to her. What was there in him that he could hope in their brief intercourse to have become any dearer to her than any other chance-met acquaintance of the hour? He could not upbraid her with having smiled on him one hour to forsake him as a stranger the next; for with the outset she had bade him leave her unknown.

Hot, glazing tears, the first that had ever come there since as a child he had sobbed over his young mother's grave, rushed into his eyes, shutting out in a blind haze the sunlit stretch of the sparkling seas and the rich flower colouring around him, where the Cashmere roses and the Turkish lilies bloomed in untrained luxuriance. The sea had no freedom, the flowers no fragrance, the green earth in its early summer no beauty for him;—he only felt that let him spend loyalty, fidelity, love, and life and peace upon her as he would, he might never be one shadow nearer to her than he was now, he might never touch her to one breath of tenderness, never move her to one pang of pity. His strength was very great, great as Samson's of old; he had wrestled with the gaunt northern bear in the cold of a Scandinavian night, he had fought with ocean and storm in the madness of a tropical tempest, he had closed with the African lion in a fierce embrace, and wrenched the huge jaws apart as they closed on their prey; he had prevailed in these things by fearless force, by giant might: but now, in his weakness and his misery, he could have flung himself down on the tawny sands and wept like a woman for the hopes that were scattered, for the glory that was dead.

“Geh! Ich diene nicht Vasallen!”

he had said, a few short summer days ago: and now he was the slave of a slave, beyond resistance or redemption, for he was the vassal of his passion.

WIDOW DALLAS.

AN IRISH TALE.

III.

THE second day after Mrs. Dallas's arrival at Charlesfort there was a large dinner party there, and a great many of the gentry of the country were present. There was an elderly gentleman, whose principal object in settling in the country had been to introduce the Scotch style of agriculture: the draining by means of clay pipes laid out in lines underground; the farming by machinery, both in mowing and thrashing—doing it on a large scale; and the principle of putting a stop to the cottier system of allowing the class of labourers who abound in Ireland to settle in their mud cabins on his estate. He had been successful in paying away numbers of families, who had emigrated to America; and throughout the country his estates might be known by the unroofed and deserted villages, and several recusant tenants, who had been deficient in payment, or were unwilling to be ejected, had had their houses taken down bodily, and the heaps of stones, the “*disjecta membra*” of what had been dwelling-places, stood in many spots as silent monuments of his arbitrary acts, and, some said, tyrannical use of his power. He had himself, in the speculating spirit of a Scotchman, built a large misshapen building, with plenty of rooms in it, and designed it for an hotel, in the expectation of a neighbouring watering-place being thronged with visitors; but, shortly after he had completed the building, the watering-place lost its popularity, and he took up his residence in the building along with his family—his wife and daughter, both of whom were at the dinner-party. He looked like a man that was much disappointed in life, and his hirsute adornments reminded one especially of the description given in Virgil of the grim ferryman that poets write of—“*Cui plurima mento, canities inculca jacet.*”

There was also a gentleman who came with his five sisters from a place in the neighbourhood. He had the air of a man of fashion, but his features were marked by the strongest stamp of fastidiousness and discontent, as if he seemed to think existence itself an immense bore, and unmitigated disgust seemed the prevalent expression of his countenance. That languid, indifferent Beau Brummelism in retirement, which does not even deign to lisp a monosyllable, is sometimes observable in the elderly country gentleman, who has had nothing of moment to engage his mind or affection, and, except farming, no earthly pursuit during the whole course of his life, but this man, being a banker, might have been expected to contribute more than he did to the information if not to the amusement of the dinner-party; and one of the officers who had the good fortune to sit next one of his sisters at dinner, said that the extent of his exertions, moral and physical, from seven o'clock till nine, at which time the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room, was to take an orange from a dish in front of him and cut it across, and that he was positive he did not open his lips during the whole of the aforesaid time. Happily for the party,

amongst them there were other guests who were more lively and more pleasantly engaged, and who made themselves more interesting; and very different, indeed, was the style of Major Hargrave, who was seated next Mrs. Dallas, to whom he had been introduced by Mrs. Moore. Many persons say that high-bred people never converse at a first interview with ease and fluency, but rather hang back until a complete knowledge of one another allows of their cordial interchange of sentiment. But I cannot help thinking that our neighbours on the Continent are much wiser in their generation so far as regards this point of etiquette than we are, and I do not see the least advantage in a person who has anything particular to say remaining tongue-tied, neither did Major Hargrave when he found himself seated next one of the most interesting-looking persons whom he had ever recollected to have seen. He asked her if she was acquainted with the people who were assembled at table, and she replied that she was. She told him the names of most of the ladies and gentlemen, and asked him if he liked his present quarters. He replied, that so far as the quarters and the country went, he could not say much in their praise, but he thought, perhaps, that the circumstance of being in such a pleasant neighbourhood might reconcile him to his sojourn in it; that the chief resource in such places for most military men was sport, but he really did not see why military men should not also employ their time in other pursuits a little more intellectual.

Situated near the extremity of the table, and at some distance from the very select part of the company, and separated from them by two *soi-disante young* ladies, who did not feel disposed to break silence, but who reserved their satirical remarks for the benefit of their own sex when the ladies retired to the drawing-room, and as they had opposite them the doctor and his wife, there was nothing to hinder their tête-à-tête, and as they proceeded talking, they found the conversation of each other much to their mutual taste. Hargrave thought himself well off to have for a companion a lady who had been married, as—he found it invariably to be the case in the different places which he visited—such a lady is always more at her ease than the blooming Miss, however charming she may be, unless, indeed, she be past the age of blushes. But “the mind the music breathing from her face,” the calm spirit of sweet concord which marked her words, the engaging amiability which she used in expressing herself with regard to any person who was mentioned, and the intelligence that she showed in her remarks when they talked of indifferent affairs, captivated him very much. He found her conversation interesting without the slightest personality, and witty without an apparent show of ostentation. They talked of different countries which he had resided in, and she was glad to have the opportunity of hearing the remarks of a man who saw things as a general observer without the pedantry of a bookmaker or the bitterness of a political partisan.

It was just then that time so remarkable in the history of Ireland when O'Connell was agitating the country on the subject of the repeal of the Union, and Mrs. Dallas, who heard of the proceedings of parties in the different districts throughout the island, told Major Hargrave that she thought it fortunate that government had sent troops in such numbers all through the land, as she felt very apprehensive of its being disturbed. Major Hargrave, however, did not think there was any probability of

disturbances taking place; that the principal matter that was likely to engage the military was the still-hunting, which they were sometimes sent out to aid in on the mountains. "This takes them," said the "sometimes through bogs, over hills, heather, fern, and thicket always of the darkest nights, sometimes when it is raining, and more frequently their pursuit lies through the most unfrequented and in remote localities. It argues a very lawless spirit in the people that they give themselves the trouble of making illicit spirits, for which I suppose they were very insufficiently repaid by what they sell it for, besides running the risk of imprisonment."

Mrs. Dallas was of opinion that the people were, generally speaking, very irregular habits. Major Hargrave said that he had always heard that most of the officers disliked the idea of being quartered in India, but that it fell to the lot of many to pass a great part of their lives there; that throughout the country there were parties of the most more or less strong, stationed at every place where there was the least chance of accommodating them, and that he himself, with five other officers, four of whom were now sitting at table, had been at his present quarters more than a month. One benefit of a military life, he imagined, was the number of countries which it gives one an opportunity of visiting. He had some months ago returned from India, and as he was about to leave he chose to travel *overland*, as it was called, but really they had taken him by the Indian Ocean, and on to Egypt by the Red Sea; they had passed Ceylon, Cochin, Socotra, landed at Aden, and thence to Jiddha—where he had an opportunity of seeing Arab life; had left the vessel at Cosseir when they arrived there, and crossing the Desert of Thebes, had been delighted with seeing the wonders of that most ancient of cities, where the ruins of Carnac, the tombs of the kings, Memphis, Abou, and other no less remarkable places, render it, he thought, worth seeing than any place in the world; that he had passed on to Cairo, seen the Pyramids, and afterwards took a French steamer for Malta from Alexandria, and proceeding from thence to Italy, had passed his way across Europe, lingering at Rome, Florence, Switzerland, and Paris as long as it would take him to see what was to be seen, and then came home. He said that no one could think of giving an idea of the wonders of Rome, and the beauties of some other places in Italy, by describing them in words, but that once in his life every man ought to visit Rome. Mrs. Dallas had no doubt that it might be well for a man to see the ruins once in his life to see Rome, but that he might be in danger of being led away by the fascinating influence of the ceremonies observed by the Roman Catholic Church, with their beautiful strains of music, their superb paintings, frescoes, and the grandeur of their church paraphernalia of their worship. Major Hargrave said that at first the sight of all these was very imposing, and indeed quite entrancing, far as appearance went, and he knew that the priests left no art untried to render them fascinating, but that to one who listened to other things, speaking of the Pope and of the religion, the impression would be very different. The general mass of the community had not the slightest vital feeling or respect for it. Nevertheless, it was certain several people from England, and those also of the highest rank—some of them noblemen—had been led away by the machinations of the priests to forsake their own religion.

turn to Catholicism. It was not the attraction of the ceremonies that captivated the senses, but the cunning arguments of the advocates in their cause which held the sway over the minds of those who had been thus misled.

While Major Hargrave was speaking to Mrs. Dallas, he recalled to his mind a picture of a Madonna by Garafolo, a representation which, unlike most Madonnas, made her a biondina, which so exactly reminded him of her own face, that he was almost on the point of saying so. She was certainly, he said to himself, a most exquisite specimen of a fair beauty. He then thought of the sweetness of her voice, which he was forcibly reminded of just at that time by hearing that of his opposite neighbour, the doctor's wife, Mrs. Hines, whose intonation, strongly Hibernian, resembled a whine, rather than an articulate pronunciation, as she spoke to the lady next to her, saying, "Ach, now, shure you're not in aarnest!" This made him think of an opinion which he had heard some time before advanced by a friend of his, who, speaking of the society in Ireland, said: "With a few very pleasant exceptions, there are two classes of society amongst all the gentry whom you meet: one which freezes you with the chilling reserve of silence that shy people are remarkable for, and the other which suffocates you with the forwardness of vulgarity." So, when Major Hargrave heard this lady speak to her next neighbour, who had ventured on a communication, after a silence of nearly an hour, in a very low and measured tone, the observation was recalled to his mind. For the remark which the young lady had made to her was said in such a piano, soft, reserved manner, that it could not possibly have been heard by any other person at table, but was evidently of a somewhat important kind, and also the speaker must have been well acquainted with the fair Hibernian lady whom she addressed. Soon after this, the lady who was highest in rank present received a sort of telegraphic sign from Mrs. Moore, which is the usual prelude to a general departure of ladies, and the ladies all rose, and Major Hargrave was left also by his fair companion.

When the gentlemen were left to themselves, there ensued a series of conversation, of which the principal topic was the state of the country, and there were several stories told of the horrors committed by Ribbonmen, they having been instigated by low designing men, and connived at by priests. One gentleman told a story, which indeed has since been corroborated, of what happened in one of the midland counties. It was of a lady who was residing in the country with a family of three children, and all of them very young, the eldest not more than eight, two boys and a girl. She was a widow, and her husband had been dead some years, but was a man who had made himself famous as a police magistrate during the great rebellion in 1798, and consequently was very obnoxious to the peasantry, especially the Ribbonmen. There was a young lady of about nine years old who was staying on a visit at the house. She was the daughter of a gentleman living in the neighbourhood. Just two days before she arrived, they had engaged a new servant as a cook, a middle-aged woman. One afternoon, about half-past five o'clock, the children were all playing in the drawing-room up-stairs, and one of them threw a ball across the room out of the window, which fell into the garden. Then the little girl who had just come to the house as a guest ran down into the garden, and looked near the place where she supposed the ball had

fallen. In passing the kitchen window her eyes glanced in, and she saw the cook, whose back was turned to her, empty the contents of a gallipot into a soup-tureen, which she was about to carry up-stairs for dinner. The cook did not know of her having passed the window, but the child found her little ball and flew up-stairs, where she saw the lady of the house and her three children, and then, childlike, she cried out, "Do you know, I saw Martha put a great large gallipot of something white into the tureen! I suppose it was salt." The lady of the house thought this was very odd, and went down to the kitchen herself, and not making much fuss about it, merely asked about the making of the soup, and said, "I heard little Jane say that you put a large gallipot of salt into it." She thought the maid coloured when she said she knew nothing about it. However, the lady went up-stairs, and did not think much more of it, expecting every minute the dinner to be served. She waited, however, for half an hour, and the other servant at last, who had lived in her house for several years, came up in a great state of agitation, and told her the cook had gone away, and was nowhere to be found. The lady then bethought herself of the story of the tureen, and said to herself she would send to the chemist of the next village to find out what it was composed of. In the mean time, the other servant was told to bring up the dinner and leave the soup in the larder, and lock it up. The lady went down herself to see this done, and took possession of the key.

Dinner being over, she wrote a note to the chemist, and, on his arrival, asked him to see what the contents of the tureen were. She had explained in the note that there was something suspicious in the matter, so he was prepared with means for analysing liquids of any kind. He then, after some time, told her that it was certain there was a quantity of arsenic in the tureen sufficient to have poisoned a dozen people if they had tasted the soup. Now this was a most providential escape, but the tragedy was not finally marred by this discovery, for such was the effect of this dreadful occurrence upon the mind of the little girl who had seen the cook act so, that she became perfectly insane, and, though since in good health as to bodily condition, has been so completely prostrated in mind that she is unfit to take care of herself, and so nervous as to scarcely be able to speak to any one. The cook made her escape, and the terror of the lady was such that she dared not institute an inquiry as to where she went, and, indeed, feared that it would have been hopeless had she done so, as the country people were probably privy to her diabolical act, and, at all events, would certainly have assisted in shielding her from justice.

There was a good deal more conversation relative to the influence which the priesthood and its religion has over the minds of the populace, and after some time the gentlemen one by one went up to the drawing-room. Here what struck Major Hargrave most, was the style of singing which the young lady who sat down to the piano shortly after he went up-stairs exhibited. She sung an English song, but in place of being sung in the "ore rotundo," which he had usually heard used by the songsters abroad, where the voice is given its full swing, and the power and very essence of the music comes from the lungs—in short, which one who has "music in himself or herself" gives out fully and powerfully, and mars it not by suppression—it was a half-choked, kept-under sort of chime from a mezzo soprano voice which could neither be called a "vocal

di petto" nor a "voce di testa," and yet the young lady who had so carefully restrained the power of her voice, had been taught to consider *this* giving gentleness and sweetness to her musical organ; and when she had finished her namby-pamby performance, one of the country gentlemen asked him if he did not think Miss Hall had a very swate voice. Some others performed on the piano, almost all in the same style, and it was most remarkable, particularly to those who had been abroad and known how differently the art of song is there practised and the science of melody cultivated—especially in Italy. There, when one hears a musical performance combining voice and instrument, in place of the voice being swallowed up in the sound of the instrument, the instrumental part of the melody is merely a sort of timist or accompaniment to the voice, whose intonation and power is to give the grand emphasis to the music, thus giving due scope to its own sweetness. Such is the style in which the guitar is sung to by a proficient; and Major Hargrave, having abroad, both in Spain and the Ionian Islands, been an amateur of that instrument, was asked to favour the party with some of the foreign airs which they knew he was so familiar with. He sang several Spanish and Italian airs with much taste and spirit, and then he sang for them some Greek airs, all which, as they had scarcely yet reached the music-shops, astonished the party assembled there. The words when translated lose much of their force, and though the beauty of the voice was such as to charm those who listened, the hearers, most of them, lost a great deal by not being conversant in the languages. One of the Spanish serenades went thus:

Si mi pierdo che mi busca,
 Hasta el sol di media dia
 Donde nacen las moreñas,
 E donde el sol se crea.
 Ah moreña mo, reña di mi Corazon,
 Un beso mi quanto, hasta la oraçion,
 Da me la chuchitá, da me un por Dios,
 Un beso me quanto, hasta la oraçion.
 I have lost thee in the woods, my dark eyed,
 I search from morning star till mid-day
 In the land where beauty lives,
 Where the sun of heaven lights on it.
 Oh my dark-eyed charmer,
 Dark eyes which pierced my soul,
 One more glance vouchsafe me
 Till the time of evening prayer.
 Give me one, the smallest,
 One only from thy kindness,
 One, only one, then give me
 Till the time of evening prayer.

Another, the impassioned strain of a son of the South:

Por la bella, ch'adora mi pecho,
 Oh che dulce mi fuera el morir.
 Yo te juro, che mientras respiro,
 He dia morte ogni viver infelix.
 No querida no temas che pueda,
 En mi pech otra amor abrigar.
 En un alma che supa d'adorar,
 Te siempre reña la fidelidad.

For the beauty that my soul adores,
 Oh how gladly would I suffer death.
 I swear to thee while I see thee
 Every pulse of life but beats for thee.
 No, dearest, think not ever
 Another eye can charm me.
 In the heart that knows thy worth,
 Love's faithfulness reigns paramount.

The music held in fixed attention all the ladies, and made then the taste which the musician showed in devoting some part of his time to such a captivating art, one also that was not by any means lightly by the most chivalrous of the knights of old, and by the also, as may be forcibly corroborated by the description which B such graphic terms gives of Achilles playing on his guitar before door, when

φρένα τερπόμενον φόρμιγγι λιγέει,

and

δ᾽ἀνόρουσεν Ἀχλλεὺς—Αὐτῇ σὺν φόρμιγγι,

and by what we know of Cœur de Lion, the knight of knights, beau ideal of chivalry, of whom so many facts prove his profic the harp, and also as a songster. But the coarse, rude, Hiberr of the soil were pleased to consider the performance as beneath nity of a country gentleman, and as they were not capacious things, sneered at it, although they were well aware that the sar which struck the strings in melody had shown that they could the sword as well, and hold the bridle for many an hour run that the same man who sung them was unrivalled as a pedestria other feats of strength.

Mrs. Dallas listened, and heard the songs and the voice, and herself that the songster was as good at singing as at speaking, but course she could only regard him as a passing stranger. The conversation turned upon the scenes of foreign countries and of India, and Major grave sang some Hindostanee songs for them, and recited sonnettes which had happened in that country to him. But the interesting country to most of the party present was Italy, and its and its beautiful works of art were not unknown to the hostess, been there some time, and who said she still loved to recall the music which she had heard so often, and said to Major Hargrave sitting next to her, that she was well aware how much music is there, but here, that the moment the ladies began to sing, the others in the room commenced talking, and even the taciturn gentlemen not spoken during the whole of the dinner-time seized the opportunity a young lady's commencing her performance to offer some inattention to any man who may be next them.

Major Hargrave had no further conversation again during this with Mrs. Dallas, but some time after this, as the distances from most of the guests had come were considerable, the party broke up. Eastern saying, "that a shaft from the quiver of the archer penetrated him at seeing her," was scarcely a hyperbole with regard to Hargrave's feelings when he left this assembly and drove home his brother-officers to their quarters. They had much conversation

events of the evening during the drive, and even some hints were thrown out about the agreeable partner the major was seated next at dinner, which would have been much more fully developed had it not been that he, being a man who was rather looked upon as a senior, the juvenile spirits thought it better taste to refrain from the topic. He was, as it were, absent from the whole conversation of the rest of the party; both that night and the next few days his mind was away. He thought of the interesting creature with whom he had just formed an acquaintance so unexpectedly, and whose engaging manners had so much artless ease and total want of affectation. The complete absence of any trick or manoeuvring in the way that they were brought together, and the simple candour with which she let him know her history, won upon his feelings so that he could not cease to think of her. She formed the one waking thought that for ever fitted before his mind; her image never wholly left his fancy, but ever after some pursuit, either of business or pleasure—

It rose where'er he turned his eye,
The morning star of memory.

He determined to accept an invitation which had been generally given to all his party by the Moores of visiting them on the day of the week that they received and opened their house for their acquaintance.

When Mrs. Dallas awoke the next morning after the dinner-party, she also felt very much impressed with interest in what had occurred. To say that she loved the man whom she had only just become acquainted with would be romancing in a high degree, for it was no such thing as the passion of love which she felt for him. It was rather a very great interest and wonderful curiosity as to all the matters relating to Major Hargrave, and had one of her female friends rallied her on the point, she would have thought to herself that she was not in the least struck by him with any feeling of affection, but she would have also been conscious of not being able to get him out of her thoughts. She also had the deep sense of responsibility which the charge of two children involves continually before her. She revolved over and over in her mind the whole of the conversation that passed between them, and she came to the conclusion that he certainly was very much interested in her. It was not in the least like the conduct of a man who, in the language of country-town girls and boarding-school misses, was wanting to flirt with her. His age, his character, and his superior style of thought, as evinced in his conversation, forbade her allowing that idea to hold place in her mind. Again, she said to herself, "If he means seriously to propose to me, I must consider myself bound not to listen to it, for I do not know how it would fare with my children if we were to be united, he being a man obliged to travel by his profession constantly from one country to another; and very possibly he might be obliged to leave us altogether, to go on active service, or to India or elsewhere. No, it would never do; I must not think of it."

In such thoughts she occupied her mind, and still she could not chase from it the impression of the short time that she had passed in his company. Mrs. Moore was not at all willing to break in upon her thoughts with her own view of the case, especially as both she and her husband saw that though there was something in the pensive and abstracted manner she showed in private, still it would have been irksome to the

feelings of their guest to advert to it, and also that she was not to be treated as one would treat a girl, so they left things to take their course, and, indeed, they thought that they had no reason to mistrust the prudence of one whose conduct and style, so far, promised so favourably. But Mrs. Moore felt almost certain that it was, if not wholly a case of attachment on both sides, at least something so far resembling it, that, considering the discretionary power which each of the parties had in their own peculiar share of the proceeding, it was more than probable that the result would be their final union, if they continued to meet one another.

Two days after the dinner-party the demesne of Charlesfort was opened to several visitors, on invitation. In order to make the reception less formal, its mistress received in the grounds and gardens. These were disposed in nice taste, and the plantations, gardens, and shrubberies, had many walks in them. There were terraces laid out in parterres of grass, and seats in all directions. There was croquet for the ladies and very young gentlemen. The different parties lounged about the grounds soon after they had each of them paid their addresses of greeting to Mrs. Moore. There was, considering the country, owing to its being fair weather, a tolerably large assembly, and many who were merely bowing acquaintances came there.

A fine day without some sign of rain is rare in Ireland, but when it does come, the extreme verdure of the pasturage, the rich tints of the foliage, the wild unsophisticated character of scenery in its far outline and in its detail, the severe simplicity of its features, differing so essentially from the cut-out artificial neatness of the English landscape, are truly enjoyable to a lover of nature. The views from every part of this estate reminded one of this, and the trimness of the park inside contrasted favourably with the wild grandeur of the mountain scenery outside it. It was the month of August, the perfume of the flowers was delicious, the air, which on the Continent, or even in England, generally during that month is charged with such heat as to make the noonday sun oppressive, was there delightful. The different groups enjoyed themselves very much, and persons who generally conversed together had got into parties of twos in the several walks, and in one of the shrubberies most remote. Major Hargrave, who had come early in the day and joined the house party, was walking at some distance from them with Mrs. Dallas, who had just then dropped behind with him.

There is a sort of tacit understanding with two persons so situated, that shows itself in their managing to get next one another without any effort or any artifice, and they experience a sort of indescribable attraction which makes it, as it were, a matter of course that they should thus meet. Their conversation was for a long time on indifferent topics, and Mrs. Dallas remarked to herself that the officers were a great addition to the effect of the morning's meeting, as their style and appearance contrasted so favourably with that of the country gentlemen. 'Tis true that the mode of life in the army, where the officers are, on an extended scale, like youthful competitors for the prizes that await those who are pre-eminent in taste, fashion, or the discreet use of fortune's gifts, is, of all others, the best for introducing a young man to a knowledge of the world. And in the initiation of a youth into a school of practical experience, it is of the

greatest use to place him where the scenes of his life shall change from one country to another. She saw how much the society of him with whom she was walking was prized, and with a woman's love for *éclat*, she was charmed at finding that she was selected by him in preference to all others.

He had been talking to her of her children, and then asked her when she supposed it would be likely that she would go to England with her son to put him to school. She thought it would probably be in a fortnight from that time, and that she expected to return home about the middle of September; in the mean time, she would leave her little daughter with Mrs. Moore, with whose little one she could enjoy herself very much, and she was happy to have such a pleasant playmate for her, and knew that Mrs. Moore would take good care of her. Major Hargrave was sure Mrs. Moore was a most amiable person, and it must be very pleasant for her to have her society and friendship. Mrs. Dallas agreed to this, and said that it was a most anxious time for her, for she had to travel with only a child to keep company with her and to take care of, and make her way as far as Dublin to her brother's, but after that, he was such a good man of business that she had no further apprehension as to the journey.

Major Hargrave felt very much interested in this account, and thought to himself that, although she was evidently not very rich, her kind care and devotion to her children would make her suited better for a wife than all the showy accomplishments or vain display which most girls, and, indeed, some women, whom he had met, seemed to think so much of. He considered it very disinterested on her part making such a long journey for the sake of her child, and that she might have waited for some opportunity of sending him with some friend. She replied, that even in that case, had she found a friend whom she could entrust, she could not part with the child. The anxious solicitude on his behalf would have been such torture to her feelings, that she could not have endured it. Major Hargrave asked her which country she preferred living in, England or Ireland? She answered, that she would have preferred England; but that it suited her purpose at present better to reside here, however wanting it might be in some things that she was accustomed to. Major Hargrave said, "When I have served out my full time, I should like to retire to some quiet part of England, and I do not think I should then have any further desire for travelling; but, as it is, we are completely birds of passage, and know not how long or how short may be our stay anywhere. For myself, I should like to remain here for some time." It was far too soon, he thought, to tell her all that was in his mind, but his every sensation, his every thought, his every feeling, could they have spoken, would have revealed to her the intense interest which she had awakened. She was not wholly unconscious of this. She felt her decision of yesterday being gradually shaken; she dared not trust herself to the reflection as to what her answer would be should he propose. "What folly on my part to think such a thing probable," she said to herself. "He is only saying his soft, unmeaning nothings, such as he has said to many other women before." There was one remark, however, she made also to

herself, that he had not as yet said anything like a compliment; that his language was such that you might infer from its tone and several allusions that he was interested, and indeed charmed, with the person he was conversing with, but he had hesitated to say directly what he, no doubt, felt most fully, sensibly, and forcibly. That he thought her beautiful, amiable, the purest being apparently it had been his lot to meet, was what he was every instant tempted to say. He said to himself also, "If I do not speak now, it will be some time before I have an interview again, as it will scarcely do to call on her; however, I think she must see that I am indeed, though exceedingly pleased with what I have as yet seen, still too short an acquaintance to venture upon saying anything serious." As much more time had elapsed than they supposed was possible, considering the apparently short walk they had together, they were rather surprised, on their return, to find most of the people assembled going into the house. As tea was prepared, they felt obliged to adjourn thither also. The major said, in a sort of hurried way, that he never could have supposed that it was so late, and he saw by her blushing colour that she also felt that they had been unconsciously too much engaged in each other's society to notice the flight of time. He hoped that some other occasion might offer itself to improve their acquaintance, but, in the mean time, he was determined not to check the course of their communication together by shocking her in making a declaration too suddenly. With these sentiments towards one another, they joined the party in the dining-room, and soon afterwards the different guests drove away to their several homes.

Mrs. Dallas was not interrupted in her reveries with regard to her interesting acquaintance by any of the inmates of Charlesfort, but shortly after the day of the reception there she was obliged to journey homewards, whither she was taken in Mrs. Moore's carriage. Mrs. Moore said that she would, on the day of the final departure from her cottage for England, send for her daughter, and that her husband would go in the carriage and escort her to the town, from whence she would proceed by stage-coach to Dublin. This was Churchtown, the place that the military were stationed in, and about ten miles from Rocheville.

The road lay through a waste country, and at one point was distant about two miles from Castleogh, with a very hilly country intervening. Mrs. Dallas began, rather disconsolately, getting all ready for her expedition, and at last the day came round, and Mr. Moore came in the carriage. She had all prepared for her departure; she and her little children stepped in, and they drove away to the town. On the way, Mr. Moore told her that he found that it was necessary for him to go to London about some railway transactions with which he was engaged, and that he would manage to stay in Dublin for a day and then proceed with her across the Channel, and be so far happy as to escort her on her way to London, but that he would be obliged to remain some time there; and though he might be able to promise to see her off from thence at the time of her return, he feared he should not be able to accompany her on her way home. Mrs. Dallas was very happy that she had even the escort so far, and thanked him for his kindness, and said that she would be quite ready to sail from Dublin the day after their arrival there. Some

Little time before the starting of the stage-coach they arrived at Church-town, and, as there was a sort of inn there, Mr. Moore desired his servants to take the horses out and put them up in the livery-stable, and stay till about an hour after his departure, during which time little Miss Dallas should stay with the mistress of the inn, and then, when the horses were refreshed, they could drive her in the carriage back to Charlesfort.

The parting between the little one and her mother and brother was of a very tender description, but, after a host of kisses and plenty of tears, she saw her mother, Mr. Moore, and her brother, set off in the stage. In the mean time, while the servants were taking the horses out and putting them up in the stable, Darby Ryan, Mr. O'Neil's servant, passed by, and, as is usual with Irish servants, went up to them, and began conversing with them as to the movements of their master, their mistress, and all the doings of the quality. They told him what Mr. Moore's plans were, and where he was going; that he purposed staying some time in London, and that he was going to accompany Mrs. Dallas there, but that she would come back alone, and probably in a few days, as she had no further business than to make a few purchases for her son in London, and put him to school at a place near the great city. Darby listened most attentively to all this description, and, at the same time, did not seem to think it a matter of much interest, and saying that he had some matters to get for his master in the town, he went away from them.

Little Miss Dallas met with the greatest kindness and affection from the landlady, and though she scarcely ceased crying from the time that she saw her mamma off in the stage until the time the carriage was ready to take her to Charlesfort, still the landlady never left her a moment. "Dry your eyes," she said, "my kushla; mamma will soon be back to you, and you'll be in the nice coach, and you'll get to Charlesfort in an hour, and be in the fine house, and they'll take care of you and give you fruit and cakes." Then the little thing sobbed out, "I don't want cakes; I want mamma." She cried bitterly, and long; and even during the drive to Charlesfort she scarcely ceased. However, on arrival there, she was at last soothed by the kindness of Mrs. Moore and her dear little Rosa, and began to take comfort on Mrs. Moore's promising her that her mamma would be back in a very short time.

It was a much more perilous undertaking some twenty years ago for a lady to travel from the country parts of Ireland than it is now, and Mrs. Dallas was glad to have the assistance of a gentleman in making the different stages and looking after the necessary arrangements for removal of luggage. The time also that elapsed in a stage-coach journey made it somewhat fatiguing and harassing to the nerves of a lady; but she had the comfort of being sure that her little daughter was well off and in good hands, and she knew that Mrs. Moore would write and tell her how she got on in her absence. They had a journey of a whole day to Dublin, and when they arrived there Mr. Moore took her to her brother's house, and telling her that the steamer would sail for Holyhead the next day at four in the afternoon, and that he would call for her in time, left her and her little son to the charge of her brother, and they were comfortably housed, and, after a light refreshment, as it was very late when they arrived, they were both very glad to go to bed and have some sleep after

their wearisome journey. The next day, no person could have been kinder in the way of substantial relief than Mr. Bennett, Mrs. Dallas's brother. He also took pains to tell her exactly what to do when she arrived in London, and what shops to go to. His business, however, being imperative, he was obliged to leave her immediately after their breakfast, but not before he had given her ample funds to pay for her unusual expenses. He made her get the list of all the articles written down, and opposite the different items he wrote the places where she could best procure them.

After his bidding her a kind farewell, and after her thanking him for his most welcome assistance, they parted, and she remained in the house in due readiness for Mr. Moore's arrival to take her to the steamer. He was true to his appointment. They drove to the terminus of the Kingstown Railway, the only one then running through the length and breadth of the land, and, arriving in time, embarked for Holyhead. The rest of their expedition was comparatively a light task, as they rested there for the night, leaving in the morning. Whirling through a country in a train is somewhat tantalising, and though Dr. Johnson says that there is no earthly pleasure to compare with that of going through a fine country in a post-chaise, yet I cannot but think that the circumstance of being only treated with a sort of bird's-eye view of the different passing objects is not at all satisfactory. What a contrast did the well-cultivated, populous, and circumspectly-arranged enclosures of the line of country which they crossed through in England afford them, to the wild and irregular tracts which they had passed through but two days before in the neighbouring country, and indeed to the plains of Anglesea, in Wales! Mr. Moore took up most of the time in conversation relative to the place they were going to, and to his schemes in the railway speculations. Mrs. Dallas was most interested in thinking of her son, whom she was so soon to part with, and told him that her brother had given such ample directions with regard to the different purchases she was to make, that she thought she would very soon be able to procure all she wanted. They had timed their journey so as to be able to arrive in the grand metropolis at nine in the evening, and, although the fatigue was great, yet the excitement of the change of scene was such that neither Mrs. Dallas nor her son could feel its effects during the day.

Many times have we been led to notice and to observe the all-pervading passion for gain which marks the middle class of the English, the source of their industry, their prudence, and indeed, generally speaking, their worldly welfare and success, the great "*auri sacra fames*" which, more or less, is evident in their thoughts, words, and actions. It is not wanting in the inhabitants of other countries of Europe, but they in a manner disguise it with a sort of thin film of romance, and also frequently suffer it to be swamped by other more violent passions, but certainly the sons of Albion confess to it unblushingly. There is a remarkable custom in India, which is observed by the whole of the Hindoo population. It is called the "*Dewalee*," and on the night of its anniversary every house in Hindostan inhabited by a Hindoo family is illuminated in the most gorgeous manner. The figure of the goddess of fortune, *Lachmee*, is placed

on a pedestal in the principal chamber of the house, and the whole night is devoted by the inmates to gambling in propitiation of her favour. This leads one to see the meaning of the different modes of worship of different human attributes and appetites amongst the Pagans who deified the same in former times, as the misguided multitudes of India deify them now. But what signifies, so far as reverential ceremonials go, the rites which now are holy in the eyes of the benighted followers of Lachmee, or the solemnities which attended the worship of Jupiter or Apollo of yore, compared in magnitude with the all-absorbing mental worship which clings to the being, end, and aim of the mercantile class in England, the unseen apotheosis which, in place of devoting one day in the year to the barbaric splendour of a ritual of ovation to the god of fortune, or any other image, devotes every waking thought and hour to the actual pursuit of it—of gain, of gold, of the “commodity the bias of the world”?

In the train with Mrs. Dallas and her party were three gentlemen of whom she did not know the names, but from its departure at Birmingham, where they got in, until their arrival in London, they never ceased talking of making money: the first man, in the largest of speculations of buying land; the second, in the less magnificent prospect of investing in stock; and the third, in the somewhat ignoble retailing of bringing over cattle. They might have been called Mr. Pounds, Mr. Shillings, and Mr. Pence, and they rang the different changes of moneyed conversation to the edification of each other from the “noon to dewy eve.” “A line,” said Mr. Pounds, “would pay well for speculators in the country between Athlone and Dublin; flat country, engineers say easy; I have invested a few hundreds in the scheme; contract drawn out, hundred names to it already, traffic sure to be large,” &c. &c. “I consulted the price of stocks this morning,” says Mr. Shillings; “sold out of this line a hundred shares, but have no doubt that in a week or so I shall be able to realise five shillings a share by buying in again.” “I found the price of meat in the market at Limerick was a penny halfpenny less than in the market I am going to,” says Mr. Pence. Then Mr. Pounds, being the most august of the three, diverted the conversation again to another consideration involving coin, which was chimed into by Mr. Shillings in a more mild form of covetousness, and the bass string of humility in gain-worship was struck by Mr. Pence. That such men were respectable in their way, and wholly harmless also, is most true, but their society was anything but improving or agreeable either to intellectual men or to scholars, and both to men and women of refinement an infliction. Mrs. Dallas and her party were not sorry to part company with them.

POLITICS ON THE STAGE.*

IN no country more than in France, where the theatre is a part of life, and the metropolis is everything, is history so closely rendered reflected by the manifestations of the public mind on the stage or at play; for it is not only that pieces of temporary interest, the character and physiognomy of the play, and allusions especially introduced by authors, contribute to such results, but the spectators have likewise extracted allusions to the present from plays of the past or of the time and have in either case attested by their applause or disapprobation, by triumphant or stormy receptions, the feelings of the hour.

We cannot go so far as Etienne, who, in an Academical discourse, only propounded that the theatre is the expression of society, but argued that if all other monuments of an epoch should disappear, contemporaneous dramatic productions could be made to take their place. This is a manifest exaggeration; nor indeed, previous to the Revolution, nothing but indications of manners and customs, with some few isolated reminiscences could be gathered from the whole repertory. But, for a space of ten years, after the Revolution, the history of the country really be traced on the stage. With the 18th Brumaire came a total interdiction of all expressions of political life, but with the revival of constitutional institutions and manners under the monarchy, came a new awakening of feelings, and the theatre became once more the exponent of public opinion.

The political and social history of France first obtained a real place on the stage by the performance of what has been designated as "dramatic prologue of the Revolution"—the "Marriage of Figaro." Beaumarchais had felt his way in the "Barber of Seville," and in his second piece he assailed old institutions and abuses right and left, without even sparing that which ought never to be attacked—public morals. The opposition made to the performance of this dramatic satire on Louis XVI. is well known, but, strange to say, Beaumarchais was supported by the queen and the whole court. Assailed by almost ferocious epigrams, one of which, by the Chevalier de Langeac, was cast by hand over the theatre the first night of performance, and in which the author after denouncing all the characters as vicious, culminates with

Mais Figaro? Le drôle à son patron
Si scandaleusement ressemble,
Il est si frappant, qu'il fait peur;
Et pour voir à la fin tous les vices ensemble,
Le parterre en chœur a demandé l'auteur—

still the success of the play exceeded that even of any of the creations of true genius which had preceded it. This, owing to the clever manner in which Beaumarchais introduced allusions to the ideas which at that moment fermented in the minds of his audience, and which enabled

* L'Histoire par le Théâtre. Par Théodore Muret. Paris: Amyot.

to lead, as it were, the social movement of the day. It must be admitted, however, says M. Théodore Muret, that "Figaro" was better calculated to demolish than to create, to destroy than to construct; but might not this be said with as much justice of those who considered themselves to be the serious and philosophical republicans of the day, as well as of the light-hearted, spirited, yet satirical dramatist? The Republic has gone by, but the "Marriage of Figaro" survives.

The history of the theatre is, M. Muret tells us, also that of the Revolution—a history which was written everywhere; there, as in the assembly or in the street. Thus, whilst an armed populace captured the Bastille, the Théâtre-Français opened its doors for the benefit of the combatants. It was in this spirit that Destouches's old play of "L'Ambitieux et l'Indiscrète," which had no success in 1717, met with a perfect ovation when produced on the 30th of July, 1789; the king was then perceived in the person of the Spanish monarch, and Necker in that of his minister Don Philip. But M. Muret does not remark that this is not so much history depicted by the stage as public opinion stamping the stage with its own impressions.

It was different with Marie Joseph Chenier, the revolutionary son of the consul at Constantinople, and of a beautiful Greek, whose sister was also grandmother to Thiers. His "Charles IX., ou l'Ecole des Rois," first performed on the 4th of November, 1789, was penned in a purely revolutionary spirit, and its production marked an era in the history of the Théâtre-Français. "Charles IX." was Talma's first great success. But there were two parties at the Théâtre-Français—a party of movement represented by Dugazon, Talma, Madame Vestris, and others, and what may be called a loyal or conservative party, and the latter so far prevailed as to have the play withdrawn after its thirty-second representation, although it filled the house. Jealousy of the prodigious success of Talma is also supposed to have had something to do with the disfavour with which the play was viewed by the opposition party. Be this as it may, the withdrawal of "Charles IX." became a question of politics. One summer evening, in 1790, Mirabeau rose up in the theatre, and demanded, in the name of the provincial confederates in Paris, that "Charles IX." should be performed. Naudet, Talma's chief opponent, apologised, on account of the indisposition of Saint Prix and of Madame Vestris. Talma then came forward, and declared that the play could be performed, and so it was, in the face of the opposition, that very evening; Grammont, a violent republican, who became an extemporised general, like Santerre, Ronsin, and others, and then perished on the scaffold with his son, who acted as his aide-de-camp, took the part of Saint Prix. The performance did not, however, go off without a disturbance, and one of the rioters—the afterwards too-well-known Danton—was locked up for the night. As to Talma, the "Society of the Comédie-Française," as the artists of the Théâtre-Français loved to designate themselves, taken collectively, was so irritated by his irregular mode of proceeding, that they declared him to be for the future altogether excluded from their body. This naturally only served to irritate the republican party. On the 16th of September the curtain was raised to "Spartacus," when a thousand voices shouted out "Talma! Talma!"

The "Society" announced that it would give explanations the ensuing day of the causes which had led to the expulsion of Talma. This only enabled the two parties to strengthen their forces. The Mayor of Paris Bailly, interposed in vain. The Revolution was to be enacted within the precincts of the theatre. Fleury appeared as the representative of the "Society," and explained that Talma had been dismissed because he had betrayed their interests and compromised public tranquillity. Dugazon next stepped forward, and, amidst a storm of hisses and applause from the opposed parties, declared that what Fleury had stated was all false. Every one wanted then to speak at once—the tumult became frightful. Suleau, author of "*Actes des Apôtres*," a work in which the Revolution was attacked lightly but cleverly and epigrammatically, and who afterwards perished in the massacre of the 10th of August, rang a great bell to call the public to order, after the fashion of the president of the National Assembly; but it was of no avail; seats and benches were broken to pieces, the stage carried by storm, and it was not till late at night that the field of battle was evacuated for want of opponents. Next day the comedians were summoned to the Hôtel de Ville, were reprimanded for their obstinacy, and ordered to reinstate Talma. The Society of the French Comedy, which, however, backed itself by old privilege resisted, and the riots having, in consequence, recommenced on the 26th of September, the theatre was ordered to be closed till the orders of the municipality were carried out. At length, on Tuesday, the 28th "*Charles IX.*" and Talma reappeared, and the great artist, as also Madame Vestris and Dugazon, were received with immense applause.

"*Pièces de circonstances*," or plays adapted to the times, had appeared on the boards before these riots. Thus one Carbon Flins, who claims to have written the first revolutionary drama, produced the "*Réveil d'Épiménide à Paris*" on the 1st of January, 1790. Epiménides, who never died, took occasional naps of a century's duration. The last time he went to sleep was in the reign of Louis XIV.; he had awoken under the new state of things, and had to learn all the changes that had taken place from citizens, journalists, barristers, and little abbés. The style of the communications made to this ancient sleeper may be judged of by the following lines:

Paris, comme Boston,
A, dans Bailly, dans La Fayette,
Son Franklin et son Washington.

It was, however, very difficult to write "*pièces de circonstance*" in the time of the Revolution, for events succeeded one another with such rapidity, and those in favour one day were so liable to be proscribed the next, that it was impossible to anticipate any lasting public impression. What, for example, were Bailly and La Fayette shortly afterwards. Some subjects were, however, more tenacious, and among these, freedom of worship was, strange to say, long a popular topic. The story of Jean Fabre, the Protestant of Nîmes, who sacrificed himself for his father in 1756, met, for example, with great success under the title of "*L'Honnête Criminel*," although of itself possessed of no merits. So, also, the victim of fanaticism, Calas, was commemorated in no less than three pieces written by Laya, Lemierre d'Argy, and Chénier. What is curious

is, that plays of a totally different character were performed at the same time at different theatres, and even at the Théâtre-Français after it had become le Théâtre de la Nation, which was in July of the same year (1790); as, for example, in commemoration of the heroism of Lieutenant Desilles, who stood at the mouth of the gun which the revolted soldiers of Nancy were going to fire upon the loyalists. Yet the ovation given afterwards to these very soldiers became one of the well-known initiatory scenes of the Reign of Terror.

An absurd and extravagant piece, "La Liberté Conquise, ou le Despotisme Renversé," produced on the 4th of January, 1791, presented a strange contrast to the apotheosis of an officer, the hero and the victim of military duty. Here the rebellious French guard by whose aid the Bastille had been captured were the heroes.

Laujon, who afterwards saved his life by subscribing himself "Sans-culotte pour la Vie," was the first to open the ball against the monks and priests. This in a mediocre comedy, called "Le Couvent," produced on the 16th January, 1790; but this was followed, on the 25th of February, 1791, by "Le Mari Directeur, ou le Déménagement du Couvent," by Carbon Flins, in which a husband assumes the garb of a monk to hear confessions, and monks and nuns sing prurient songs. These anti-monarchical plays soon multiplied *ad infinitum* in both the great and the small theatres, showing how much the public mind was set against those institutions of doubtful piety and morality.

The Constituent Assembly established the liberty of the stage by abolishing any limitation in the character of the performances, or any monopolies in the existing repertories. The consequence was, that the revolutionary party at the Théâtre de la Nation—Talma, Grandmenil, Dugazon, Madame Vestris, Mademoiselle Desgarcins, and Mademoiselle Lange—finding themselves in a minority, transferred their popularity to the theatre of the Palais Royal. This was on the 10th of April, 1791. The new theatre, from that time forth known as the Théâtre-Français de la Rue de Richelieu, opened with a performance of "Henry VIII.," by Chénier, amidst many demonstrations of violent hostility on the part of the loyalists. The rivalry of the two theatres was, however, favourable to art. Ducis, albeit a staunch loyalist, translated "Macbeth," "Hamlet," and "Othello" for Talma, who met with the greatest success in these Shakspearean characters. Fabre d'Églantine, who named the months after republican fashion, penned light pieces for Dugazon. The old theatre, however, with Molé, Mademoiselle Contat, Fleury, and Dazincourt on its staff, carried the palm in comedy, but the new theatre was far superior in tragedy, and, more than all, had popular favour on its side. The one stage, in fact, represented loyalty, the other revolution. Chénier, the poet of the Revolution *par excellence*, kept progress with the march of opinions without in his "Caius Gracchus," and other republican pieces, whilst it is questionable if the party who supported the rival theatre did not do more harm than good to those whose cause they espoused by applauding such extreme loyalist opinions as are contained in the following line from Dido:

Les rois, comme les dieux, sont au-dessus des lois.

No wonder that the so-called Théâtre de la Nation fell under the ban of implied aristocratic tendencies! "La Partie de Chasse de Henri IV" was also an especial favourite with the royalists for the numerous allusions which it presented, and by which they were enabled to manifest their prepossessions at a time of violent political antagonism. The "Ami des Lois" culminated the hostility of the revolutionary party against the theatre of the Faubourg St. Germain. In this play, Laya, the author introduced Robespierre and Marat, under the names of Nomophage and Duricrâne. It was a last and courageous attempt made in a good cause, and, first performed on the 3rd of January, 1793, it met with a deserved success. The whole strength of the anti-anarchical party hailed this play with enthusiastic applause. Every salvo of bravos was a kind of broadside fired at the men of violence and of blood. There was no mistake as to the manner in which the Jacobins were treated.

Patriotes! eh! qûi? ces poltrons intrépides,
Du fond d'un cabinet prêchant ces homicides,
Ces Solons nés d'hier, enfans réformateurs,
Qui, redigeant en lois leurs rêves destructeurs,

to, continues the verse, tyrannise, slay, and divide the country among themselves; and then it adds:

Que tous ces charlatans, populaires larrons,
Et de patriotisme insolents fanfarons,
Purgent de leur aspect cette terre affranchie!
Guerre! guerre éternelle aux faiseurs d'anarchie!

The demagogues were furious. The Club of the Jacobins and the Commune de Paris denounced the play, and placarded it as a conspiracy. The crowd only patronised it the more, shouting "L'Ami des Lois!" Santerre, with his staff, all in uniform, declared that the performance should not go on. The audience in return shouted out, "Down with the frothy general!" This from Santerre having been a brewer in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Great when acting as commandant of the guard at the scaffold, this ridiculous general became infinitely small when defeated in every attempt he made against the Vendéans, and it was said of him, on his return from that disgraceful exhibition of cowardice and incapacity:

Ci-gît le Général Santerre,
Qui n'eût de Mars que la bière.

The Convention, strange to say, had at first the courage to support the stage against the Jacobins. It declared that the proceedings of the commune were opposed to the liberty of theatres. The commune retorted by demanding that theatrical performances of all kinds should be put a stop to. This is the way in which the demagogues of all times and in all countries understand liberty! The Théâtre de la Nation was surrounded by troops and artillery. Santerre placed himself at the head of this brave army paraded against a handful of play-actors, and at length gained a glorious victory. An inoffensive and almost pastoral version of Richardson's Pamela had to take the place of "L'Avare," "Le Médecin malgré lui," and of "L'Ami des Lois."

Mademoiselle Lange returned to the theatre in the Faubourg St. Germain, and her straw hat was universally adopted under the name

“chapeau à la Pamela.” The public was, in fact, tired out with these theatrical riots, and rejoiced in the change, and the actors themselves were not sorry to be relieved of their tribulations. It was no pleasant alternative to have to perform night after night, the house besieged without by muskets and great guns, and within assailed by Santerre and his sans-culottes. The Jacobins were not, however, satisfied. They fancied that they could trace a tendency to aristocratic predilections in the character of Lord Bonfil, so the performance was put a stop to on the ninth representation, and was only recommenced after all objectionable passages had been carefully expunged.

It is, as M. Muret remarks, wondrous to remark how intolerant in all things were these self-constituted advocates of liberty—the Jacobins. The fact is, that they could not bear toleration in any shape. They called such “modérantisme,” and detested it as they did respectability and gentility. Andrews, describing the education of Pamela by a Protestant mother, has occasion to denounce the “fanatisme affreux” of the Church of Rome. Those who made it an honour to brand fanaticism of all kinds, but who had no philosophy save that of replacing the *fagot* by the guillotine, were the first to take violent proceedings against the most simple expression of feeling. On the night of the 3rd and 4th of September, all the actors, men and women, were arrested at their own homes and cast into prison, and the Comédie-Française was closed after a hundred and thirteen years’ existence. One actor alone—Molé—made his escape, and he had, to assuage hostility, to perform the part of the horrible Marat, in “*Les Catalinas Modernes*,” at the Théâtre Montansier. The Catalinas were the Girondins, denounced at that epoch to the executioners. Marat was also immortalised on the boards of the Opéra-Comique, in a piece entitled “*Marat dans le Souterrain des Cordeliers, ou la Journée du 10 Aout*”—a play the object of which, the author declared, was to make virtue beloved, and crime abhorred. “Prodigious!” as Dominie Sampson would have exclaimed.

“The head of the Comédie-Française shall be guillotined, and the rest exiled,” wrote Collot d’Herbois to Champville, who had pleaded for mercy to that ferocious man, who thus revenged himself for the incapacity which he had shown both as an author and an actor. The “head” here alluded to included Fleury, Dazincourt, Larive, Mesdemoiselles Louise and Emilie Contat, Rancourt, and Lange. They were left for a year between life and death, when luckily the fall of Robespierre came in time to save the persecuted of Collot d’Herbois.

After this summary and truly republican disposal of the Comédie-Française, the theatre of the Rue Richelieu had no rival, and it assumed the title, first, of Théâtre de la Liberté et l’Egalité, and then of Théâtre de la République.

The said Théâtre de la République was neither more nor less than the exponent of the Revolution on the stage. Monvel and Dugazon signalled themselves sadly in these unfortunate times by the violence of their words and actions. Dugazon played in his own pieces, as in “*L’Emigrante, ou le Père Jacobin*,” with the Jacobin insignia at his button-hole. The story was that of a Jacobin’s wife, who, backed by an intriguing abbé, is about to abscond with her husband’s money in order to wed her daughter to an emigrant marquis, but, being discovered, she

and the abbé are delivered over to the tender mercies of the revolutionary tribunal. On the 7th of November, 1793, Dugazon brought out a little piece called "*Le Modéré*." To be moderate at that epoch was to be denounced. Hence one Dufour, a servant, is exalted for betraying his master—a retired tradesman—living on his income, paying his taxes, and annoying no one, and having him and his guests arrested at table. To annoy no one was, during the Reign of Terror, to be a gentleman, an aristocrat, or a *modéré*! To possess civic virtues, it was essential to conspire, to denounce, or to be criminal.

"*Le Jugement dernier des Rois*," by Sylvain Maréchal, produced on the 18th of October, 1793, was still more cynical. A Frenchman had been exiled by his king to a distant volcanic island. He had lived there for twenty years, abhorring kings and priests, when a group of *sans-culottes* arrived, one from every state in Europe, and each bringing his king in chains. The French *sans-culotte* was alone without a king—for good reasons, he had been guillotined. The old exile was surprised that the same proceeding had not been likewise adopted with regard to the others.

"*Old Man*. But tell me, I pray you, wherefore did you give yourself the trouble of bringing all these kings here? It would have been better to have hanged each under the portico of his palace.

"*French Sans-culotte*. No, no. Their punishment would have been far too mild. It would not have fulfilled the objects proposed. It appeared more becoming to offer to Europe the spectacle of its tyrants detained in a menagerie and devouring one another, being no longer able to glut their passions upon the brave *sans-culottes*, whom they dared to call their subjects."

The different monarchs were then introduced on the stage. The Pope, with his tiara on his head, led the way, followed by the Empress Catherine II., taking huge strides. She was called *Madame l'Enjambée*, or the *Catau du Nord*. The King of Spain was decorated with a great nose. The *sans-culottes*, after loading them with insults, left them with a barrel of biscuits. They then quarrelled with one another. The Pope and the Empress fought, the one with her sceptre the other with his cross; then the Pope hurled his tiara at the Empress's crown, and knocked it off her head. Finally, the volcano had an eruption, and they were all destroyed! It would not have been prudent not to sympathise in such monstrous follies, so "*Le Jugement dernier des Rois*" had all the honours of a marked success.

A strict censorship was exercised by the liberal republicans. Not a word was allowed to escape either in new or old pieces which savoured of "*incivisme*." The critical supervision of these soi-disant liberals was at times exceedingly amusing. The passage in "*Caius Gracchus*," "*Laws, and not blood!*" was, for example, changed to "*Blood, and not laws!*" The change implied an exquisite satire, which was lost upon the terrorists. Again, the passage in "*Mahomet*,"

Exterminez, grand Dieu! de la terre où nous sommes,
Quiconque avec plaisir répand le sang des hommes,

was excluded from the play for obvious reasons.

At other times, lines suited to the epoch were added to even old chefs-d'œuvre, more especially to Molière's plays. All allusion to kings or

royalty had to be omitted, as also to any hereditary titles, which were supplanted by *citoyen* and *citoyenne*. Then again the cockade and national colours were indispensable, and Achilles and Hermione, however correctly costumed in other respects, could not appear without the revolutionary colours affixed to their helmets or drapery. The tenaciousness of the Republic to its insignia was one of the great proofs of its inherent weakness. Some of the actors of the Théâtre de la Nation were liberated on condition that they would play on the boards of the Republican theatre. Among these were Madame Petit Vanhove, who, having obtained a divorce, became the wife of Talma. Many of the actors were also enrolled as national guards, and would sometimes, when pressed for time, go through their parts in uniform, or at other times not appear at all. No one dared to question the simple excuse, "Detained by the interests of the country." Neither king nor people reigned, terror alone was supreme.

The time was, however, soon coming when these theatrical orgies were to have an end. With the fall of Robespierre, the actors of the Théâtre de la Nation came again into liberty and popularity, whilst, on the contrary, those of the Republican theatre were viewed with the greatest disfavour—none more so than Fusil, who had been associated with Collot d'Herbois in the butcheries of Lyons. Talma had to recite "*Le Réveil du Peuple*," the hymn of the anti-terrorist reaction. Dugazon, who had denounced moderation as a capital crime, was particularly signalised for disapprobation. He met the storm by casting his wig at the malcontents, and then beating a hasty retreat. Talma declared that he had always loved liberty, but detested crime and assassination, and he was excused.

As to the liberated actors, their career was like the times they lived in—troublous. First they went to the Feydeau, then to the Rue de Louvois, but, unfortunately, one of the plays of their old repertory, "*Les Trois Frères rivaux*," contained an allusion to one Merlin, which was attached by the public to Merlin, Minister of Justice, and on the occasion of the coup d'état of September 4, 1797, the Théâtre Louvois was interdicted—a few of the company taking refuge in the old theatre of the Faubourg Saint Germain, which had become a concert-room under the Greek appellation of Odéon, a name which it has ever since retained.

The theatre of the Republic was revived for a time with the "*Agamemnon*" of Lemercier, a young author who, like Piron, the author of "*La Metromanie*," never, strange to say, wrote but one good play; but its days were numbered, and in January, 1798, the company was drafted into that of the Théâtre Feydeau, which thus cumulated tragedy, comedy, and opéra-comique. Dugazon ventured to reappear on the new boards in the character of a valet in the "*Fausse Confidences*," but when he had to say, "What are you doing here? We neither want you nor any of your vulgar set!" the public applied the words to himself, and applauded lustily.

The Odéon having been destroyed by fire on the 18th of March, 1799, M. de Neufchâteau, minister of the interior, set to work to gather the dispersed artists of the national and republican theatres, and united them in the house in the Rue Richelieu, which became from that epoch the Théâtre-Français by pre-eminence. Lafon, Mesdemoiselles Duchesnois, Georges, and Mars, were soon added to the company, thus esta-

blishing a connexion between the present generation of actors and that of the past. Sixty-five years have now elapsed, and alone of all the theatres of Paris, the Théâtre-Français occupies the same place that it did on the opening of the new century. It has undergone many changes, notably in 1822, and still more recently, but it continues to be "the temple of French dramatic art in its highest and most literary expression."

The Empire began with the Consulate. A court was inaugurated, and the people were taught to look up to the chief of the state as the source from whence all good things flowed. The theatres were opened gratuitously even in 1802. In 1803, the first representation of the artists of the Théâtre-Français, as servants of the court (it should have been "crown"), took place at St. Cloud. A cantata was sung in reference to war with England, which had just broken out after the shallow piece of Amiens. Under the Directory, the stage had been still free to ridicule valets transformed into persons of importance, but it became dangerous to attempt anything of the kind under the Consulate. If there was anything ridiculous in the materials used in the construction of the new edifice, it was soon discovered that it was no joke to signalise them. Dupaty, for example, in his "*Girouette de Saint Cloud*," depicted simply two valets who, disguised as gentlemen, attempted to woo and win two heiresses, but who were defeated by a counter-mystification, having been received and entertained by the domestics of the heiresses. There was nothing political in this, but even the shadow of a joke which could be applied, without the author's intention, to the elements of the new court, was not to be tolerated. The play was at once interdicted, Dupaty was arrested, sent to the galleys at Brest, and would have been exiled to St. Domingo but for the intervention of Josephine. It may be imagined what effect such decisive measures taken at the onset against a shadow, had upon the reality and substance of authors and artists! Dupaty was, however, ultimately liberated, and the play itself reproduced under the title of "*Picaros et Diego, ou la Folle Soirée*," the scene having been transferred to Spain, and it was some time a favourite at the Opéra-Comique. Nay, Dupaty, from having been sent to the galleys, became one of the *Ordonnateurs des Fêtes de la Cour*. No doubt he had undertaken to employ his talent for the future in gilding the new court.

A. Duval was less fortunate; his play, "*Edouard en Ecosse*," had passed the censorship, and had in it, indeed, nothing that was political or compromising. But, unfortunately, the royalists took it up in another sense, and applied the wanderings and persecutions of Edward Stuart to the princes of the Bourbon dynasty. Bonaparte determined to see to the thing himself. No other incident, perhaps, except the courtly discussions for and against the performance of the "*Marriage of Figaro*," attests, in so marked a manner, the influence of the stage on the political feelings of the day. All went on quietly for the first act, but that over, the applause assumed a marked and significant character. The sharp eyes of the Consul detected the leaders of the movement in a box opposite to his, and that they were the Duke de Choiseul and other emigrants recently returned. His passionate jealousy was fully roused; he sat out the performance, frowning gloomily; Duval bolted to Russia, and as to "*Edouard en Ecosse*," it is needless to say it never got beyond a second

entation. The year ensuing, however, poor Duval returned to his and family. Bonaparte was busy preparing for that descent on Ireland, the mere project for which is commemorated by that tall o-Egyptian column at the city of Godefroy, which records a long f invasions and conquests, but not the subjugation of England. s were wanted to stimulate the spirit of the public. Duval thought uld not more effectually remedy the evil done by his Pretender, ended with a Bourbon, than by celebrating the conquest of Great n by "Guillaume-le-Conquerant." But Duval was predestined. lay was produced at the Théâtre-Français on the 16th of Decem-803, and in the third act the warriors of William the Conqueror o join in the chorus of Roland, which is supposed to have been ly sung at Hastings. Only the new version contained an allusion o death of the knight, when his horn aroused Charlemagne:

Eh ! quoi ! Roland combat encor ?
 Il combat ! O terreur soudaine !
 J'ai vu tomber ce fier vainqueur ;
 Le sang à baigné son armure ;
 Mais, toujours fidele à l'honneur,
 Il dit, en montrant sa blessure :
 Soldats français ! chantez Roland,
 Son destin est digne d'envie.

id was identified with Bonaparte. A threat—a fatal prophecy—seen in this death at Roncevaux, as applied to the First Consul in ojected expedition to England. The play was accordingly with- , but whether it had also any influence in inducing the Consul, ad faith in his "star," and was not, therefore, without his supersti- to turn his arms from the English against the Austrians, is not so n.

e censor of plays in these ticklish times was Felix Nogaret, sur- d "L'Aristénète Français," and he lived in the perpetual dread of ig- over some flagrant political allusion. On one occasion he let slip piece of Roger's, "Caroline, ou le Tableau," the mention of a and louis. Louis ! Dreadful ! The writer was summoned the next before the censorship, and the thousand louis converted forthwith twenty-four thousand francs—napoleons were not yet in existence. her author had called a rascally valet Dubois. Nogaret wrote on margin, "Change the name of Dubois, out of respect for M. the ct of Police." The relationship thus suggested by the censorship ot, at all events, flattering to the functionary. e fact is, that if the public are in the humour to detect anything in y that can be made to apply to existing circumstances, they can s do so, and no censorship, however sharp, can unerringly detect or pate such. An amusing instance of this occurred at the time of the iracy of Georges Cadoudal. The Breton loyalist was, with his little of Chouans, or "Chat-huants" of Morbihan, to have struck open- d at the First Consul and his escort on their way from the Tuileries . Cloud. But the plot was betrayed. Cadoudal was sought for where, tracked in every direction, and large rewards were offered s capture. But the public, who do not like criminals to be betrayed by priests and lady superioresses, have also a natural instinct against who track a bold conspirator. In the play of "Tékéli, ou le Siège

de Montgatz," which was at that moment being performed at the Ambigu, there occurred a scene in which a Hungarian magnate takes refuge in a miller's hut. A peasant proposes to the miller to give up the chief, and divide the reward offered for his capture by the Austrians. The miller rejects the proposal with contempt. "What do you ask me to do, wretch? Would you, for a few miserable pieces of gold, deliver up to punishment a man you do not know, and who has never done you any harm? Are you not aware, then, that there is no business so vile and so infamous as that of an informer, and that universal contempt is the just reward of cowards who thus play with the lives of their fellow-creatures?" The public applauded these sentiments as applicable to the case of Cadoudal, and the performance of the play had to be suspended.

The transition from the Consulate to the Empire was celebrated by the first performance of "*Pierre le Grand*," written by M. de Carrion Nisas, a schoolfellow and private friend of Napoleon I. Not only was the house filled with staunch republicans, but the street without was encumbered by the crowd. Never was there such a noise; the groans and hisses were audible a mile off. The "*comédiens ordinaires de l'Empereur*," as they were shortly afterwards designated, shrank before the storm of disapprobation. Even Talma was disconcerted, and the curtain had to fall ere the play was terminated. Chénier, the old writer of terrorist speeches and plays, seeing that David had left off painting "*Marat*" to take up "*Napoleon and the Pope*," thought that he might also conciliate the powers that were in the ascendant, and he produced his "*Cyrus*;" but the struggle between the political convictions of the writer and his desire to conciliate Imperialism, resulted, as might have been expected, in a neutral tint—a thing without colour—and which consequently, although not hissed off the stage like "*Peter the Great*," yet met with no success. Ducis, a native of Savoy, the translator of Shakspeare, and a loyalist, presented at this epoch a remarkable instance of literary independence. He was as poor in worldly as he was rich in moral and intellectual wealth, and Napoleon, who could appreciate a character of such a description as well as any one, did everything in his power to conciliate him. He offered him the Legion of Honour, at that time much prized; he even proposed to make him a senator, but, in the eyes of the aged poet, Napoleon was war personified, and the aversion in which he held him, having its origin in his ardent love of humanity, was unconquerable. Napoleon led him one day after dinner at Malmaison into the park to have a little private conversation. A flight of wild ducks were wending their way over the forest. "Do you see those birds?" asked Ducis. "There is not one of them that does not scent powder from the distance. Well! I am one of those wild birds." Ducis lived to see the "*Restoration*," for he did not die till the 30th of March, 1816, and this cheered the last days of one of the most loyal and virtuous of men; one who had said, "There is no pleasure that has not its pain, happiness is only misfortune more or less comforted."

The prodigious activity of Napoleon was, it is well known, as carefully directed to stage affairs as to others of greater importance. He knew perfectly well, without the manifestations that took place on the occasion of the performance of "*Edward in Scotland*," of "*William the Conqueror*," of "*Tékéli*," of "*Peter the Great*," and of "*Cyrus*," that the stage was one of the great exponents of public feeling, and after he be-

came emperor he took good care that neither prose nor verse should mar the harmony of those Imperial hymns which ever and anon celebrated a victory, or augured new happiness from every little incident in the public or private life of the Imperial family. Some young men having permitted themselves to hiss the army at the theatre of Rouen, the following decisive notification was transmitted to Fouché :

“ St. Cloud, June 24, 1806.

“ The young men who created a disturbance at the theatre of Rouen, who are not married and are not twenty-five years of age, must be sent off to the 5th Regiment of the Line, which is in Italy. Send them off at once. When living with soldiers, they will learn to know them, and to see that they are not shires.

“ NAPOLEON.”*

Manifestations of public opinion, when they were met by such decisive measures, requiring no interference of magistrates or jury, were not likely to occur very often. Another act of irresponsible power, by which difficulties were decided as if with the cut of a sword, was the re-establishment of theatrical monopolies. Fifty theatres had sprung up in Paris alone with the freedom granted in 1791, and there still remained some twenty or more.

These were reduced by a decree of the 29th of July, 1807, to nine. Six weeks were given before the remainder were to be closed, and there was no question as to the slightest indemnification! This decree remained in force to the end of the Empire, save with regard to the Porte St. Martin, which was allowed to play certain pieces under the title of “Jeux Gymniques,” and the Cirque, which was allowed to perform what were designated as mimodrames. Napoleon I. was desirous that his reign should be characterised by splendour and glory in all its departments. In annihilating the minor theatres, he wished to exalt the drama in its highest expression; and while he made liberal grants to the Théâtre-Français, he also favoured the principal actors, notoriously Talma. But mere will cannot create genius as it can armies, and dramatic art flourished under the Empire no more than those other branches of literature to which were wanting liberty of thought, vivifying and inspiring freedom. Not only, M. Muret declares, is the literature of the Empire marked by an inflexible discipline, but the same stiffness is to be observed in the monuments, and even in the furniture of the epoch.

Napoleon had, in order to encourage literature, instituted decennial prizes, and that of tragedy had been obtained by Raynouard, author of the “Templiers;” but when the same writer wished to produce “Les Etats de Blois,” it was ordered to be performed first at St. Cloud, and as it contained some allusions to the integrity of the Bourbons, and as, above all, Crillon was represented as declining to murder the Duke de Guise, and to sully himself with a crime which it was vainly attempted to represent as a necessity of state, the allusion to the case of the Duke d’Enghien was so palpable, that the play was at once condemned as unfit for representation in public.

When censorship is carried to an extreme, as it was under the Em-

* Correspondance de l’Empereur Napoléon I^{er}. Publiée par Ordre de l’Empereur Napoléon III.

pire, it invariably involves itself at times in the ridiculous. Thus, for example :

Le Chambellan Saint-Phar vient de se dégager
was altered to Comte de Saint-Phar, out of respect for the office of chamberlain.

Cependant, je connais des gens très-élevés,
Et qui de mon crédit se sont fort bien trouvés,
was altered to

Cependant je connais des gens très importants,
Et qui de mon crédit ne sont pas mecontents.

Très-élevés might have been associated almost with imperialism itself, and as imperialism could not credit any one with having helped it, so the sense of the last line was entirely perverted. In a comedy of Etienne's, "*L'Intrigante*," the line

La fortune s'attache aux pas de nos guerriers

was at once erased. The Emperor was the only "good-fortune" that was acknowledged. When Napoleon saw the "*Intrigante*" himself, although franked by his censors, he at once prohibited it, and had even all the copies seized. Yet Etienne was one of those who were most in favour of the powers that were. It was impossible for literature to flourish under such a system. It was not only stifling, it was also capricious. Napoleon permitted the publication of *Madame de Staël's* "*Corinne*" and "*Delphine*," while he prohibited "*L'Allemagne*." Then, again, there were not only certain subjects that must not be touched upon but even certain countries. Brifaut had written a Spanish play, which was produced in 1813 at the Théâtre-Français, under the title of "*Ninus II.*" Spain was then the scene of that Peninsular war which nullified all the victories won in Europe, and its name was not to be mentioned. Don Sancho was changed into Ninus II., the Cortes into Magi, and scenes enacted in the Ebro and the Tagus were transferred to the Euphrates and the Tigris. Such were the perils to which authors were exposed under the First Empire. Such men as Casimir Delavigne could not have existed under such a system. The "*Vêpres Siciliennes*" would never have been allowed.

Nothing was indeed left to the stage but to commemorate the glories and the victories of the sovereign. The battle of Jena was celebrated by "*Le Rêve, ou la Colonne de Rosbach*," in which the column of Rosbach—the emblem of a Prussian victory—was supposed to travel to France. The play was also, as usual, seasoned with satire of the English :

Loin de la guerre qu'il excite,
L'Anglais demeure passif,
Et se gave, dans son gîte,
Et de bière et de rosbif.
Mais bientôt viendra son tour,
Et nous donnerons un jour
A l'Anglais bien repu
Un dessert à l'impromptu.

Thanks to modern progress, the prophecy has been fulfilled in a champagne bottle of claret. "*L'Inauguration du Temple de la Victoire*," played at the Opéra on the 2nd of January, 1807, was an especially bellicose performance, and was followed closely by what our author designates as the

"terrible butchery" of Eylau, and the "sanguinary day" of Friedland. Humanity is decidedly making progress when a French author can write of Napoleon's glorious victories as sanguinary deeds and frightful butcheries!

The peace, concluded on a raft on the Niemen between Napoleon and Alexander, was celebrated by "Un Dîner par Victoire," played at the theatre of the Empress on the 31st of July, 1807, and in which the following strange couplet was spoken by an Englishman, with the stereotyped accent:

Mon pays avec la France
Il s'est jamais entendu ;
Quand l'un pleure, l'autre danse ;
Quand l'un bat, l'autre est battu,
Et parce que le Angleterre
Il fait la guerre sur l'eau,
La France il vient de faire
La paix sur un radeau.

The unfortunate Briton was not let off with detestable French and a nasal twang, but he was told that the raft, which had been previously compared to the Ark, would become a frigate, and the Niemen an ocean, and "Messieurs les Insulaires" were further told to beware of what would happen before a year had expired, by which time

La France au pas redoublé
Et la Russie et la Prusse,
L'accompagnant au pas russe,
F'ront marcher l'Anglais
Au pas de Calais.

This is amusing, but it was in exceeding bad taste that the author of "L'Hôtel de la Paix, Rue de la Victoire," not content with the statement that Napoleon and Alexander "de l'Anglais trompent l'espoir," penned also a long couplet on the afflictions of George III., which ended with

C'est que, pour éclaircir sa vue,
Il lui faut de l'eau de Niemen.

It is not surprising that "La Folie de Georges" should have been played in 1793; but in 1807, the respect due from one crowned head to another should have suppressed such sad reflections. But plays were not always prophetic. Josephine was still sung and spoken of on the stage as "une épouse auguste et chérie," at the very time that preparations were being made for the reception of another empress at the Tuileries. It was merely a name to change in the madrigals.

The grandiose work of the First Empire was "Le Triomphe de Trajan," brought out with infinite splendour at the Opéra on the 23rd of October, 1807. Napoleon was hailed as Cæsar, in allusion to the intercepted letter of the Prince de Hatzfeld, which he handed over to the prince's wife:

César n'a plus de preuve et ne peut condamner.

Esménard, the author of the play, having, however, unluckily penned a satire against Russia, at a time when Napoleon wished to be in amity with that power, he was recommended to travel for his health, and, returning from Naples, his horses took fright near Fondi, and throwing him out against a rock, he was killed on the spot.

"*Les Embellissements de Paris*" under the First Empire were celebrated in verse and on the stage. Spots now almost lost sight of, as the *Marché aux Fleurs* and the Canal de l'Ourcq, were spoken of then in rapturous terms. The Arc de l'Etoile had only been modelled in wood for the entrance of Marie Louise, and the edifice, once a temple of glory, which preserves its pagan physiognomy as the Church de la Madeleine, was only beginning to be built. One of the personages inquired :

Mais comment réunirez-vous
Le Louvre avec les Tuileries ?

to which another replied :

Je n'en sais rien.
Je suis à l'affût des projets
Qu'à son gré le génie enfante,
Si bien qu'entre ces deux palais
Je n'ai que des pierres d'attente.

It remained for Louis Philippe and Napoleon III. to change the pierres d'attente into solid walls. The "*Embellissements de Paris*" concluded with an allegorical figure of the city of Paris holding a transparency of the Empress, with the inscription : "*Voilà mon plus bel ornement !*" Nothing, indeed, could exceed the flattering encomiums with which Marie Louise was received by the devoted subjects of Napoleon I.

Louise ! ah ! grands dieux ! quel delire
A son aspect vient nous saisir !

was the style in which she was apostrophised, and the Duke de Rougemont, who lived to extol the fleurs-de-lis, as he then did the imperial bees, declared that

Sur ce gage d'un doux accord
Le bonheur des Français repose ;
Jusque sous les glaces du Nord
L'abeille a deviné la rose.

As to the imperial husband, his mere glance could influence the weather, cause the buds to open, ripen the grapes, favour festivals, and unveil the future !

The birth of the King of Rome, which occurred in the month consecrated to Mars, was duly celebrated by "*Le Triomphe du Mois de Mars, ou le Berceau d'Achille*," which was brought out at the Opéra. The Théâtre-Français also commemorated the same auspicious event in couplets, which ended with the usual allusion to the modern Caesar :

Le prince dont l'auguste père
Herita du nom des Césars,
Devait recevoir la lumière
Sous l'heureuse étoile de Mars.

The Opéra-Comique celebrated the event by "*La Fête Villageoise ou l'Heureux Militaire*," the theatre of the empress with "*L'Olympe, Rome, Paris et Vienne*," all four of which were indeed concerned in this happy birth. The vaudeville made the long arms of the telegraph carry the news to the farther extremities of the globe, and which news, we are told,

En même tems qu'il épouvante Londres
A Vienne il porte le plaisir.

The divinities of Olympus were especially called upon in this "*Dépêche*

Télégraphique" to endow the imperial child, Mars especially, but all they could grant would not be equal to his father's "star!" All perils were conjured and all felicities guaranteed by this happy event. Alas! for the anticipations of poor humanity! No such festivities hailed the birth of the son of Hortense de Beauharnais, yet the King of Rome died an exile, and the son of the rejected Josephine's daughter now rules in France! All these plays were written beforehand. "*L'Heureuse Nouvelle*," for example, came out the same night, and they were capable, with slight alterations, of being adapted for the birth of either a boy or a girl—that is, with the exception of the play at the Opéra, where the cradle of Achilles could scarcely have been adapted for a princess.

As the Empire grew in power, the stage, which had passed from an early reticence to the most fulsome flattery and adulation, was glad even to be permitted to celebrate the virtues of those minor stars that moved in the imperial firmament. A M. Pain (bread), who generally had, curiously enough, for collaborateur a M. Bouilly (soup), celebrated, for example, the fête of the *Archi-Chancellor Cambacères* by the production of "*Le Manuscrit Déchiré*." An impromptu by Moreau was sung after the play, which itself overflowed with adulatory paragraphs, concerning the "*ami du plus grand des vainqueurs*," in which John Cambacères was compared (advantageously to himself) to John the Baptist, and Napoleon to the Saviour!

Jadis au peuple Israelite
Jean vint annoncer le Seigneur.
Notre Jean fit maint prosélyte
Aux décrets d'un autre Sauveur;
Mais si, dans un climat aride,
Du prophète la voix se perd,
La nôtre, que Minerve guide,
Ne prêche pas dans le désert.

The advantage that *Cambacères* enjoyed over the ascetic of the Jordan was, that he was guided by the pagan goddess *Minerva*, and that he did not preach in a desert!

This system of concentrating the nation in the person of one man, and of permitting France only to live by and through him, ever awaiting, as was repeated *ad nauseam*, for the fine weather and the inevitable success of his "star," was calculated to bear its fruits in time of reverses:

Détestables flatteurs! present le plus funeste
Que puisse faire aux rois la colère céleste!

The disasters in Russia came to overthrow all these empty and adulatory prophecies like a thunder-bolt. It was in vain that all the theatres were exhorted to play pieces calculated to uphold the spirit of the public. It was in vain that they adopted red beards and the garb of wild men to show how the Cossacks could be whipped on the stage; the public could not be roused. Nay, some of the plays written to glorify Imperialism at this moment of reverse got almost involuntarily into old monarchical traditions. This was the case with "*L'Oriflamme*," played at the Opéra on the 31st of January, 1814, and in which the great point lay in a chorus:

Non, non, jamais de la ville immortelle
Ils n'oseront insulter les remparts.
Charles Martel a levé l'oriflamme;
Il nous répond des combats et du sort.

Charles Martel represented Napoleon, but the oriflamme, although in the first mentioned hero's time only the banner of St. Denis, had been almost ever since the standard of the French monarchy.

Charles Martel, who could alone decide the fate of combats and of empires, became the passion of the day. "Charles Martel, ou la France Sauvée," was played at the Ambigu. At the Gaîté it was "Philippe-Auguste à Bouvines," at the Opéra-Comique, "Bayard à Mezières." The Variétés had "Jeanne Hachette, or the Heroine of Beauvais," who invoked the chief of the Carolingian dynasty to preserve the empire. The Théâtre-Français contented itself with reproducing "Le Siège de Calais," an essentially monarchical play, and not in any sense gratifying to French feelings. There seemed to be something almost ironical in reviving such reminiscences at such a crisis. The Oriflamme was still casting its poetical defiance at the enemy from the stage, when the enemy himself appeared at the gates of Paris, and a few days afterwards the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia were received with acclamations at the Opéra, the walls of which were still resounding with the martial chorus!

It was not a little curious that it was amidst such trying events, when the allies were approaching Paris, that the Théâtre Feydeau obtained one of the most brilliant successes that occurs in its annals. "Joconde" was played for the first time on the 28th of February, 1814, and people were humming the favourite airs of "J'ai longtems parcouru le Monde," "Dans un Délire extreme," and "Quand on attend sa Belle," whilst battalions of the national guard, mobilised for the occasion, were marching out to oppose the great guns which already thundered in the distance.

Last contrast! curious coincidence! Monday, the 28th of March—"Monsieur et Madame Jobineau, ou la Manie des Campagnes," was enacted for the first time at the Variétés. The second sense in which the word "campagnes" could be read as applying either to the country or to campaigns, lent itself to an equivocal satire upon the defeated emperor. The plot of the play lay in reality, however, in the unexpected expenses and the grotesque tribulations to which a respectable bourgeois family found itself exposed when attempting to establish themselves in a peaceful retreat in the environs of Paris. The particular village selected was Pantin, which was just about to experience tribulations of quite a different character. The very next day, the 29th, the Variétés was giving second representation of "Monsieur et Madame Jobineau," whilst allied troops, arriving by the high road from Meaux, were preparing a general attack upon the positions that covered Paris. Pantin became the point where the most energetic resistance was presented to the advance of the enemy, and carried at the point of the bayonet, its houses were filled with the wounded, the dying, and the dead. On the night of the 30th Paris could see the bivouac fires of the Russians and the Prussians burning on the heights of Montmartre, not very far from the Variétés. The next day, the 31st, the great city was indulged in a further "spectacle," whilst the public hastened to in crowds, and that was "Europe armed défilant along the boulevards."

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

RECENT TRAVELS IN THE HOLY LAND.*

IT will probably be a long time ere the traveller or explorer in the Holy Land will be expected to say what he has that is new or speculative in a brief and perspicuous form. The majority of readers prefer impressions of travel to matters of fact; and mere statements of facts or opinions, or the discussion of controversial matters, find but little favour in their eyes. If a competent person were to undertake, what is very much wanted, a practical synopsis of what is actually known in respect to the physical geography, the natural history, the comparative geography, the antiquities, the holy sites, and the traditions of the land of Israel, such a work would not meet with the same favourable reception as awaits the personal narratives, so pleasantly told, and the actual observations so eloquently expounded, of a Stanley, a Hepworth Dixon, or a Tristram. In the East, notwithstanding the raising up of a Palestine fund out of the ashes of an old Palestine Archæological Association, every one toils more or less for himself, and the wheat that he gleans has to be separated from a vast amount of useless investiture. Monographs like Pierotti's "Jerusalem Explored," or Lewin's "Siege of Jerusalem," De Saulcy's "Dead Sea," Porter's "Damascus," Walpole's "Ansayrii," Rey's "Hauran," Langlois's "Cilicia," and a few others, are rare, and even some of these works bear a deceptive title, and, when opened, are found to be occupied to a far greater extent with alien objects than with those held out as the main purport of the work. "Syria," and "Palestine," the "Holy Land," or the "Land of Israel," are, in nine cases out of ten, the comprehensive topics which can alone satisfy the ambitious explorer, and the consequences are a number of imperfect works instead of one or two that would be progressively satisfactory. As a proof of this, even the sceptical but arduous explorer—Robinson—who kept less to the highways than the generality of travellers, and whose researches were carried into nooks and corners, found that he had to return to the charge again and again before he could clear up one tittle of the difficulties which present themselves in determining the localities mentioned in the Old Testament, or indeed bringing to light the few more simple footsteps of the Lord—a labour which, in many leading points, as in the instance of Cana of Galilee and of Capernaum, he signally failed.

* The Holy Land. By William Hepworth Dixon. Two Vols. Chapman and Hall.

The Land of Israel. A Journal of Travels in Palestine, undertaken with special Reference to its Physical Character. By H. B. Tristram, M.A., F.L.S. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

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The advantages of the prevalent and accepted style are picturesque ness, variety, and personal interest ; but the disadvantages are that by passing over, in many instances, what has been done before, true knowledge is rather retarded than advanced by the operation. Instead of there being progress with each new traveller, there is just as often retrocession. It is, for example, to the early travellers in Palestine, to Bishop Arculf, Willibald, Bernard the Wise, Sæwulf, and others, that we have to look for that evidence which comes in support of existing and unbroken traditions in regard to several of the holy sites, more especially that of the holy sepulchre. Disregarding these testimonies, and guide solely by certain misleading archæologico-architectural investigations some travellers run, like Mr. Ferguson, into the wildest vagaries. But even when the case is not so bad as this, there is still much wanting in the perfection of any new book of travel in the East, unless the author shall have previously mastered what has been done before. To give an example from the two works before us, in so peculiarly a simple, yet so deeply interesting an inquiry as is involved in the footsteps of Our Saviour, we find Mr. Tristram identifying the Dalmanutha of the New Testament (Mark viii. 10) with the old Roman fountains called Ain Barideh (p. 425). Now, Rabbi Schwarz has shown, in his "Description of Palestine" (Leeser's ed., p. 189), that Migdal, or Magdala, was also called Talmanuta (the interchange of D and T being common), as also Teliman in the Talmud, and the identification thus established clears up what has appeared to many as a discrepancy between the gospels of Matthew and of Mark. The former describing Our Saviour as having crossed the lake of Gennesaret, from the scene of the miracle of feeding the four thousand, and to have come into the coasts of Magdala (xv. 39) the latter "into the parts of Dalmanutha."

Mr. Hepworth Dixon has satisfactorily disposed of Dr. Robinson's conjecture that Kana el Jelil represents the scene of the first miracle, and he has touched upon the leading points associated with the Sea of Galilee with a masterly hand.

"Every two or three miles along the beach lay one of these sparkling towns; here, Magdala, the abode of that Mary who has lent her name to repenting women of all nations (that there is every reason to believe in error); there, Capernaum, the home of that noble Jew whose son was saved from death; yonder, Chorazin, the scene of unwritten histories and here again, Bethsaida, the river-town from which John removed his sons to a new home."

Mr. Tristram, on his side, speaks of Magdala as a "squalid and filthy collection of hovels." The site of Chorazin requires elucidation. Bethsaida we do not believe to have been a village on the Jordan—the two halves being joined by a bridge—but to be represented by the modern ruinous site of Mésadiyéh. "Going down from Cana into the Galilee country," also, says Mr. Hepworth Dixon, "from which many of the disciples came, and in which his fame was now ripening, Jesus went about the small towns and hamlets, Capernaum, Chorazin, Magdala, Bethsaida, Dalmanutha, Gerasa." We have just shown that there is every reason to believe that Magdala and Dalmanutha were the same, or at the most denominations of parts of the same place, as the caves of Teliman in the rocks above, and the village on the plain below.

Many other points might be adduced in a similar manner to show that a multitude of books are not necessarily an addition to knowledge, but it is time to turn to what each writer shines pre-eminently in: the one bold and graphic portraiture, and able and philosophic generalisation; the other in a rare knowledge of nature, and a just and valuable appreciation of the part it plays in Bible History, and a true knowledge of the Holy Land.

Mr. H. Dixon landed at Jaffa, Mr. Tristram at Beyrût, both familiar seaports. The one saw Jaffa and conjured up Jonah; was detained there some time by the incessant disturbances in the interior; picked up an interesting donkey-boy; was mulcted in various ways by one Yakûb, his factotum; was perturbed by rumours of a certain chieftain—Akeel, or Agyle Agha—said to be in rebellion—in other words, robbing on his own account; was entertained at the convent of Ramleh; saw young and pretty damsels with their faces covered to the eyes, and their bosoms naked to the waist; made a night ride to Modin, and sat upon the mound under the great mountains, on which Latrûn, “the robber’s den,” now stands, to pen two learned and eloquent chapters upon the points in which the Maccabean policy appears to have differed from that of the written law. Thence he proceeded by the Wadi Ali, the glen which climbs up from Modin towards Zion and Bethlehem; with the mountain eyrie of that infamous bandit, Abû Gosh; Colonia and Emmaus, the latter one of the loveliest spots in the hill country of Judæa; and lastly, leaving vines and olives and fig-trees behind, he reached the stern and bare table-land of Zion, the great city itself seeming to spring from the centre of a rolling plateau of stones and graves. Nothing can be more light, airy, and graceful than these opening chapters; and if the author becomes more serious at one of the great centres of Jewish thought and action, he is not more so than might be anticipated from the change from cheerful, sunny, and wooded plains and valleys, to austere regions of rugged and barren rocks.

Mr. Tristram and his party, on their side, set at once digging bone breccia from beneath the highway of Assyrian, Egyptian, and Roman conquerors at the head of St. George’s Bay, and found among the fragments teeth of the bison, which is supposed by some to be the unicorn of the authorised version of Scriptures. That is, we suppose, rejecting Migliarini’s assumed discovery of the word, R’êm, Reem, or Raim, in hieroglyphics over a figure of a large species of antelope or oryx. It is certain, however, that Gesenius long ago gave the signification of wild buffalo to the above Hebrew word, and Layard was also inclined to think that the bull of the Assyrian sculptures might represent the unicorn of Scriptures. There is little doubt that R’êm denotes an animal with two horns; “his horns are like the horns of an unicorn,” as translated in the margin (Deut. xxxiii. 17), and the whole force of the passage depends, indeed, upon the rêm having two horns, one for Ephraim and the other for Manasseh. The discovery of the remains of a species of once formidable ox, like the bison, in Syria, does much towards the further elucidation of an obscure scriptural reference, and a point in heraldic natural history which it has required ages to clear up.

At the squalid village of Nebbi Yunas, “the Prophet Jonas,” Mr. Tristram made acquaintance with the ancient sycomore fig-trees (*Ficus*

sycomorus), confounded sometimes with the mulberry, and at others with our sycamore (*Acer pseudo-platanus*). It is one of the many absurdities of Oriental misrule that the sycamore-fig, and all the space over which its shadow may extend, belongs to government, and is forfeited by the villen proprietor. Perchance the law is in revenge for Zaccheus's having availed himself of one of these trees to see the Saviour pass by! A Sidon, that terrible discussion which has tried the tempers even of saints—Jerome and Augustine included—what is really the gourd of Jonah; the familiar gourd, or the castor-oil plant, or something else?—is decided in favour of the gourd. "It is used universally," says Mr. Tristram, "in the East on trellises for shading arbour and summer-houses;" and, he might have added, grows much more quickly than the castor-oil plant, although scarcely sufficiently so as to meet the requirements of the scriptural record. Mr. Tristram had been to Egypt before he went to Syria, so he speaks of the large black and white kingfisher as of Egypt; but the bird is quite as characteristic of the sea-coast of Syria as of that of Egypt. The abundant fragments of *Murex brandaris* at Tyre led our author to conceive that this species contributed more to the Tyrian dye than the *M. trunculus*. Without deciding as to whether Ain Kana, near Sidon, or Kanah, near Tyre, best meet the requirements of the text of Joshua (xix. 28), the latter is said to bear marks of antiquity, especially in some weather-beaten and coarsely hewn figures of men on the face of the cliffs below it, and more ancient than even Hiram's tomb. What an intrepid naturalist is Mr. Tristram! Seizing it by the tail, he swung out of a chink in the last-mentioned monument a most dangerous viper two and a half feet long!

At the Ladders of Tyre some extensive ruins were found, but no attempt made to identify them with any known sites. "There is nothing of interest," says our author, "in these continually-recurring ruins, save the evidence they afford of the former population, and the illustration of the phrase, 'her towns,' in connexion with Asher." Now there are those who would have gloated over these fragments of antiquity as fondly as Mr. Tristram did over those dear little owls so familiar to Eastern travellers, and which, he justly remarks, were well known to the Hebrews. That Mr. Tristram can, however, be zealous in archæology as well as sympathetic with nature, is soon attested in his remarks on the ruins of Kulat Kurn. Rejecting Mr. Thomson's suggestion as to the ruins being of Jewish origin, he views the place as one of a chain of fortresses which intersected Northern Palestine, and kept open the communications between the country south of Damascus and the sea of Asia, as far back as in the time of the Macedonians, the other castles being those of Tibrûn, Kulat-es-Shukif (the once-famed Belfort), and Banî Hani. The lower masonry belongs to the Macedonians, and on the old basis the Roman, Greek, Crusader, and Caliph, each as they held possession, applied the modifications or improvements of their own period. Mr. Tristram shot two specimens in the Wady Kurn illustrative of the extension of the Indian fauna to Syria; one was the great fish-eating owl of India, the other a large pteropus, or fox-headed bat, which, as some of the same genus are eaten in other parts of the world, helps to explain its being among the things forbidden by the law.

Our author does not believe that Caiffa represents Sycaminum, the site of which he traces to ruins a mile and a half to the westward. He has

here of the existence of crocodiles in the river Zerka, but was not able to satisfy himself as to a fact so important in connexion with the Leviathan of the Bible, but which, it is to be hoped, Mr. Sandwith, our consul at Caiffa, will one day satisfactorily determine. He, however, justly remarks that, considering the strong herpetological and ichthyological affinities between the fauna of Egypt and Palestine, there is scarcely more reason to doubt the past existence of the crocodile in the one than its present continuance in the other. It can, indeed, be traced historically as far north as the lakes of Marash and to the Kersus of Xenophon, in Cilicia, but, like the hippopotamus, the bison, the lion, and other large quadrupeds, the great reptile has gradually waned before the advance of population. Tantura (Tentyra?), close by the Zerka, may have borrowed its Egyptian name from the abhorrence in which the crocodile was held by the inhabitants; but Dr. Thomson suggests that in ages past some Egyptians may have settled on the coasts, and brought with them some of their favourite gods! In that case, they would have called their settlement Ombos, rather than Tentyra.

The black-headed jay and the pretty-spotted woodpecker, the last the only one of its genus in Syria, were met with in the oak-woods on the edge of the Galilæan hills. The brow of the hill over Nazareth, and not the "Mount of Precipitation," is described as the place where Our Lord was led forth, and "there are still places," we are told, "where a fall from above would be certain death, and where the little kestrel nestles in communities, far out of the reach of the boys of the place." The actual fountain is also associated with the spot whither Mary went daily for water, instead of the traditional Virgin's grotto, whence the water is said to be derived and conducted by pipes, and which was more probably the village fountain in Mary's time, as the church has since been built over it. The Nazarene women, who claim to be beautiful by the especial grace of the Virgin Mary, are declared to be by no means so much so as the mountaineers of Carmel.

Some interesting relics of Crusading times were found at Iksâl, and Endor is described as having still "a strange, weird-like aspect." The powers of retrospective imaginative association, so much indulged in by pilgrims in the Holy Land, can, however, go further than this, as, for example, when we are told that our travellers "could fancy the very walk which Saul took over the eastern shoulder of the hill to reach the witch's abode." A Moslem pointed out the traditional site of the Christian miracle at Nain, as another did the house of Simon the Tanner at Jaffa. In this case the traditions are received without a demur, although the grotto at Nazareth, admitted by unbroken tradition in the Syro-Greek Church, is rejected.

Little Hermon was shown to owe its elevation to the period of the basaltic currents north-west of Gennesaret, and not to the denudation which has moulded most of the Galilæan hills. The dress of the inhabitants of Jenîn, of bad repute for robberies and Mussulman fanaticism, is said to be peculiar and distinct. They wear no trousers, but a long blue-and-white striped cassock, which reaches to the ankles, and is bound round the waist by a broad leather girdle. It is not a little curious that this is the dress which Holman Hunt has selected for Our Saviour in his picture of the "Finding of Christ in the Temple." The tomb of St. John the Baptist, at Samaria, is treated of as being as apocryphal as the

legend of his having been beheaded there; but whilst the one is known historically to be incorrect, the grave, which Christians and Muhammadans alike revere as that "of the prophet John, son of Zacharias," is one of the old traditional monuments of the East. The disciples, according to Matt. xiv. 12, came and took away the body; the tradition of the selected burial-place was current in the time of Jerome, and the ashes of the prophet were scattered to the winds in the time of Julian the Apostate. "With the progress of time," says Dr. Robinson, the stern opponent of Syro-Greek as well as of monkish traditions, "tradition has confounded the sepulchre of the saint with his prison and place of execution," and now, with the further progress of time, the one tradition appears to have come to be set aside because the other is incorrect!

Owing to the impetus given by the American war to the cultivation of cotton all over the world, cotton had become at the time of Mr. Tristram's visit the staple of Nabûlûs, and over and above the low Oriental domes and the tall palms rose a large cotton warehouse. The busy hum of the cotton-gins greeted the party, indeed, on all sides, and heaps of cotton-husks lay about the streets. Jacob's Well passed muster; nay, we are even congratulated that "among the wrangling disputes which have perplexed the antiquarian and the geographer, and have cast doubt on so many sacred localities, it is, indeed, a satisfaction to know that here, at least, we are on a spot on the identity of which there has never arisen any serious question." Of the tomb of Joseph, it is also condescendingly said that "there seems little reason to question the identity of the spot." This, when the common reverence in which the patriarch is held by Jew, Samaritan, Christian, and Moslem alike, has preserved the simple monument from molestation from age to age, has recently prevented its being bodily removed to a shelf in the Louvre, and will probably protect from the more innocent explorations of the employés of the Palestine Fund!

The acoustic properties of the valley of Ebal and Gerizim, first, we believe, brought to notice in illustration of Holy Writ by the Rev. John Mills, were favourably tested by Mr. Tristram and his party. On the summit of Gerizim a stone of sacrifice, and a deep cave or well to receive the blood and offal, the counterpart of the pierced rock in the centre of the mosque of Omar, was found. This was interesting in connexion with recent theories. From the summit of this mountain all Central Palestine can be taken in at a glance.

At Shiloh, where they found nothing new save some characteristic fossils, Mr. Tristram, however, remarked that the separation of Judah and Ephraim seemed often to have reached their flowers, and the hills of Judæa and Galilee yielded distinct crocuses, tulips, lilies, and so forth, though climate and other conditions could vary but little. This was the latter end of December. The beautiful valley, whose bad name—A-Haramiyeh, "the Robber's Fountain"—so indisposed M. de Sauley, presented to our travellers nought but a succession of carefully-cultivated terraces adorned with ferns and flowering plants, and enlivened by the laughing, tapping, and hooting of jays, woodpeckers, and little owls. A spirited act of justice was done at Bethel. A poor old woman had been robbed of a bundle of sticks by a caravan of donkey-men. The thieves were made to pay a halfpenny apiece all round to the old lady. A poor

ference was given here to Robinson's identification of Deir Duwan with the Biblical Ai, to Van de Velde's Tell-el-Hajar, or "Hill of Stones." So barren were these uplands, that neither bird, plant, nor insect was added to the collections. Geba, Ramah of Benjamin, the home and tomb of Samuel, and the Gibeah of Saul, were hastily passed, and the approach to Jerusalem was announced by the immense Russian building which has lately arisen on the rising ground to the west of the city, and which, we are told, "combines in some degree the appearance and the uses of cathedral close, public offices, barracks, and hostelry"—the flag of the Russian consulate floating over the whole. There are many monuments in the Holy Land which speak eloquently of the past. This one speaks only of the future. "The whole style of the group," says our traveller, "seems a sort of taking possession of the land by anticipation, in strong contrast with the simple and chaste cluster on the top of Mount Zion, where the English mission has its centre." Nor do the Greeks of the Syro-Greek Church view this formidable and threatening establishment with favourable eyes, any more than they do the presence of a Russian bishop, for, according to them, the Patriarch of Constantinople, and not the Czar, is the head of the orthodox Greek Church.

We have brought our travellers from two different directions to the city, which, according to mediæval legends, was the navel of the world, and the centre at which all roads met. Jerusalem was at the time of Mr. H. Dixon's visit in a state of commotion, the enemy were at the gates, or supposed to be so, which is the same thing in the imaginative East; a Frank physician had been plundered and slain on the outskirts, and everything is coloured by the excitement of the moment. Yet did Mr. Dixon and his party encamp without the town on the slope of Mount Olivet, from whence they made excursions to Hebron and Bethel, to Ain Karim and Mar Saba, and to Neby Samuel and Bethlehem. The Holy City is also treated of in detail both in its religious and philosophic aspects. Jerusalem of the present day is yclept "Jerusalem under the Pasha," and the description of the Holy City as it is, leads to the consideration of what it was, which is treated of under the head of "Jerusalem under the High Priest." Under the head of the Temple Platform, we have no discussion of Mr. Lewin's theories as to the position of the temple in a corner of the enclosure, or of Mr. Ferguson's theory of the holy sepulchre lying in its centre. It is just as well it is so. A traveller has really enough to do in the Holy Land with the facts of the case, without entering upon theoretical and controversial points, which would swell a work to inordinate dimensions. Glad are we, then, to be spared these inquiries, and to peruse instead a brief and clever sketch of things as they are, and as (keeping to the chief points in view) they may be supposed to have been. Bethlehem is treated of as the centre of Hebrew idyls—the idyls of Ruth, of Saul, of David, of Jeremiah, and of the Virgin. The idea is poetic and pretty, and Mr. Dixon imparts to it an additional charm by admitting local traditions when there are no just reasons for rejecting them. Justly does he remark of the Grotto of the Nativity: "Take away this roof of English oak, remove this front of Syrian marble, and the grotto would have all the appearance of a common cave; its mouth opening towards the Shepherds' Tower and the fields of Ruth. As the shepherds came up the hill-side, they

would be able to see the lamp burning in the entrance of the cave." And this is as there is every reason to believe it was when the Saviour was born. Jerusalem under Herod and Galilee under Judas constitute logical introductions to the consideration of the Holy Family at Nazareth and of Roman Judæa. The wilderness of John, the Baptist himself, the state of Jewish parties at the time, the Jordan, and Jesus at Bethabara, constitute another epoch, as it were, in the history of the Saviour, the discussion of which is interlinked by Mr. Dixon with descriptions of the actual localities, with branch excursions to the Dead Sea and other places of interest, and with incidents of travel, which, from the disturbed state of the country, are, whether on the road to Hebron, in Galilee, or among the Adwan and Salha'an tribes, replete with all the danger and excitement of hair-breadth escapes from imminent risks and dangers.

Then comes, as the next incident in the Saviour's life, the scene of the first miracle. Here Mr. Dixon is more detailed, and we rejoice that his researches and a fair consideration of the subject have led him to what we believe to be the correct view of the position of Cana in Galilee. The next great incident, the purging of the Temple, is still more elaborately introduced by sketches of the Moriah and of its holy places. Mr. Dixon's views as to the relations of the Court of the Gentiles and Holy Markets to the Holy of Holies are, in the main, correct, but more minute details regarding the pool of Bethesda and the drainage system, as developed by Williams, Pierotti, and others, are wanting to make the picture complete.

Jesus and the woman at the well, carry us to Shechem, with its noble mountains Ebal and Gerizim, so replete with historical associations as the great centre of Judaism before Jerusalem was. Hence, the call of the noble Jew to Jesus to go down to the Lake country and restore his son, also leads Mr. Dixon to the shores of the Sea of Galilee. This deeply interesting and picturesque region is well described. Mr. Dixon has again taken a safe view in regard to Capernaum—a subject which he enters upon, except on one point—that of the fish—satisfactorily. With regard to the assumed position of Bethsaida on the two sides of the river Jordan, because some of its houses were in Naphtali and some in Manasseh, such a deduction is not borne out by the other Gospel details; no more than are, we believe, Reland's views, adopted by some, that there were two Bethsidas, one on the western and the other on the eastern side of the lake. We admit the question to be, however, involved in difficulties. It is, as old Cellarius said ("Notit. Orb.," ii. 536), "one of the greatest difficulties in sacred geography." Mr. Dixon's views would, if ultimately established, certainly facilitate the elucidation of some of the apparent inconsistencies.

With respect to Ain Tabiga being the "Round Fountain" of Capernaum, Mr. Tristram justly shows that it could not have watered the plain of Gennesaret, as described by Josephus, while the Round Fountain not only does so, but it also contains the well-known "black fish," or "cat fish," of the Sea of Galilee and of the Nile, as well as of most lakes and deep rivers in Syria and Egypt. This was pointed out by Mr. W. F. Ainsworth in a paper read at the Syro-Egyptian Society on February 9, 1864, and reported in its Proceedings for that year.

Mr. Tristram assumes that "we have only two ancient authorities to

guide us as to the geographical position of Capernaum, Chorazin, and Bethsaida—the New Testament and Josephus;” whereas we have a whole host of Rabbinical writers to assist us in determining the identity of Kefar Tanchum or Nachum—the traditional burial-place of the prophet Nahum—with the former, and of the Kerazim of Menacoth with Chorazin. Limiting the land of Gennesaret to the plain of the Ghuweir, Mr. Tristram seeks for Capernaum at the fountain so called by Josephus, on account of its vicinity to what was at that time the chief village in Gennesaret, but which was known to the Rabbins as En Kachal, just as M. de Saulcy had done previously, and that when Dr. Robinson had shown that there were no ruins there, nor on the adjacent hills. There is every reason to believe that the land of Gennesaret extended farther on the western coast of the sea, which at one time took its name from that land, than the plain so renowned for its fertility, and that it comprised the villages of Capernaum (Tell Hum) and Chorazin (Gerasi), if not Bethsaida. This is a matter of cumulative evidence which it would carry us beyond our limits to discuss here. Mr. Tristram’s only additional argument that the Lord appears to have healed many on “His way from the shore to Capernaum,” would apply equally to Tell Hum, if its ailing inhabitants had gone forth from the village and down the hill to the shore to meet the Saviour.

The teaching and the miracles enacted in the Lake country are expounded by Mr. Dixon under the head of the “Bread of Life;” the Saviour’s contempt for Pharisaic rites, His journeys, the gradual conversion of the Gentiles, and the “Transfiguration,” complete this part of the subject. We have next the scenes of domestic life presented by the stay at Bethany, which give occasion for the description of a Syrian home, and for a new etymology which is propounded by Dr. Deutsch, Bethany being held to signify “House of Misery,” and not, as usually accepted, “House of Dates.” The conflict that arose at this epoch between Christ and the Jews, the last journey to the Jordan, the gathering for the feast, and the last supper on Olivet, are all appropriately illustrated, down to the Crucifixion, and the events that followed upon that great catastrophe, up to the siege of Titus. Finally, a description of the Holy Sepulchre, of Rachel’s tomb, some pertinent remarks on Syrian convents, and on the prospects of Judaism, and an eloquent defence of the character of St. George of Lydda—the patron saint of England—bring these brilliant tomes to a dignified and appropriate conclusion.

Mr. Tristram, although he believes in the existence of a well or receptacle for the offal of sacrifice on Mount Gerizim, adds one more to the dissentients as to the Sakhra in the Mosque of Omar having been an altar of sacrifice, or the well underneath a receptacle for offal. Mr. Barclay is also said to have disproved the theory of the connexion of this well with the pool of Siloam. Sparrows, turtle-doves, goldfinches, titmice, blue thrushes, kestrels, owls, and no end of crows—ravens and jackdaws—were met with within the sacred enclosure. Some on buildings, others on the walls, and others among the cypress and the olive trees. It was not considerate to shoot these feathered tenants of so holy a place, but our naturalists did so by discharges of ten barrels at a time. It argues great toleration on the part of the Moslems that they were not subjected to the same indignity as St. Stephen. A badger and a mole were also

obtained at Jerusalem, the existence of the latter of which in Syria, after being denied, had been previously established. (See Art. "Badger," Cassell's Bib. Dict.) The mole is also recognised as the *Spalax typhlus* of Pallas. It has no vestige of external eyes, and is minutely described by Schwartz in his "Description of Palestine" (p. 291). The fossils on Mount Olivet were indicative, as at Mount Carmel, of the chalk formation. The spot where Simon rose as a royal ghost is identified with the Tower of David, instead of, as usually accepted, the district of Bezetha, from a subterranean passage having been discovered extending thence from beneath the English church. Bishop Gobat, it appears, has also discovered a flight of stairs in clearing the ground for the English cemetery at the south-west corner of Zion. This is interesting in connexion with the approaches of the fortress of Jebus, and the strength of the citadel of Zion, more elevated, and in the time of David more precipitous, than its sister mount of Moriah. This discovery also serves to show what may be done by the "Palestine Fund" among the enormous amount of ruin and débris which for three thousand years have been gradually filling up the valleys in and around Jerusalem.

Mr. Tristram's party, which already comprised Messrs. Medlycott and P. Egerton Warburton; Mr. Lowne, botanist; Mr. Ed. Bartlett, naturalist; and Mr. Bowman, photographer; was strengthened by the addition of Messrs. Upcher and Shepherd, on advancing from Jerusalem to the Red Sea, and appears to have been still further reinforced by Messrs. Cochrane, Barneby-Latley, and Garnier, as also by Mr. Consul Wood in the trans-Jordanic explorations. It is a disgrace to the existing government that they had to pay 2*l.* a day as long as they remained in the country of the Ghawārinēh at Jericho, and the north-west end of the Dead Sea, and 5*l.* a day whilst in the country of the Jehalīn. The blame is laid on M. de Sauley, who, by his lavish expenditure, is said to have virtually sealed the districts he has visited behind him; but imagine the Euphrates expedition, which was labouring for years amid far wilder tribes, paying 2*l.* a day as soon to the Arabs! A dozen, or indeed half dozen, gallant young Englishmen could open the now taxed routes from Cairo to Hebron, from Jerusalem round the Dead Sea, or from Damascus to Palmyra, without payment of a piastre. Did the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Royal Geographical Society, when it sent an expedition to the Nestorians, provide for bribes to ensure safe transit, or even for presents to Arab sheikhs, Kurd beys, or Chaldean monks and patriarchs?

Well, the cavalcade started across the Wilderness—where Our Saviour in more lonely plight met the good Samaritan—thirty-two beasts besides the so-called "guard" of two mounted Bedawin, with their long spears and some dozen on foot. Passing Bethany, En Shemesh, the Spring of the Sun, and resting awhile at Khan-el-Ahmah, the party appear to have arrived the same day at Ain Sultan, or Elisha's fountain, passing many points of exceeding interest on their way without notice. For some cause or other the road seems also to have been unusually deserted: no sheep were met with, only a few goats. It was not so in olden times. But the beautiful little partridge of the Dead Sea was met with, as also a new desert lark, which was classified as *Ammomanes fratercula* (Tristram), and a very graceful little bird, slate-coloured, with black tail.

resembling the stone-chat in its habits. On descending into the plain of Jericho, Robinson's brook Cherith, and Van de Velde's. Cherith, are repudiated in favour of a stream, as advocated by Mr. Grove, flowing into the Jordan from the east. How all these diversities of opinion show the necessity for some general résumé, in which the whole can be collated and compared?

The plain of Jericho added twenty-five species to the list of birds, among which the most remarkable were a lovely little sun-bird, the presence of which in this low, hot valley was previously known; the comical and grotesque-looking hopping thrush, the gorgeous Indian blue kingfisher, the Egyptian turtle-dove, "Tristam's grackle," known previously at Mar Saba as the orange-winged blackbird, rock swallows, Galilæan swifts, and various little warblers, not to forget the bulbul, or Palestine nightingale, the grey shrike, and the merry little long-tailed wren.

The principal trees were the Christ's thorn (*Ziziphus spina-Christi*), the false balsam (*Balamites Egyptiaca*), the *Vitex agnus casti*, and a large flowering bamboo. The apple of Sodom (*Solanum melongena*), with its potato-blossom and its bright yellow but poisonous fruit, we are told, covered the ground. Laying aside the question as to whether the mad-apple (*Solanum insanum*), or the fruit of the asclepias, represents the apple of Sodom, we do not understand why the name of *S. melongena*, that of the baydanjam, or egg plant, with the bamiyah (*Hibiscus esculentus*), the two most common vegetables in the East, should be given to the former. The confusion, we believe, began with Hasselquist. Mr. Tristam himself calls the *Solanum melongena* the apple of Sodom at Jericho (p. 202), and then at Engedi describes the *Calotropis procera* (p. 281) as the "true apple of Sodom." This is the same as the *Asclepias gigantea vel procera* of other writers.

The caves of Mons Quarantania were more carefully explored than they have been heretofore. Many were found to be sepulchral, and contained the remains of hermits and anchorites. Inscriptions were also found, and Mr. Tristam is inclined to think from them that they were like the grottos of the Crimea—places of refuge from the Arian persecution.

Ain Sultân is identified with Jericho, and Gilgal with Er Riha. Two specimens of the sycamore fig-tree were alone met with in the present day, and some specimens of *Anastatica hierochuntia*—the supposed rose of Jericho—were also obtained. There is no notice of De Saulcy's rose of Jericho. The dô-m-tree (*Ziziphus lotus*) is described as attaining a great size, and is indeed one of the largest and finest trees met with in Judæa. Der Hagla, and the so-called "Castle of the Jews," were also visited, as were also some ruins at El Melâah. On a return trip from Jerusalem in quest of letters, the Kelt was more carefully explored, and being in January, the warm fountain of Elisha and the shade of a noble dô-m-tree were found a pleasant change from the wet and cold of the Holy City. A trip up the valley northwards to Es Sumrah, the Zemaraim of Joshua xviii. 22, according to Mr. Grove, was unsuccessful in as far as Fussil (Phasælis) was concerned, the inhabitants having turned out armed. Mr. Tristam is scarcely warranted, however, in describing none of these remains in the Ghor as having yet been described. Van

de Velde (vol. ii. p. 310) visited Fusail, or Fasaël, as he writes it. The hyæna caves (ancient quarries) at Es Sumrah afforded a curious collection of bones of camels, oxen, and sheep, two or three feet deep, illustrative of the mode of formation of the old bone caverns so valuable to the geologist.

After a fortnight's stay at the prophet's fountain—"the happiest portion of a most happy journey"—the party started for the Dead Sea. Pochard ducks, gulls, dunlins, redshanks, ravens, kingfishers, and other birds were met with in numbers at the north end of the sea, but this probably on account of the number of fish and other living things brought down by the Jordan, killed by the salt water, and thrown up by the flood. The promontory, which was at this season an island, where De Saulcy imagined he had discovered ruins, was visited, and it is said of these ruins: "Those who can detect these will, doubtless, be equally ready to recognise the foundations of Gomorrah and Sodom, as revealed by the learned antiquarian. To our unlearned eyes, there were no traces either of tools on the stones or of design in their arrangement." Eagles, cormorants, storks, cranes, herons, and plover, were also met with on proceeding along the shores. The supposed ruins of Gomorrah were found to be "indistinct rows of unhewn stones," called by the natives Regûm-el-Bahr, "castings of the sea."

At the hot fountain of Ain Feshkhah, the coney or *shaphan* of Scripture (*Hyrax syriacus*) was obtained, as also a new species of nightjar, which was named after the tamarisk-trees it dwells in. Our party enjoyed the Dead Sea. "Water, vegetation, birds and beasts, geology, and hot baths—everything was in abundance." This is the advantage of a love of natural history. It clothes objects deemed repulsive with charms. The warm fountain and the stream that ran into the sea from it swarmed with little fish, of no less than four different species. A little south of hence bituminous shales were first met with, a point of interest in connexion with the natural history of the Dead Sea. "The substance," Mr. Tristram says, "seemed to have been partially ejected in a liquid form, and to have streamed down the cliffs." A trap-dyke was also met with at the main gorge of the Wady-en-Nâr, or Kedron—the river of Jerusalem. A détour was next made to the well-known convent of Mar Saba, on the same river, and here the party were joined by Abû Dahûk and his Jehalin, as also by Mr. Consul Wood.

The Dead Sea was rejoined near Ain Terâbeh, where a few tamarisk-trees were scattered in small clumps, and the space between the brake of canes, twenty feet high, and the hills, was choked with bushes of *Atriplex halimus*. This cover was full of life. The coast line was traced here on foot by one party, the rest following the higher route on horseback. By this means many additions were made to the map. Hot sulphur springs were also met with in this walk to Engedi, at the foot of the Jebel Shukif. It is supposed that there is an enormous discharge of this mineral water under the sea. A group of ruins of some extent, built of unbevelled square stones, is all that remains to tell of a city as old as the oldest in Syria—Hazezon Tamar, "the felling of the palm-trees"—Engedi the contemporary of Sodom and Gomorrah. Not a palm or a vine remains; their place is occupied by scattered acacia-trees, the nubk, or ziziphus, a tamarisk, a few straggling bushes, and here and there the *Calotropis*

ocera, with hollow puff-balls by way of fruit—the “true apple of Sodom.” A mishap occurred here in the baggage not coming up, and great deal is made of what many an Oriental traveller would have looked upon as a most trifling occurrence. Fresh-water crabs were found in the spring, which leaps and gambols forth like a kid (Ain Jidy is ‘Fountain of the Kid’). They also occur in the fountains at Jericho, though not noticed by Mr. Tristram. No end of curious things were found here. Sepulchral grottoes, a magnificent cave with stalactites, fern, and maiden hair fern with fronds a yard long, wild goats and antelopes, partridges, and other birds. “What a sanatorium,” exclaims Mr. Tristram, “Engedi might be made, if it were only accessible, and were an enterprising speculator were to establish a hydropathic establishment! Hot-water, cold-water, and decidedly salt-water baths, all supplied by nature on the spot, the hot sulphur springs only three miles off, and some of the grandest scenery man ever enjoyed, in an atmosphere where half a lung is sufficient for respiration!”

Beyond this point they had a dreary, desolate, hungry ride, more truly reflecting the popular notions of the Dead Sea than anything they had yet met with. Another sulphureous spring was passed. Several of M. de Saulcy’s lava torrents were crossed, which turned out to be limestones, with black flints coated with oxide of iron! The old fortress of Masada, the last refuge of Jewish independence after the destruction of Jerusalem. Titus, was the next object of exploration, and is minutely described. The shore beyond this point was diversified with lovely glens, with oaks, gazelles, and porcupines, amid tall canes, acacias, oleanders, willows, and ferns. In one of these glens was a square fortress of the Crusading or Saracenic epochs—De Saulcy’s “Thamara.” Salt springs were found, on approaching Wady Zuweirah and the Jebel Usdum, the oaths of salicornia, called *kali* by the natives, who use the ashes for soap. M. de Saulcy’s lava torrents and extinct craters were not found, but what we can now set down as most competent observers, in the mountains of salt. The fact is, that the so-called volcanic phenomena of the Dead Sea are, as long ago pointed out, all pseudo-volcanic; that is, along to those eruptions and changes going on in many parts of the world where bituminous, sulphureous, and saliferous formations abound. The rudely-built tower of Um Zoghal, identified by De Saulcy with Sodom, would, it is argued, be more reasonably identified with the city of Zoar, “which, if these be its ruins, must indeed have been ‘a little Sodom.’”

Hence they turned eastward round the Dead Sea to the Land of Nabat. The great dead flat, known as the Sebka—a name given to salt lakes in Algeria—was passed without inconvenience. (Mr. Medleycott’s sketch of the south end of the Dead Sea is charming in colour and outline.) The Ghor, at the south end of the sea, was found to be, in a natural-historical point of view, a reproduction of the oasis of Jericho, in a far more tropical climate, and with a yet more lavish supply of water. The heat on the 28th of January was found to be oppressive, and the atmosphere was close as in a moist stove-house.

Several Bedawin of unknown antecedents, but who turned out to be nomads on a raid, having been found in a belt of reeds, were made prisoners, and soon afterwards the party came up to a village which had

been pillaged and burnt, the dead bodies of the victims still lying about. The result of this state of things was that, instead of carrying out the projected exploration of the east side of the sea, the party retraced their steps to Zuweirah. This retrogression gave, however, an opportunity for further archæological explorations of interest, as also for an examination of Wad Mahawat, where extensive sulphuro-bituminous deposits led to what cannot but consider, from examination of similar formations still farther to the eastward, as the correct explanation of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah.

On the 31st of January the party started across the south wilderness of Judæa for Beersheba. The country was very desolate. "Rocks the were great and small, stones loose and sharp, but no other existing thing." It was otherwise, however, at the first bivouac—Sudeid—where the whole district was a fine upland pasture, and a "Scottish moor could not be better stocked with game." There were sand-grouse of two kinds, plover, fat dotterel, and larks. The cultivation of large portions of land for corn first announced the proximity of Beersheba, and the boundary between the desert and the uplands.

The chronic anarchy of an ill-governed country, inhabited, it must be admitted, by a very lawless population, came here to interfere as it had done with Mr. H. Dixon, as it did with the progress of Mr. Tristram's party round the Dead Sea, and as it does with any party, or with even solitary wanderers in the East, at one time or other, with the peaceful enjoyment of scientific pursuits and learned inquiries. The Turks had made a sudden raid upon the herds of Muhammad Isa, and Mr. Tristram justly remarks, that "of all the robbers of this down-trodden land, the pashas are the greatest and the worst." The scene witnessed at Feifeh, which the pashas had nothing to do with, was certainly suggestive of other influences at work, but the Turk robs under the standard of legality! Again the line of route was varied to meet the emergency, and the party hurried up the Wady-el-Khulil to Tell Khora in the hill country of Judæa. Beyond this, the ruins of the ancient cities of Judah followed fast and thick one after another, and gave plenty of occupation, with the altered character of the vegetation and birds, to the explorers. First came Attir, the ancient Jattir, then Rafat, then Semûa—the first occupied town that occurs on the way from Egypt to Palestine—and these were followed by Sûsieh, Yuttah, Maon, and finally Hebron. In all these cities, although for the most part uninhabited, a large portion of the houses remain intact. They are true troglodyte dwellings, chiefly long archways, either the vaults of houses or the roofing of the streets, just as to this day many of the streets of Hebron are dark tunnels, with an occasional glimmer of light through openings in the archways.

Abraham's oak at David's royal city is declared to be an imposition—the original being a terebinth-tree, the substitute a *Quercus pseudo-coccifera*. This is very precise, botanically speaking, but when we consider the various readings of El, Elah, Elon, Ilan, Allah, and Allon, sometimes oak, sometimes terebinth, sometimes both together, as given by Gesenius, and in the appendix to Dean Stanley's work, the assertion loses its peremptoriness. An error of position—west instead of north—is more to the point. The wondrous massive building which encloses the cave of Machpelah was as hermetically sealed to Mr. Tristram's

party as it is to most other Christians. Flocks of wild-duck—gadwall, woodcock, and shoveller—were found on Solomon's pools, and the wild swan is also, it appears, sometimes shot there. It is worth noticing that Prince Alfred owns a plot of Solomon's gardens, and Lady Dufferin another. To show, also, what can be accomplished by a Palestine Fund, some excavations have been carried on here with striking results. An excursion to Herodium determined that the peak of that remarkable hill has evidently been artificially smoothed and rounded. Pink lychnisea, saponarias, blue pimpernels, and red valerians, were found to carpet the soil beneath the olive-trees of Bethlehem, where men and women and children are declared to be handsome owing to the Norman blood that is supposed to still circulate in their veins, and the women had, we are told, the advantage of a more becoming dress than that of their Nazareth sisters. There is no disputing matters of taste.

Jerusalem constituted the head-quarters for the next ten days. The time was occupied in refitting, and visiting, among other things, the Tombs of the Kings, which had been further laid open by M. de Saulcy, who obtained thence a sarcophagus with its contents, which has been removed to Paris. After conducting Mr. Medleycott to Jaffa, the party returned by Ramleh to Jerusalem, and thence retraced their steps by Bethel and Nablus to Nazareth, and thence by Mount Tabor to the Sea of Galilee, visiting Agyle, or Akeel Agha, by the way. Here, as we have seen, Dalmanutha is identified with Ain-el-Barideh, when it is only another name for Magdala; and Capernaum is sought for at En Keshal, because it was called by Josephus the "Fountain of Capharnaum." Bethsaida is identified with Ain Tabigah, and Chorazin with Tell Hum. The black fish was found in the round fountain, and the papyrus at Ain-et-Tin. The ruins of Mesadiyeh were likewise visited, and Mr. Tristram, who did not recognise them as the remains of Bethsaida, nevertheless remarked that they "were near the scene of the miracle of the feeding of the five thousand, which was probably on the grassy slope about a mile behind."

The wadys of Leimûn and Hammam were for the first time explored by competent naturalists, and they yielded a rich harvest. Even the Syrian bear was found in the latter. Crossing the hill of Hattin, Messrs. Shepherd and Upcher (who are called S. and U.) parted at Kefr Anna, which is designated as the "monkish Cana, eight miles south of Dr. Robinson's Cana of Galilee." It may be the monkish Cana, it is also the traditional and historical Cana, and there is much reason to believe that it is Our Saviour's Cana, whereas the other is as justly called Dr. Robinson's.

A further excursion was made to the other side of Jordan, which was led at Jisr Mejemiah, incorrectly, it appears, stated by Porter to be the site of the battle, the party following thence the valley of the Yarmuk to Um el-Gadara. As they ascended, the dôm and nubk trees gave way to ebinth, and these to oaks—the oaks of Bashan. Gadara is shown, more known, not to be the scene of the miracle of the demoniac and the blind, which must have taken place on the eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee.

After the party made an interesting détour by Et Taiyibeh, Tibneh, and the forest of Ajlûn, to Gerasa. Tibneh is really a town, able to turn

out five hundred fighting-men, and is important as being, with Es Salt, the only two places east of Jordan which still hold their own against the Bedawin. It has to fight about every ten years for its independence. The forest of Ajlûn (ancient Ajalon) consisted mainly of Turkey and ever-green oak (*Quercus pseudo-coccifera* and *Q. ægilops*). The exploration of Gerash was, however, frustrated by the hostility of Sheikh Yusuf and his people, and the party had to return by Mahneh, the ancient Mahanaim, to the Jordan, and thence to Nazareth.

Carmel was re-examined in spring. To have a correct idea of the vegetation of the Holy Land, it should indeed be explored by a resident botanist, for nothing can differ more than its appearance, as far as flowering plants are concerned, at different seasons of the year. Tiberias and Gennesaret were likewise revisited. Bethshean was explored, and an excursion was made by Mr. Tristram, with only a boy and muleteer, to Jericho, to compare the fauna and flora of the Ghor in April with that of winter. The Duc de Luyne's boat, which was to accomplish such marvels, had been launched in the Dead Sea, and the Arabs left to guard it having extracted all the copper fittings, the duke had the embarkation scuttled. The return of certain Adwan sheikhs with the duke to Jerusalem enabled, however, Mr. Tristram to complete negotiations to visit the east side of the Dead Sea, so he once more crossed the Jordan, this time to Nimrin, proceeding thence by Arak-el-Emir and Seir to Hesbon and Nebo.

Returning by Ammâin (Rabbath Ammon), whose ancient citadel, cathedral, temples, theatres, and churches, are carefully described, Es Salt (Ramothe Gilead) was next explored, as also Mount Gilead close by, and Gerash was also reached in safety on this occasion, approaching it from the south, and under the protection of the Adwan. The remainder of the work is occupied with further explorations in Galilee, visits to Safed, the sources of the Jordan, the marshes of the Huleh, and the valley of the Leontes; a stay at Hasbeiya and Rasheiya; an ascent of Hermon; an exploration of Damascus and its plain; an excursion to Baalbec and Cæle-Syria; an ascent to the Cedars of Lebanon; and a descent by the vale of Adonis to Beyrût. Little that was of importance may indeed be said to have been left undone, and the result of the labours, explorations, and researches of Mr. Tristram and his friends are of that description that no library of the Holy Land can afford to be without them; they are indispensable to all who wish to keep up with the progress of discovery in these interesting regions, they help to clear up many a disputed point in Biblical Natural History, and they constitute altogether the most important work published in reference to Palestine in modern times.

WOODBURY.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART THE FOURTEENTH.

I.

ANOTHER TRIAL FOR AGNES, AND A MEETING ON THE SEA-SHORE.

"MADELEINE insists on it that Cecil is quite spoiled," said Mrs. Per-
ral to her friend Mrs. de Vere, one day that Edith had come to spend
a morning with her. "Now I don't think that poor Cecil is spoiled,
according to Madeleine's meaning—that is, over-indulged, and allowed to
do what she ought not to say and do; but I fear she will be
spoiled in some respects, if she remains much longer with Madeleine—
at least, that this will be a disadvantage to her."

"I fully agree with you," replied Mrs. de Vere. "Dear Cecil is a
very high-spirited child, but she has a most affectionate disposition, and
a warm heart; she is also very sensible, and amenable to reason. She is
so observant, too thoughtful, and has too much feeling to be treated as
Madeleine treats her. Madeleine is always teasing her, fretting at her,
and quarrelling with her. It is enough to sour her temper."

"She is getting quite a hatred to her aunt," said Agnes, "and hatred
is a terrible passion to be fostered in a child's heart—or in any one's
heart." Agnes sighed as she made this remark. "Ah!" she con-
tinued, "it too soon takes root, and poisons every better sentiment. It
could be striven against by every means, for it entirely incapacitates
one from performing the Christian duty of forgiving injuries."

"Surely," said Edith, "but a child cannot be expected to reflect on
this, and be so self-controlling."

"I do not blame the poor child," replied her mother, "I blame Made-
leine. She dislikes Cecil, but she might let her alone."

"She certainly shows the utmost possible difference of feeling for her
nieces, to what she shows towards her little nephew. She seems to dote
upon Charlie."

Agnes stooped down, pretending to pick something up from the floor,
in order to hide the expression of her countenance from her friend. She
then said:

"The little fellow is at a very amusing age, you know, and some-
times people prefer boys to girls. I should not at all object to her marked
preference for Charlie, if only she would not be so cross to Cecil.
Apparently, she does not notice little Sophy at all. But, Edith, it is not
merely Madeleine's unkindness to Cecil of which I think, but also of all
the little-tattle, the stories—the—what shall I say?—about Madeleine,
in which I should like to remove my little girl."

"And you will be quite right to do so. A child's mind cannot be
kept too pure. The knowledge of evil comes fast enough. Your sister,
fortunately, has been brought up in a bad school. I am not blaming
her, but her Parisian education has made her, at twenty years of

age, a woman of the world—pardon me—in its *worst* sense, and familiar with all its immorality.”

“Dear Edith! I entirely agree with you,” replied Mrs. Percival. “Madeleine has had a wretched education. The governess who was chosen for her, and who, I believe, was supposed to be superior and excellent in all respects, turned out to be a woman of very bad character. It is painful to mention my . . . my unhappy mother, but with such examples, such training, what can be expected from Madeleine?”

“Nothing!” said Edith; “nothing good, unless a miracle had been worked in her behalf. But Cecil should be removed from the possibility of hearing the gossip of the servants’ hall and the nursery. She is a very quick, intelligent girl, and it is a strange fact in human nature that evil, or rather the knowledge of evil, is more speedily imbibed than the knowledge of good, into the mind and the memory. Cecil hears things hinted, indeed openly spoken of, about her aunt, which she cannot help knowing are considered wrong. Yet she sees her aunt living with you, and going into society, as if she had every right to be respected and esteemed. My advice to you, dear Agnes, is, either to get rid of Madeleine, or to send Cecil away.”

“Thank you, dear Edith, for your good advice; and much as I shall feel the separation from my darling Cecil, for *her* sake I shall try to have her removed from Woodbury and its evil influences. But for Madeleine, I would have engaged a clever governess for Cecil; under existing circumstances, however, that would not be a good plan.”

As Alfred Percival was still lingering in London, Agnes wrote to ask him if he had any objection to her sending Cecil to school, as she thought the child was old enough to require better tuition than *she* could give her, and that she might improve more at a good school than with a governess at home.

Alfred debated the matter for a few minutes in his own mind. If he were sure that Agnes would obtain a pretty and pleasing young woman as a governess, he would like that very well; it would be a relief to the monotony of Woodbury to have a nice girl to flirt with—perhaps to make love to. But the governess might be an ugly, wizened old maid, who would not at all improve the establishment. No; it would be better to send away that disagreeable Cecil, who was much more sharp-sighted than she ought to be. So he graciously gave permission to Agnes to do as she pleased, providing she did not put the girl to a *very* expensive school.

Mrs. Percival thought she could not do better for her daughter than to send her to the establishment at which Juliet Barwell had been educated. The terms were not too exorbitant, even according to Alfred Percival’s ideas, and the matter was soon arranged, to the extreme distress of poor Cecil, who could not bear the thought of leaving her mother, her sister Sophy, her nurse, her kind friend Juliet, and her home. It was also a great trial and sacrifice to Agnes to part with her darling Cecil; but when she thought of Madeleine, she felt the absolute necessity of removing so intelligent and quick-witted a child from the taint of her society.

“Oh!” she exclaimed to herself, “what has not that wretched Madeleine cost me! And I welcomed her with such delight, and gave her

my warmest love, and entire confidence! How has she repaid all this? Like the tempter of mankind, she came to bring sin and misery into what had been another Eden, and I was *forced*, Heaven knows not *allured*, into tasting of the fruit of the tree of fatal knowledge. Alas! from that dreadful hour what has life been to me? And yet I dare not pray to be released from this grief-laden existence, for my poor children need my care, and my feeble protection. And these dear children! Have not I robbed them of their rights, imposed on them the offspring of crime as a legitimate brother, and given to him, both as regards my daughters and the world, a position he had no right to occupy? I was very, very wrong, very weak. But my poor heart quailed at the thought of murder, and the murderer's doom hereafter. Oh, Madeleine, Madeleine! so young, so innocent-looking, and yet so steeped in vice!"

Such thoughts were always passing through the mind of poor Agnes; no wonder, then, that she looked unhappy, at least sad, and that she would so often sit in dreamy abstraction. But she did not give way to unavailing regret; she had duties to perform, she had her appointed task to fulfil, and she knew where to apply for aid in the midst of her sufferings. She was not a "*broken-hearted widow*," which it seems the fashion now-a-days to consider the acme of all misfortune; but she was a broken-hearted wife, which is, possibly, in sober reality, the worse evil of the two.

There is a holy calm, there may be a holy hope, and there *ought* to be a holy resignation in regard to those ties which are severed by death. But the ties which are severed by guilt have no consolation. There is the corroding sense of wrong inflicted; the struggle against long-cherished love; trust so faithlessly broken; and contempt so unwillingly admitted. Alas for those who are the victims of the guilt of others! Better had the grave closed over them all. Peace for the innocent, and pardon for the sinning, might be found at the mercy-seat of God.

When Cecil's going to school was determined on, and every arrangement had been finally made, Mrs. Barwell offered to take the little girl up to London. She thought that it might be unpleasant for Agnes to go to town, where her husband was so devoted to a woman of bad character, and when he had not, in the slightest degree, expressed a wish to see her.

Agnes thankfully accepted Mrs. Barwell's kind proposition. It would have been very disagreeable to her to have forced herself upon Alfred, and awkward to have gone to London without seeing him. Poor Agnes's heart ached to think how times were changed. Formerly, if her husband had been for any length of time absent from home, she would have felt certain that he was detained by unavoidable business, that he was longing to see her, and she would have rejoiced at the opportunity of going to him. Now, there was an icy barrier between them, that never, never could be removed.

"He does not care!" she exclaimed in the bitterness of her heart. "She does not care! It is only *I* who have to bear the burden of a blasted life."

At length the day arrived for the departure of Cecil. Sophy cried a little, Cecil cried a great deal more, and everybody was sorry to part with her except Madeleine, who was extremely glad to get rid of "that

prying, troublesome, impertinent brat," as she called her niece to her friend Captain St. George, with whom she took a ride that afternoon on the sea-shore, during which little expedition they tied their horses to some stunted trees that grew among the small patches of soil low down on the rocky side of the hill, and rested awhile in a cavern which stretched a short way within the rocks, and into which the sea seldom entered except at very high tides, or when the waves were lashed into fury by fearful storms.

Just as they were emerging from this "cool grot," Madeleine putting on her hat, which she had taken off, and Captain St. George brushing some sand from his clothes, they encountered two people approaching it—these were Juliet Barwell and Lord Eskdale. They had come from the other side of the rock. Juliet was walking arm-in-arm with Lord Eskdale. It was an embarrassing meeting to both parties. The gentlemen looked defiance at each other, and the young ladies spoke to each other in the coldest possible manner. After the first slight greeting there was a dead silence, until Juliet remarked what a charming day her mother and Cecil had had for their journey.

"Yes," Madeleine said, "a very fine day, but I pity Mrs. Barwell to be troubled with that rude child. I am glad she is gone, for she was becoming quite unbearable. I left Agnes weeping and wailing on account of her departure. But, *mon Dieu!* I have lost my brooch!" she exclaimed, putting her hand to the little white collar which surmounted her riding-habit. "I must either have dropped it in the cavern, or when galloping on the sands," and she rushed back into the cave to look for it.

"Perhaps she expects me to follow her," said Lord Eskdale to himself; "but I am not going to do so;" and he remained standing on the beach.

"Will you take a peep into the cavern, Lord Eskdale?" said Juliet. "It is one of our few curiosities."

"Is there anything remarkable in the cavern?" he asked. "Are there any stalactites, or crystallisations?"

"Oh no, it cannot boast of anything so pretty. But it is a useful place if one is caught in a heavy shower of rain on the sands, and requires some shelter."

Juliet led the way to the mouth of the cave, Lord Eskdale followed her, and they met Madeleine just coming out, with her brooch in her hand; she had found it there.

"Is this a favourite resort of yours, Miss Stuart?" asked Lord Eskdale.

"No," she replied; "I come here very seldom now. I used formerly to be here frequently with my sister's children."

Lord Eskdale glanced round the cavern, then drew quickly back with a look of mingled pain and displeasure, as he said:

"This may be a very picturesque cave, and convenient on occasions, but I prefer the open shore and the fresh sea-breeze."

Juliet observed clouds gathering on Madeleine's brow, and knowing that predicted a storm, and fearing for some outbreak of temper on her part, she hastened to say that, as they had a long ride before them to get home, she thought they had better return to where they had left their horses and the groom.

Captain St. George said he and Miss Stuart must also seek their horses, which were awaiting them round the corner of a projecting rock. They then bade each other good evening and separated: Lord Eskdale and Juliet walking for a little way in profound silence, while his lordship was ruminating on the past, the present, and the future, and almost, to his own surprise, thanking Heaven that Madeleine had not accepted his offer at Spa.

"She would have taken me for my title, as Lawson suggested, and I should have found myself either the successor of, or supplanted by, this fellow St. George."

The "fellow St. George" also returned a thanksgiving to Heaven, but it was for another sort of boon—viz. that Miss Juliet and her disagreeable companion, that "booby, Lord Eskdale," had not arrived at the cave a quarter of an hour sooner.

"It is a mercy they did not," replied Madeleine, half laughing, half crying, for she feared that the Scotch earl was lost to her for ever.

II.

UNWELCOME COMMUNICATIONS.

"ENGAGED to be married—I don't believe it, I never will believe it!" exclaimed Madeleine to her friend Mrs. Black, who in vain tried to shake off her intimacy with that damsel, in obedience to the orders she had received from her husband, who had become much alarmed lest his young wife's principles should be undermined by her frequent intercourse with a person of such questionable morals as Madeleine's.

"But you will have to believe it when the marriage takes place, Miss Stuart."

"It will *never* take place," cried Madeleine, indignantly. "I know very well that the Barwells, and the Mackenzies, and the De Veres have all been stirring heaven and earth to get Lord Eskdale for that disagreeable, stuck-up, pretended pattern of propriety, Juliet; and I know that Eskdale is a soft fool—but he was desperately in love with me at Spa, and I could soon wind him round my finger again."

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Black. "They say he was very jealous of Captain St. George, and was very angry at him."

"His being jealous of Captain St. George shows how much he still cares for me."

"But suppose he thought you were too intimate with St. George, who is as good as a married man? Some gentlemen are so particular, you know. There's my husband now, I declare he is angry at Captain St. George coming so often here."

"Angry! What should make him angry?"

"I can't say," replied the little woman, with tears in her eyes. "But he tells me my reputation will suffer if I encourage him so much."

Madeleine fell back in her chair in a fit of laughter.

"How very absurd—my dear Mrs. Black, excuse me, but I can't help laughing at the idea of *your* reputation suffering."

"It would be no laughing matter, Miss Stuart. I don't want Harry, or any one, to think ill of me."

"But now, really, has Captain St. George ever made love to you?"

asked Madeleine, derisively, though Mrs. Black did not observe the sneer.

"Not in the same way that Harry made love to me before we married. But . . . but he sometimes pays me a great many compliments, and talks of my sweet eyes, and tells me that I . . . I am too good for Harry, and ought to have made a higher match."

"Oh! the naughty man!" cried Madeleine, with mock earnestness. "I am afraid he is somewhat of a scapegrace. You must keep him at a little distance, Mrs. Black."

"But how am I to do it? I can't shut the door in his face. I can't say 'Not at home,' when he knows that I am at home."

"To be sure you can't. You see the misfortune of being such a pretty, pleasant person as you are. Men ought to marry stupid, ugly wives, if they don't want any one to pay them attention."

Mrs. Black was much pleased at this compliment; she did not perceive that her dear friend was laughing at her.

"Heigh-ho! I wish Captain St. George would go away; it would be better both for you and me, Miss Stuart, though he is such a pleasant man that I am sure we shall miss him sadly."

"But about Lord Eskdale's marriage. From whom did you hear that *bêtise*?" asked Madeleine.

Mrs. Black looked puzzled.

"That *what*, Miss Stuart? I didn't quite catch your word."

Madeleine remembered that Mrs. Black did not understand a syllable of French.

"That absurd story," she said, by way of explanation.

"I heard it from Mrs. Percy, and she heard it from the red-headed curate, and I think Mr. de Vere must have hinted it to him."

"Oh! if it is only some of Mrs. Percy's gossip, it is sure to be a lie; that woman never speaks the truth."

"She cannot *always* speak the truth, certainly," replied Mrs. Black, "or she would not have told such a wicked, shameful story about you."

"What story?" demanded Madeleine, angrily and eagerly.

"Oh! I can't tell you; it is too bad. But I never believed it, and never will," replied little Mrs. Black, colouring violently to the very roots of her hair. She had not intended to mention the ill-natured report spread by Mrs. Percy on Nancy's authority; but she was a silly young woman, and the communication had slipped out without her intending it.

"Mrs. Black, I shall think it very unfriendly if you do not tell me. How can I stop that horrid woman's tongue if I do not know what she says?"

"You can never stop her tongue, Miss Stuart. Harry says she ought to be sent to the treadmill, and made to work with her feet, instead of keeping her tongue always going."

"She ought to be sent to the guillotine," cried Madeleine, wrathfully.

"But what did she say of me?"

"Well, Miss Stuart, it was too absurd for any one to listen to. She said . . . she said——"

Poor Mrs. Black stopped in the greatest trepidation.

"What *did* she say?" asked Madeleine, imperiously; "that I am going to run off with Captain St. George?"

! worse, much worse than that. She said—I don't know how I you, it is so shocking—she said——”

at?” cried Madeleine, starting from her chair, and, with flushed and flashing eyes, rushing up to the frightened Mrs. Black. “Mrs. Black!”

umbled the words as quickly as poor Mrs. Black could eject them from her mouth.

“Did you had a child.”

Madeleine was calm in a moment; she asked: “Did where is it?”

“No, Percy does not know. She says she never saw it; she knows of it herself.”

“Do you know anything of it? Do you?”

“Oh no! I say it is a wicked invention; and from what I can learn of Mrs. Percival's, who was turned away, is at the bottom

Madeleine tossed her head scornfully as she said:

“It is not worth while to notice what discharged servants and crack-old women say. They may declare that I have had a dozen children for all that I care. I think it would be a good joke if I were to say that Mr. Percy, your head priest here, was their father.”

Black, who had recovered her spirits, laughed heartily, and she forced herself to laugh too. But she felt exceedingly chagrined, and thought crossed her mind, that if this mischievous report had reached Lord Eskdale's ears, it must have had the effect of making him retract the repetition of his offer of marriage.

Madeleine loitered on at Mrs. Black's, though that lady did not ask her to stay, as she was in mortal fear lest her husband should come in and find her and Miss Stuart together, after he had forbidden her to continue her intimacy with that young lady. Madeleine lingered, in the hope that Lord St. George would call, and that he would escort her home. But he did not make his appearance, and she had to walk home alone. At a short distance from the village she met Rose Ashford, who looked as if she were scornfully at her as if she were the lady, and Madeleine thought of the keeper's daughter. A little farther on she met Lord Eskdale and Lady Joliffe riding together; they were in earnest conversation, their faces close to each other, while the groom was far behind; and on proceeding still a little farther, Madeleine saw an open carriage just turning down another road, and in it were seated Lady Joliffe and Captain St. George.

Lord Eskdale had merely touched his hat, and Juliet bowed to the captain. St. George kissed the tips of his fingers, which were in lilac kid gloves, but Lady Joliffe did not pretend to see her. Madeleine went home in a rage, and as she had no longer Cecil to vent her upon, she scolded her maid Hortense, and put her also in a bad humor.

Later in the day she received a billet from Captain St. George, in which he was obliged to bid adieu to his belle amie, for he had got an active summons from Lady Alice to come up to town, in order to enter to a fancy ball at her aunt's, Lady Emily Trevor's. There was a fancy-dress quadrille, in which Lady Alice wished him to be her partner, and she had hinted that if he found attractions in Devonshire so great as to be met with in the society of herself and her

circle, and were unwilling to return to London, she did not wish to drag him away from his country friends, but would select another partner for the quadrille. Captain St. George wrote that he did not care about missing the fancy-dress quadrille, but he had some little fear that, if he neglected her mandate as to his immediate return to town, she might not only find a substitute for him in the quadrille, but in the matrimonial alliance, which was intended to come off in the course of a month, and that would be extremely inconvenient to him. He now, therefore, wrote to say good-bye, as he would have to start early next morning for London.

Madeleine was exceedingly annoyed at Captain St. George's sudden departure; in her vanity and folly she had entertained the idea that he would not be able to tear himself from her, and that it would end in his giving up Lady Alice for her.

But the vexations of the day were not yet over for Miss Stuart. At tea-time Agnes told her that Lord Eskdale and the Mackenzies had called for a few minutes in the morning, during her absence from home, to take leave. They were going back to Scotland next day, but would return again to Barwell Lodge in about two months, when Lord Eskdale's and Juliet's marriage was fixed to take place.

Madeleine cast a furious look at her sister.

"This is *your* doing!" she exclaimed. "Lord Eskdale does not care a straw for that Juliet Barwell, and it is you who have talked him into the marriage. And why? Because your cher ami, Lawson, is his particular friend, and you can get him brought down to Barwell Lodge whenever you want to see him. Alfred's being so much away from home will be very convenient."

"Madeleine, you are speaking wildly in your excitement. It is a sad thing that wickedness is always uppermost in your thoughts. You do not believe what you say."

"Don't I, though? I know very well that Mr. John Lawson is desperately in love with you; and I have no doubt, notwithstanding your super-eminent virtue, that you will run off with him some of these fine days, as you ran off from school with Alfred. 'Il n'est pire eau que celle qui dort.'"

Madeleine, generally so thoughtless and so callous, cried herself to sleep that night. St. George gone—and Lord Eskdale lost to her forever! And there was no one to replace either! And she must waste her life, her youth, her beauty, in the hateful solitude of Woodbury. She determined to write again to her mother, imploring Mrs. Stuart to remove her from England, and a life of which she could no longer support the ennui. And she almost resolved taking her waiting-maid Hester with her, to follow Alfred to London and get him to make arrangements for her going on the stage as a ballet-dancer.

This last idea returned in her dreams.

She fancied herself dressed in beautiful, airy, fantastic robes, dancing lightly and gracefully before an admiring crowd—she heard their plaudits and she beheld innumerable bouquets thrown at her feet; suddenly, very elegant-looking man came on the stage, he hastened up to her, knelt before her, and entreated her to leave these boards, to marry him.

and become the queen of beauty and fashion in Paris—it was the Count de Villeneuve!

Madeline started in delighted surprise; the start awoke her, and—alas! alas! the bright vision had fled—she was lying in her couch at the detested Woodbury, and no sounds fell upon her listening ears except the singing of birds and the rustling of the leafy trees. It was a sad contrast to her “peopled dream!” It is always sad to awake from any pleasing delusion, whether that be the offspring of sleep or of waking fancy, to a cheerless and unwelcome reality.

III.

MR. BABINGTON AT WOODBURY.

BEFORE Madeline had made up her mind to take Alfred by storm in London, for she thought it would be well to await her mother’s answer to the letter she had despatched to her the day after Captain St. George’s and Lord Eskdale’s departure, Alfred had written that he was coming home in a day or two, and was going to bring with him a gentleman connected with the West Indies, whose acquaintance he had made in London. A rich man, he added, and a widower without children, a Mr. Babington.

“Babington!” thought Agnes. “I have surely heard that name somewhere. Ah, now I recollect. Edgar Howard spoke of an individual of that name with great abhorrence. He described him as a low-bred, mean, bad man; the charming girl to whom Edgar was so much attached married a Mr. Babington, sacrificed herself for the advantage of her family, was quite taken in, and died of a broken heart. I remember the whole story now, which Edgar related to me in confidence, and in which I was much interested. I wonder if the person who is coming here can be the wretch who married Coralie, and caused that poor girl and her affectionate sister and dear Edgar himself so much misery? I hope not, for I shall hardly be able to be civil to him if he is that man.”

“So! A widower without children, and a rich man,” soliloquised Madeline. “Il faut faire tout mon possible pour être charmante. I wonder if he speaks French? I wonder if he has a great deal of money? I wonder if he is handsome and agreeable? Well! Juliet Barwell cannot get hold of *him*, as Lord Eskdale has been entrapped into an engagement with her. I won’t say a word to Alfred about the stage until I see what sort of a person this Babington is; and as to mamma, even if she allows me to join her, I need not go to her unless I choose.”

The object of these cogitations arrived in due time, accompanying the master of the house. It was late in the evening when they reached Woodbury Hall, and, as they had not managed to dine on the road, a hot supper was prepared for them.

Alfred looked haggard, fatigued, and out of spirits; it was evident that the late hours and dissipation of London had told upon him. He seemed, too, to be under a degree of painful restraint in the society of his wife, who, however, had received him and his friend with all due politeness, and forced herself to speak with well-bred ease.

But Alfred missed the warm welcome, the affection with which he had

always been greeted in former days. Then, Agnes's eyes had ever betrayed her immeasurable love, and she had appeared to hang on his words with intense interest. Now, when she did look at him, it was with a cold, stony glance, but she more frequently averted her eyes from him. The same sweet smile as formerly played around her beautiful mouth, but there was a settled sadness in it, which, hard-hearted as Alfred Percival was, could not but slightly touch his feelings.

"It is on *my* account that she grieves; she is unhappy because she thinks *I* care no more for her," he said to himself. "Poor thing! she certainly is very lovely, and there is something in her purity and quiet dignity that is extremely attractive. I must see about a reconciliation. I shall soon regain my influence over her, and then by-gones will be by-gones."

Such was the tenor of Mr. Alfred Percival's silent communion with himself as he sat opposite Agnes at the supper-table, where the *partie carrée* were assembled, and where Madeleine was rattling on in the highest spirits, with a brilliant colour in her cheeks, and her eyes sparkling like diamonds.

Mr. Babington, meanwhile, was like the ass between two bundles of hay. He did not know whether to devote himself most to the animated little beauty opposite to him, or to the excellent viands on his plate. He managed, however, with some skill, to digest both, and, towards the end of the repast, he poured out a bumper of wine, and exclaimed:

"Here's to our better acquaintance, Miss Stuart!"

Madeleine looked surprised at this rather homely proceeding, but she entered gaily into the spirit of it, and carried to her lips a little wine-and-water, though she did not drink it.

"To the improvement of an acquaintance so pleasantly commenced," she said; and Mr. Babington imbibed the flattery.

Some one has said that flattery will reach "the dullest, coldest ear." Mr. Babington's ear might not have been dull, but his mind certainly was, except in the matter of money, touching which he was keen enough. He was not quite without perceptions on some other matters also, for though he was not capable of admiring poetry, painting, sculpture, or music, he could see beauty in a woman, and was also a connoisseur in horses and dogs.

Breathes then the man with soul so dead

who can admire nothing? Such a man would be a *lusus naturæ*. And the guest at Woodbury did admire Madeleine.

"What a deuced nice girl your sister-in-law is, Percival!" said Mr. Babington to Alfred, after the ladies had retired. "Really there is something very bewitching about her."

"She is a very charming girl," said Alfred.

"I wonder she's not married yet," remarked Babington.

"She might have been. She refused a Scotch earl at Spa, where she was much admired."

"Refused an earl!" exclaimed Mr. Babington, opening wide not only his eyes, but his mouth, in amazement. "Why did she refuse him? Was he a queer old fright?"

"No, he was a young man; but I suppose she did not fancy him. He

was a sort of a Miss Molly, and girls of spirit don't care for men that are quite Nathaniels without guile; they prefer a spice of wickedness to such humdrum innocence."

Mr. Babington laughed; he felt that he could certainly not be accused of being too innocent.

Next morning at breakfast, which the sisters had not taken together for some time past, the family assembled, as Agnes thought it a necessary civility to Mr. Percival's guest to be present at that meal. There is generally less formality at breakfast than at dinner, on account of the absence of servants during the earlier repast, but this was not the case now at Woodbury, and had Mr. Babington been a man of any discernment, he might have observed that the inmates of the house where he was visiting were not on the easiest and most cordial terms with each other. But he was too stultified an individual to remark on shades of character or shades of conduct. He ate his breakfast, and he saw that they all ate their breakfasts, and he thought no more about them than that Madeleine was a chatty girl and her sister a silent woman, who, he supposed, was quite taken up with her housekeeping and her nursery, which was all right.

Could he have looked into the hearts of the three persons around him—could he have known some portion of their past history, he would have been greatly surprised.

On seeing Alfred again, after his long absence from home, poor Agnes felt how difficult, how impossible it was for her to be only indifferent towards him. His presence was oppressive to her. To be in the same house with him, to see him every day, to be obliged to speak to him, with such a miserable gulf between them, was a terrible trial to her, especially as she feared he was still insensible to the magnitude of his fault. She would have clothed herself in sackcloth and ashes, if such a vicarious penance could have availed the sinner instead of his own repentance. Morning and night she prayed that he might be brought to a proper sense of his errors, and to a state of penitence; but it was evident that, though somewhat humiliated, he was not repentant.

It also caused Agnes pain to see how much more he noticed Charlie than her daughter Sophy. It was always—"Charlie, my dearest boy!"—"Charlie, my fine fellow!" while he seemed only to tolerate Sophy; however, he was not cross to her, as he used to be to poor Cecil.

When breakfast was over, on the morning after Mr. Babington's arrival, the children came down stairs as usual, and Mr. Percival flew up to Charlie, who was riding on a stick, seized him and the stick in his arms and ran down with him to the lawn, where Mr. Babington was standing with Madeleine, having merely greeted Sophy by pulling one of her pretty bright ringlets as he passed her. Sophy was not at all distressed at her father's indifference to her, and preference of her little brother, as Cecil would have been. She was quite happy, playing with a large wax doll which Mrs. Barwell had brought for her from London, when she had taken Cecil to school.

"Is he not a noble boy?" cried Mr. Percival, putting down Charlie and his stick on the smooth lawn. The child was handsomely dressed in a dark blue velvet tunic, richly embroidered, with a lace collar, fastened by a knot of dark blue ribbon.

Madeleine knelt down on the grass, and said :

"Kiss me, darling !"

The little boy kissed her, and Mr. Babington then stooped down and kissed him, "to take his aunty's kiss from him," as he elegantly expressed himself.

"Oo can tiss her," said Master Charlie, pulling Mr. Babington by the coat towards Madeleine.

"Oh no, Charlie !" exclaimed Alfred, laughing. "Young ladies don't let gentlemen kiss them."

"Et—dey do—de tapitain tiss aunty."

Madeleine became scarlet, and Alfred turned sharply round to her with an angry look ; but Mr. Babington, not being an adept in infantile language, was none the wiser of what the tell-tale little gentleman had disclosed.

"Is he not a splendid boy for his age ?" asked Mr. Percival, again appealing for admiration of the boy to Mr. Babington.

"A very fine child, certainly ; but your little girl is still prettier," replied Mr. Babington, pointing to Sophy, who was indeed a beautiful child.

There were two or three dinner-parties at Woodbury Hall while Mr. Babington was staying there, but he did not enjoy them ; at least, not in the society of those invited. He did not appreciate people of polished manners. In the West Indies he moved quite in a third-rate circle for there, as everywhere else, there are grades of society. Neither money, nor his powers of doing harm, had ever opened the way for him into the best houses, and his short-lived connexion with the Fitz Hug which he had expected would have promoted him in a place among the élite of the island, had rather been a disadvantage to him, for every one knew how ill he had behaved to them.

In London he was not asked to the houses of his patrons, or parties they might have been, except when their families were alone. He had been their tool, their agent for dirty work ; but he was not to be received as an equal.

Mr. Percival had become acquainted with him through some of his male associates, and, as "birds of a feather flock together," Alfred had picked up a sort of intimacy with him. Perhaps he had a design in asking Mr. Babington to Woodbury. He was *now* anxious to get Madeleine married, and he was also anxious to find a protector for Rose Ashford.

Very benevolent designs, doubtless, if it had not been that he was thinking of his own purse, and his own convenience. Would he succeed in either ? Madeleine had evidently made an agreeable impression ; he would keep Rose out of the way, for fear that his worthy guest might experience the fate of the reckless individual who places himself, or an unfortunate being who is placed, between two stools.

However, it was not so easy to hide Rose. Mr. Babington had seen her at a window of the small house at the toll-bar. He admired her exceedingly, and he applied to Mr. Percival to know who and what she was. He had also made inquiries of the village blacksmith, and of the public-house, where he had called one day to treat himself to a glass of gin-and-water. He heard enough to induce him to think that he might make any advances he pleased to the toll-keeper's daughter.

But his experience in frail damsels did not hold good in this particular instance. Rose received his attentions in the coldest manner, she ridiculed his fine speeches, and was angry at his "impertinence."

Rose had stolen out two or three times in the hope of seeing Alfred Percival, whom she had met once or twice; but these meetings had been sources of sorrow, rather than of happiness, to her, for she had found Alfred cold and distant, and taking no pains to conceal that he was weary of her.

To add to her distress, her grandmother was seriously ill, and her father's health was failing fast. Rose had a great deal to do at home, and as Mr. Percival was so little inclined to meet her, she seldom left her father's cottage, except when obliged to go to the village to make necessary purchases.

But one evening—it was a bright and moonlight evening—Alfred Percival had led her to believe that he would be at their old trysting-place in the wood, and Rose had, unperceived, gone out, and hurried to the well-remembered spot. She reached it almost out of breath, and as she approached the thick clump of trees, behind which was the turf seat, where she had so often found him awaiting her, she perceived that some one was there. Springing forward, she cried:

"Oh, dearest Mr. Alfred! How kind of you to come!"

But suddenly she stopped short; it was not Alfred who was sitting there—it was the stranger who had accompanied him from London!

Mr. Babington endeavoured to make himself very agreeable; he informed Rose how much he admired her, and signified that he was willing to make liberal terms with her. He was under the impression that money was irresistible in every case. But he found that Rose, humble and erring though she was, could not be bought. She was exceedingly wrathful, repelled his attempts at familiarity with great indignation, ordered him never to speak to her again, and finally broke from him, clearing the wood with the speed of a fawn, and leaving him most decidedly in the lurch.

Mr. Babington was very much astonished and very angry—more angry than disappointed—but he did not consider it worth while to pursue the retreating damsel, especially as there was a great chance of losing himself among the paths in the wood, of which he knew nothing. He thought it best to make his way back to Woodbury Hall as quietly and as quickly as he could. Which he did—not, however, without experiencing a good deal of fatigue from the long walk he had so uselessly taken.

Rose Ashford was excessively annoyed at what had occurred. She asked herself over and over again how it could have happened that Babington had found out that especial nook, that grassy spot, so shaded from observation by the thick trees which surrounded it. Could it be possible that Alfred Percival had indicated to his guest the place where he might most likely find her? She trembled at the thought; and then, blaming herself for entertaining it a moment, she dismissed the idea as injurious to her lover—to him who had at least once loved her, if he did so no longer. She wrote, however, to Mr. Percival to mention her disappointment at not having seen him, and her vexation at having been subjected to the rudeness of his friend, a person to whom, she said, she had never

uttered a word of encouragement. She complained that this disagreeable man haunted her steps; and added, that she could not imagine *how* he had found out the exact spot in the wood where she had expected to have met Mr. Percival, and how he had managed to be there instead of Alfred.

The letter was conveyed to Alfred through the agency of his favourite groom, Lawrence, who had often been the bearer of despatches between his master and the toll-keeper's fair daughter; and Alfred, in replying to it, exonerated himself from all blame, said he supposed that their former haunts must have been discovered, and that Mr. Babington must have been told by some one in the village where he would be likely to meet her. He added that, on going to the wood on the evening in question, he perceived Mr. Babington making his way through it, and, moreover, going in the direction of the place where she was generally to be found, therefore he did not proceed thither himself.

Whether this statement was true or false, it was believed by poor Rose, who felt much comforted by it, though she was distressed to find that her private affairs had probably become known in the village.

Her grandmother's increasing illness and subsequent death soon withdrew her thoughts, however, from the disagreeable visitor at Woodbury Hall. She strayed out no more in the hope of seeing Mr. Percival, but confined herself entirely to the care of her aged relative while she lived, and to her father's comfort after his mother's death, and thus escaped any further advances from the "odious person," as she called him, whom she might have had some trouble in repulsing had he fallen in with her.

IV.

BEGGING LETTERS.

MR. PERCIVAL never seemed glad to receive letters, but on one particular morning he appeared to be perfectly appalled by the arrival of a missive, bearing on the address, "Via New York and Liverpool." He turned pale and red, and pale again, and evinced so much consternation that even the opaque Mr. Babington observed his uneasiness, and spluttered forth, with his mouth half full of egg, for he was getting through his third one:

"Ah ha! a dun, I suppose; there's nothing stirs one up like a dun and these Yankees are sharp customers."

"Yes, I dare say it is a dun," replied Alfred, trying to regain some composure. "But not from a Yankee. The fellow who writes this" and he knocked the letter angrily with his finger—"is an Irish scoundrel to whom I have been too kind. He used to live in this neighbourhood and as the people about here did not notice him at all, I was sorry for him, and took him by the hand. It was very foolish on my part, for he has stuck to me like a leech ever since, and, like the horse-leech that Mr. Percy was talking of in his sermon yesterday, he is always crying 'Give give.' I don't think I should have remembered a word of that stupid old pompous rector's sermon, had it not struck me in church that the horse-leech he was alluding to was the counterpart of this pest of mine. He is one of these sort of animals, that if you give them an inch the

will take an ell. I helped this fellow several times when he was in difficulties, and when he got into some serious trouble I furnished him with the means of going to the United States to make a living there. But he seems only to occupy himself by writing me begging letters."

"That begging-letter system," said the village doctor, who was breakfasting at Woodbury Hall that morning, having been sent for at rather an early hour to see Sophy, who had not been very well during the night—"that begging-letter system is a regularly organised one, and is a thriving trade, too, very often, I am told. It is astonishing how much the men and women who follow it *do* make. My aunt, an elderly lady of independent means, who resides in London, is worried almost to death with begging letters. And if she gives once, it is all over with her; that forms a claim for future persecution."

"I would send the letters to a police-court, and have the writers taken up," said Mr. Babington.

"I do not know if they could well be taken up, unless they send threatening letters, or letters giving evidence of swindling; at any rate, few persons would like to seem so hard-hearted as to come forward to have people punished for the appearance of extreme poverty. Few ladies, at least, would like to prosecute begging-letter writers, especially if they happen to know anything of them, and think that they *may* be in distress. But it is a very great nuisance."

"I have heard," said Alfred, "that these professional begging-letter writers generally spend in drink the money they extort by their doleful appeals."

"They often do, no doubt," replied the doctor. "I have known several instances of this. Some rather curious things have come to my knowledge touching this branch of industry. I hope I shall not weary you, but what I am going to tell you now is a positive fact."

"My worthy aunt whom I have just mentioned has been a great victim to these rapacious beggars. There was a young man who had been for a short time junior master at a school at which one of her sons was partly educated. He had also given a few private lessons in Latin to the boy during the Christmas holidays one winter. The young man turned out ill. He was dismissed from the school, got into other employment, and lost it on account of his insolence and bad habits, and so sank lower and lower. At length he took to writing begging-letters. My aunt had heard nothing about him for some years, and when he wrote to her, with a moving tale, she believed his statement and sent him money. Of course there was another demand shortly after—fresh misfortunes having happened, as the appeal set forth. Again the money asked was sent. And so it went on, demand after demand, until at length the applicant became so careless as to write—six weeks after he had implored for assistance to bury his poor mother—that the said poor mother was ill and starving, and he could neither provide her with food nor medicines. This awakened my aunt's suspicions. She made some inquiries about the young man, and found that he was given to drinking, and did nothing either to support himself, or assist in supporting his father and step-mother."

"He had also extorted money from some ladies with whom my aunt was acquainted, the family of a medical gentleman whose son had been a

pupil at the same school as my cousin, where the young man had been usher for a short time. He had obtained from these ladies money several times, and on one occasion a complete suit of clothes, for which he begged in order to enable him to take a remunerative situation as clerk in a respectable office. After various subterfuges and statements respecting his poverty and misery, one of which was that he had not tasted food for three days, he wrote both to my aunt and her friends—and probably to many others—that his poor father, who had been attacked by a rheumatic fever, was lying at his last gasp, literally dying for the want of medicine and the most common necessities of life. ‘It is dreadful,’ he wrote, ‘to see his famished countenance and imploring looks, yet we have nothing to give him except a crust of dry bread, which he is not able to swallow.’ He appealed to their Christian feelings, and implored them, ‘to spare something from the abundance with which Providence had blessed them, to relieve the dire wants of “the sons and daughters of misfortune.”’ Their furniture, their clothes, everything had been sold or pawned to obtain the means of existence, and they had to sleep, the dying invalid and all, upon the bare boards.

“My aunt was quite shocked, and sent by the messenger who called for her answer, who, she was not then aware, was the applicant himself not only money, but tea, sugar, sago, arrowroot, chocolate, and all manner of things that might be useful to the poor sufferer.

“Her friend the surgeon, instead of allowing his wife and daughters to send any relief, determined to go himself to inquire into the case, and in the old man were really ill, to prescribe for him, and procure every assistance for him and his family.

“When he reached the house described as the abode of so much misery he was surprised to find a nice-looking cottage, small, indeed, but with nothing squalid in its appearance. There was a little garden in front of it, and there seemed to be a few yards of ground with a flower-border going round the house, and with a white paling separating it from the next cottage. He went up the short path, and observing a low window at one side of the front door open, he looked in. Here he saw a small, but very decently-furnished parlour, with a carpet, a sofa, tables, and chairs—nothing that denoted extreme poverty. Just as he turned from the window, some eight or ten little girls came half running, half dancing through the front door, and out of the tiny gate. They had all books in their hands, and some carried small slates and work-bags. He stopped one of the eldest of the children and asked what they had been doing in that cottage. The girl said the mistress of the house kept a day-school, and they, and some children in the neighbourhood, attended it.

“The surgeon then knocked at the front door, and it was opened by a tidily-dressed maid-servant. He said he had called to inquire for her master, naming him, as he had understood he was ill.

““Can I see him?” asked the surgeon. ‘I am a medical man.’

““Yes, you can,” replied the young woman. ‘You’ll find him round the corner there, he’s trimming the vine.’

“So the charitably-disposed visitor went round the corner of the cottage, and there, sure enough, was a respectable-looking elderly man, seemingly as hale and hearty as could be, standing on a ladder—which was placed

against the wall of the house—with a large pair of scissors in his hand, trimming a flourishing vine that covered the entire wall!

"The surgeon apologised for intruding, but said he had heard Mr. W. was dangerously ill, and had called to inquire for him, as he had known something of his son formerly, but was happy to find him so well, and that he had been misinformed. He mentioned that he had understood that Mr. W. was suffering from a severe attack of rheumatic fever.

"The man came down from the ladder, and explained that he had caught cold a few weeks before, and had had 'a slight bout of rheumatics in one leg,' but it had quite gone. He did not seem to wish to speak of his son, therefore the visitor did not press the subject, but soon took leave, having satisfied himself as to the credibility of the begging letters that were so often forwarded from that cottage.

"In the course of another week letters came from the same quarter to my aunt and to the surgeon's family. It was evident that the vine-dresser's son had not heard of the visit to his father. To my aunt he wrote that his dear father was no more, and he hoped and prayed that he might find more mercy in a better world than had been granted him in this one; the letter wound up with, 'You will surely not refuse to give my afflicted mother, myself, and my brothers, money to purchase mourning for my lamented father, as, without it, we cannot have the sad consolation of paying the last respect to his memory, and following his remains to the grave!'

"My aunt, of course, gave no answer to this veracious epistle, but kept it as a psychological curiosity, while her friend, the surgeon, returned the fac-simile addressed to his wife, with a note informing the writer that if he ever ventured to send any more begging letters to his family, they should be forwarded to the Mendicity Society, to deal with him as they thought fit."

"That was a settler, I presume," said Mr. Percival, "for these begging-letter gentry are extremely afraid of the Mendicity Society."

"Recommend *your* begging friend to them," said Mr. Babington. "I would, if I were you."

"Ah! it would be of no avail," sighed Alfred; "the functions of the society do not reach as far as the other side of the Atlantic."

After the party had risen from the breakfast-table, the village doctor, who had again seen Sophy, whom he found much better, had taken his leave, and Mr. Babington had strolled to the stables, Alfred went to "the study," to read his unwelcome letter from the United States. He knew that no one would interrupt him in that quiet retreat, a pleasant room opening upon a lawn, and fitted up with mahogany book-cases, well filled with books; there were lounging and other chairs, globes, maps, a library table, on which lay writing materials, and magazines, reviews, and newspapers. It had been Mr. Montague's favourite haunt, for he was a man of literary tastes, and read a great deal. Since his death, Agnes had been in the habit of frequently going into this study or library even when Alfred was there, and, selecting some work on history, biography, or some other subject to interest her, sitting there to read, only occasionally looking up to make a remark to her dear Alfred, or listen to one from him. Now, she never joined him there; and as no one else had

frequented that apartment, he was certain of having it entirely to himself.

"I wonder how much the rascal will have the conscience to ask for this time?" he thought, as he slowly opened the unacceptable epistle. But what did he behold in it? It was well that he was alone at the moment. The hue of death had suddenly come over his features, the skin of his face had become livid, almost blue, and his eyeballs stared wild at vacancy. Falling back in his chair for a few minutes, he sat thus—and if ever mortal man suffered agony, *he* did during that short period of speechless emotion.

At length he heaved a deep sigh, which was almost a groan. The starting up in the utmost excitement from his chair, he crushed the letter in his clammy hand, while he poured forth, in low, broken words, imprecations and maledictions on the head of the detested writer; and the crouching down again in his chair, he gasped:

"Coming back to England! The party of whom he was so much afraid is dead—no one can prove anything against him now in that affair—he does not get on in the States—there are too many scoundrels like himself there, I suppose—he wants money to pay some few debts and his passage home—I am to forward a remittance without delay—and he will hope to shake hands with me at Woodbury in about six weeks.

"*Shake hands with me!* I should like to see him dangling from gallows. I may as well shoot myself at once, if he returns, for he will make life a hell to me. What am I to do? If I send him money, he will start by the very first steamer. Perhaps I had better not send him any, and pretend not to have received his impudent letter. But that might anger him, and one has no hold over such a brute. I had hoped never to have seen his face again. What shall I do? There is no one on earth whom I can consult—no one to whom I can express a single feeling of the many that are weighing me down at this moment!

"Agnes has plenty of good sense, but we are *now* so estranged that I cannot go to her, and explain to her how matters stand—I could hardly have done this in any case. And yet—and yet—in *other* days she would have stood by me through thick and thin."

Alfred thought with some reviving tenderness of his neglected and ill-used wife, and he could not help feeling how wantonly he had outraged and thrown away the devoted affection of such a woman,—she who could and would have carried out the sentiment conveyed in these beautiful lines,

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!

SILENCE DEEP AS DEATH.

A CUE FROM CAMPBELL.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

CAMPBELL never wrote anything more spirited than the Battle of the Marston; nor is there a more telling passage in it—nor, perhaps, of its kind, in universal literature—than that noble picture of the British fleet waiting for action, and the Danes that confronted and defied them :

It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was *silence deep as death* ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

Shakespeare's description—purposely high-wrought and rhetorical (for it is mouthed by a professional player, declaiming to order)—of Pyrrhus suddenly arrested in his onset against reverend Priam, contains an image of those intervals of hushed suspense in nature, when, as Virgil puts it, *ful ipsa silentia terrent*, the very silence is dreadful :

But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack* stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death : anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region : So, after Pyrrhus' pause.†

In one of Dryden's paraphrased translations from Boccaccio, an " awful pause" occurs, on the on-rush of the grisly sprite to seize and slay the solitary maid : " The pale assistants," we read (an instance of the use, by our older writers, of the word *assist* in what is sometimes assumed to be an exclusively French sense) :

The pale assistants on each other stared,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepared ;
The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And died imperfect on the faltering tongue :‡

It is perhaps the more shocking for the bootless effort to break it, in the momentary spasms of inarticulate speech. And it is the more a silence of the Egyptian Darkness) may be felt, because of the immediate antecedent of an outburst of cries—the shrieks of women, mingled with the hoarse baying of the Wild Huntsman's hounds.

Byron makes this sort of silence audible to us in a well-known stanza :

Thrice sounds the clarion ; lo, the signal falls,
The den expands, and Expectation mute
Gapes round the silent Circle's peopled walls.§

* Light clouds.

† Hamlet, Act II. Sc. 2.

‡ Theodore and Honoria.

§ Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, canto i. st. lxxv.

So does Scott, in the brawl at bridal feast :

While thus for blows and death prepared,
Each heart was up, each weapon bared,
Each foot advanced,—a surly pause
Still revered hospitable laws.
All menaced violence, but alike
Reluctant each the first to strike
Thus threat and murmur died away,
Till on the crowded hall there lay
Such silence as the deadly still
Ere bursts the thunder on the hill.*

And he opens the next canto, with this note of interrogation :

Hast thou not mark'd, when o'er thy startled head
Sudden and deep the thunder-peal has roll'd,
How, when its echoes fell, *a silence dead*
Sunk on the wood, the meadow, and the wold ?

* * *

Artornish ! such a silence sunk
Upon thy halls, when that grey Monk
His prophet-speech had spoke ;
And his obedient brethren's sail
Was stretch'd to meet the Southern gale
Before a whisper woke :
Then murmuring sounds of doubt and fear,
Close pour'd in many an anxious ear,
The solemn stillness broke.†

Snatches of festive silence, so to speak, are interspersed here and there through a banquet scene in Leigh Hunt's poem of the Palfrey; as when the King suddenly calls out the name of Sir Guy de Paul,—whereat

The music stopped with awe and wonder,
Like discourse when speaks the thunder ;
And the feasters, one and all,
Gazed upon Sir Guy de Paul.

Anon the revelry is renewed, and laughter runs riot in tumultuating excess, until of a sudden again

Out spoke the King with wrathful breath,
Smiting the noise as still as death.

Can aught be stiller than that ? The poet implies as much, affirms as much, when presently a new spectacle attracts all gazers,

And, as the King had given command,
In rode a couple, hand in hand,
Who made the stillness stiller.‡

Plutarch works up the scene of Numa's election to be King of Rome with a critical hush on the part of an expectant crowd. The chief of the augurs covered Numa's head, and stood behind him, praying, and watching for flight of birds, or other signal from the gods. "An incredible silence reigned among the people, anxious for the event, and lost in su-

* The Lord of the Isles, canto ii. st. xviii.

† Ibid., canto iii. st. i., ii.

‡ The Palfrey, part v., *passim*.

the auspicious birds appeared and passed on the right hand.”* on the people burst from silence into tumultuous shouting, and Sabine, king.

ur, that very modern Longinus, was captivated exceedingly by his image in Tacitus, *quale magni metus et magnæ iræ silentium*—a passage which competent classical criticism has allowed to be fully represented in the latest of English translations: it is as if Galba being hurried to and fro with every movement of the crowd—the halls and temples all around being thronged with men of this dismal sight: “Not a voice was heard from the people on the rabble. Everywhere were terror-stricken countenances, turned to catch every sound. It was a scene neither of agitation nor repose, but there reigned the silence of profound alarm and indignation.”† *Magni metus et magnæ iræ silentium*—for a

his description of the excitement in Rome on the night of the death of the Emperor Commodus, vilest of the vile, includes this in the demeanour of the Senate, called together, on a sudden, at break of day, to meet the guards, and ratify the election of a emperor (Pertinax). “For a few minutes they sat in silent suspense occasioned by doubt as to the reality—too good to be true?—of expected deliverance, and by suspicion of Commodus only playing some cruel trick. No sooner, however, were the conscript assured that the tyrant was no more, than they “resigned themselves to all the transports of joy and indignation.”||

the song that Moses and the children of Israel sang, when the horse and his rider, their pursuers, had been thrown into the raging notes were struck on the dread that should take hold on the hearts of Palestina. To Him that had delivered and would yet deliver Israel was this song sung, and to the confusion of His foes: Fear should fall upon them: by the greatness of His arm they were as still as a stone, till His people passed over, till the people for which He had purchased.—Nor again be it forgotten that when seen from Patmos, the seventh seal was opened, there was heaven about the space of half an hour.

lides may be said to have immortalised the “solemn and touch-ent,” as Mr. Grote calls it, of silence—profound, intensified, silence—of the whole population of Athens, assembled on the Piræus, to see the Sicilian expedition off. That the silence was only a burst of “prayer and praise” from the voices of crews and alike, only enhances the original effect.

Francis Xavier inspired the dismayed people of Malacca to re-losem, his life was for a time in instant jeopardy—for he, the preceding hour, as Sir James Stephen says, was now the object

n Vit. Num.

† Tacit. Hist., l. i. c. xl.

the version by Messrs. A. J. Church and W. J. Brodribb. (Macmillan,

the end and Fall of the Roman Empire, ch. iv.

s, citing Dion, calls Gibbon's picture of the “silent suspense” more than historical.

of popular fury. As he knelt before the altar, the menacing crowd were "scarcely restrained by the sanctity of the place from immolating him there as a victim to his own disastrous counsels." Still he knelt, and prayed, with mien and in tones of passionate fervour. So fervid, and so impassioned, indeed, that a solemn pause ensued. "One half hour of deep and agonising silence held the awe-stricken assembly in breathless expectation"—when, bounding to his feet, his countenance radiant with joy, and his voice clear and ringing as with the swelling notes of the trumpet, he exclaimed that Christ had conquered, and that at that very moment his invading foes were being slaughtered and put to shame.*

It was when the same Apostle of the Indies, bound for China, passed through the gates of Malacca to the beach, followed by a grateful and admiring people, that, as he fell on his face on the earth, and as he there "poured forth a passionate, though silent prayer," his body heaving and shaking with the throes of inward conflict, a contagious terror is said to have passed from eye to eye, but every voice was hushed. "It was as the calm preceding the first thunder-peal which is to rend the firmament."† For when he arose, it was to vent sacred indignation, expressed with vehement action, against the devoted city.

On the return of Cortes to Mexico, on Midsummer-day, 1520, the historian specially notes the difference the scene presented from that of his former entrance. "A death-like stillness brooded over the scene," as the Spanish general rode moodily on at the head of his battalions,—"*a stillness that spoke louder to the heart than the acclamations of multitudes.*"‡

When Montezuma finally consented to interpose with his infuriated subjects on behalf of the Spaniards, his presence was instantly recognised by the people, and, as the royal retinue advanced along the battlements, a change, we are told, as if by magic, came over the scene. "The clang of instruments, the fierce cries of the assailants, were hushed, and a death-like stillness pervaded the whole assembly, so fiercely agitated but a few moments before by the wild tumult of war."§

On that 20th of September on the Alma, likened by Mr. Kinglake to some remembered day of June in England, for the sun was unclouded, and the soft breeze of the morning had lulled to a breath at noontide, and was creeping faintly along the hills,—then it was that "in the Allied armies there occurred a singular pause of sound—a pause so general as to have been observed and remembered by many in remote parts of the ground, and so marked that its interruption by the mere neighing of an angry horse seized the attention of thousands; and although this strange silence was the mere result of weariness and chance, it seemed to carry a meaning, for it was now that after near forty years of peace the great nations of Europe were once more meeting for battle."||

Washington Irving, in one of his letters from Madrid, gives an animated description of a review of the national guard by the Regent Espartero, and seems to have been particularly struck by one incident in the display. Espartero took his place in the centre of the esplanade, and

* See Sir James Stephen's *Ecclesiastical Essays*, vol. i. p. 216, 3rd ed.

† *Ibid.*, p. 236.

‡ Prescott, *History of Conquest of Mexico*, book iv. ch. viii.

§ *Ibid.*, book v. ch. i.

|| Kinglake's *History of the Invasion of the Crimea*, vol. ii.

drawing his sword, made a signal as if to speak. "In an instant a profound silence reigned over that vast body of troops, and the thousands of surrounding spectators. I do not know that I was ever more struck by anything, than by this sudden quiet of an immense multitude."* A French officer of note, in speaking of the British troops, once remarked as very formidable, "*cet affreux silence que l'on observe en marchant en ligne.*"

At Trafalgar, when a shot from Villeneuve's flag-ship, the *Bucentaure*, at length went through the *Victory's* maintop-gallant-sail, affording to the enemy the first visible proof that his shot would reach—and that indeed already it had told on Nelson's own ship—we read that "a minute or two of awful silence ensued,"† before the whole van of the French fleet opened a crashing fire on that one vessel, which for forty minutes, and notwithstanding the loss of fifty men, attempted no return.

Wordsworth, in one of his Sonnets on the anabasis and katabasis of the French army in Russia, thus commemorates an incident on the heights of Hochheim :

Abruptly paused the strife;—the field throughout
Resting upon his arms each warrior stood,
Checked in the very act and deed of blood,
With breath suspended, like a listening scout.‡

When Canaris sent, or rather took, the fire-ships into the Turkish fleet off Chios, in 1822, profound was the consternation of the Turks who watched the event from the town. The Capitan Pacha's three-decker was ablaze, and several others, and not a vessel in the fleet but was distinctly to be seen that night in the glare of that dread conflagration. When the Admiral's ship blew up at last, it was with "an explosion so tremendous that every house for miles around was shaken to its foundation, every ship in the straits rocked as in a tempest; and the awful silence which immediately ensued was broken, as in an eruption of Vesuvius, by the clatter of the spars and masts which fell upon the fleet."§

On the evening of the assault on Ciudad Rodrigo, which must be carried, Wellington said, at seven o'clock, the trenches of the British lines were crowded with armed men, among whom not a whisper was to be heard; so completely, says Alison, had the absorbing anxiety of the moment stilled every dauntless heart.|| The pages of this historian are, indeed, rife with illustrations of 'bated breath, from causes military, maritime, and miscellaneous. At one time it is when all Paris is listening, in 1810, for the number of discharges from the cannon's mouth, to know whether 'tis son or daughter that is born to the Emperor: "At the first report, the whole inhabitants¶ of Paris wakened, and the discharges were counted with intense interest, till, when the twenty-first gun had gone off, the anxiety of all classes had risen to an unbearable pitch. The gunners delayed an instant before the next piece** was discharged, and some hun-

* Life and Letters of Washington Irving, vol. iii. ch. lxvii.

† W. James's Naval History, vol. iii.

‡ Wordsworth's Sonnets, part ii. 18.

§ Alison, Continuation of History of Europe, vol. ii. ch. xiv. § 66.

|| History of Europe, ch. lxviii.

¶ One of those unfortunate and (in his case) incurable Scotticisms in which Sir Archibald abounds.

** Twenty-one guns for a princess; for a prince, one hundred.

ired thousand persons held their breath.”* At another time it is when Moscow in flames is described : “ while even the bravest hearts, subdued by the sublimity of the scene, and the feeling of human impotence in the midst of such elemental strife, sank and trembled in silence.”† At another it is just before the battle of Dresden (1813), when “ a silence more terrible than the roar of artillery, bespoke the awful moments of suspense which preceded the commencement of the fight.”‡ Or again, just before the conflict at Etoges (1814), when the Prussians all at once beheld Grouchy’s horsemen drawn up in array before them, seemingly an impassable barrier : “ At this appalling sight, the boldest in the allied ranks held his breath; total defeat appeared to be inevitable.”§ Or again, just before the battle of Arcis-sur-Aube (1814), when, as one army confronted the other, “ not a sound was to be heard ” in either : “ not a voice was raised ; it seemed as if both hosts, impressed with the solemnity of the moment which was to decide the conflict of twenty years, were too deeply affected to disturb the stillness of the scene.”|| Or, once more, the battle of Chippewa, in another hemisphere but the same year, when, “ from pure mutual exhaustion,” the combatants sank to rest for a while, and the “ loud roar of battle was succeeded by silence so profound, that the dull roar of the falls of Niagara, interrupted at intervals by the groans of the wounded, was distinctly heard.”¶

It is of the close of the action at Copenhagen that Southey, in his *Life of Nelson*, remarks, that “ the very silence which follows the cessation of such a battle becomes a weight upon the heart at first, rather than a relief.”** Nor will Southey’s readers have forgotten a paragraph in his description of the battle of the Nile—when the tremendous explosion of the *Orient* was followed by a silence not less awful : “ the firing immediately ceased on both sides, and the first sound which broke the silence was the dash of her shattered masts and yards falling into the water, from the vast height to which they had been exploded.” It is upon record, we are reminded, that a battle between two armies was once broken off by an earthquake. Such an event would be felt like a miracle ; but no incident in war, produced by human means, has ever, Southey affirms,†† equalled the sublimity of this co-instantaneous pause, and all its circumstances.

Referring to this incident, in his admiring memoir of Sir Alexander Ball—one of whose lieutenants it was that fired the *Orient*—Coleridge too, says that “ the tremendous explosion of that vessel, with the silence and interruption of the engagement which succeeded to it, has been justly deemed the sublimest war-incident recorded in history.”‡‡

If differing in degree, almost identical in kind, of excitement and such as this, is every instance of even your common shipwreck. Take for example, Hartley Coleridge’s narrative of Captain Cook’s striking, at midnight, off the coast of Australia : “ In a minute every soul was on deck, and each might read his own terror in the other’s

* Alison, *Hist. of Europe*, ch. lxx.

† *Id.*, *Ibid.*, ch. lxxii. § 108

‡ *Ibid.*, ch. lxxx. § 20.

§ *Ibid.*, ch. lxxxv. § 53.

|| *Ibid.*, ch. lxxviii. § 12.

¶ *Ibid.*, ch. xci. § 77.

** Southey, *Life of Nelson*, ch. vii.

†† *Ibid.*, ch. v.

‡‡ S. T. Coleridge, *The Friend*, vol. iii. p. 238.

countenance. The roughest sailors were tamed—not an oath was heard—the awe of a death-bed was upon all.”*

Not easily to be forgotten by any but the too general reader, whose generalities involve oblivion of all particulars, is that struggle between Captain Dodd’s Indiaman and the pirates, in Mr. Charles Reade’s matter-of-fact romance; when we are made to watch the great patient ship run environed by her foes; one destroyer right in her course, another in her wake, following her with yells of vengeance, and pounding away at her—but no reply. “Suddenly the yells of the pirates on both sides ceased, and there was a moment of dead silence on the sea.” Consult the graphic pages of “Hard Cash” for the explanation of that sudden, solemn interval in the uproar of strife. And again, “after that solemn silence came a storm of cries and curses . . . Astern the pirate thundered; but the *Agra’s* response was a dead silence more awful than broadsides.”† Later in the same story there is a sensation parallel—when the ship strikes “hard and fast on the French coast,” with a fierce grating noise. Crash! “One awful moment of silence.” And then, amidst shrieks of agony, the sea struck her like a rolling rock, solid to crush, liquid to drown: and the comb of a wave smashed the cabin-windows and rushed in among the passengers as they floundered on the floor; and wetted and chilled them to the marrow; and a voice in the dark cried, “Oh God! we are dead men.”‡ —Later again, there is Captain Dodd stricken by apoplexy in the banker’s room: “A loud ejaculation burst from Hardie and Skinner.—And then there was an awful silence.”§

Mr. Wilkie Collins, in “No Name,” supplies instances more than one or two, of an interval of suggestive, suspensive, hushed expectancy of silence. For example, where the lawyer comes to break to the orphans the news of their penniless desolation. “There was a second pause of silence. The humming of flies among the evergreen shrubs under the window, penetrated drowsily into the room; and the tramp of a heavy-footed cart-horse plodding along the high road beyond the garden, was as plainly audible in the silence as if it had been night.”|| So again at another critical juncture; when the dripping rustle of the rain among the trees, and the clear ceaseless tick of the clock on the mantelpiece, “made the minute of silence which followed the settling of the persons present in their places, indescribably oppressive. It was a relief to every one, when Mr. Pendril spoke.”¶ And again in the same critical conference there was “a momentary pause. Once more the dripping rustle of the rain, and the steady ticking of the clock, filled up the gap of silence.”**

Diversified as human life are the kinds of suspensive silence whereof we treat. There is the silence of keenly interested spectators at some feat of strength, as in Chateaubriand’s description of the Indian games he witnessed: “chaque coup est précédé d’un profond silence, et suivi d’une vive acclamation;”†† or as in Hazlitt’s almost classical narrative of

* Northern Worthies, vol. iii. p. 210.

† Hard Cash, vol. i. pp. 253 sq.

‡ Ibid., p. 328.

§ Ibid., vol. ii. p. 45.

|| No Name, vol. i. p. 166.

¶ Ibid., p. 214.

** Ibid., p. 225

†† Voyage en Amérique: Les Jeux.

a prize-fight: "There was now a dead pause—attention was awe-struck. Who at that moment, big with a great event, did not draw his breath short—did not feel his heart throb?"* ere the Gas-man and Bill Neate went at it.

There is the silence of emotional sympathy and admiration, such as Burns evoked by reciting his ballad of Lord Gregory, at St. Mary's Isle: "Such was the effect," writes Mr. Syme, "that a dead silence ensued. It was such a silence as a mind of feeling naturally preserves when it is touched with that enthusiasm which banishes every other thought but the contemplation and indulgence of the sympathy produced."† Full heart, few words, as Henry Taylor has it.

There is the silence of resentful disgust or contempt, such as Sheridan whimsically assumed, when he had his fling at a ponderous peer by remarking, "From the silence which prevails, I conclude Lauderdale has been cutting a joke."

There is the blank silence of sudden chagrin, of acute disappointment, that may take, for lookers-on, a comic aspect, as in the story of Cardinal Fesch and his pair of turbot. His eminence, great in gastronomy, had invited, as Mr. Hayward tells the tale, a large party of clerical magnates to dinner; and by a fortunate coincidence, two turbot of singular beauty arrived as presents on the very morning of the "spread." To serve both would have appeared ridiculous, but the cardinal was most anxious to have the credit of both. He imparted his embarrassment to his *chef*. "Be of good faith, your eminence, was the reply; both shall appear; both shall enjoy the reception which is their due." The dinner was served: one of the turbot relieved the soup. Delight was in every face—it was the moment of the *éprouvette*‡ *positive*. The *maitre d'hôtel* advances; two attendants raise the turbot and carry him off to cut him up; but one of them loses his equilibrium: the attendants and the turbot roll together on the floor. "At this sad sight the assembled cardinals became pale as death, and A SOLEMN SILENCE REIGNED IN THE CONCLAVE—it was the moment of the *éprouvette negative*; but the *maitre d'hôtel* suddenly turns to the attendant—"Bring another turbot," said he, with the most perfect coolness. The second appeared, and the *éprouvette positive* was gloriously renewed."§

There is, again, the silence of polite embarrassment; as in that dinner-party "at Baring's," recorded by Thomas Moore in his Diary, at which—Samuel Rogers being one of the guests—"Francis Baring . . . after dinner, in talking of Peter Coxe the auctioneer, . . . said, 'Didn't he

* Essay xii. in vol. i. of Table-talk.

† Currie's Life of Burns, *sub anno* 1793.

‡ "We understand by *éprouvettes*, dishes of acknowledged flavour, of such undoubted excellence that their bare appearance ought to excite, in a human being properly organised, all the faculties of taste," &c.—Brillat-Savarin, *Physiologie du Goût*.

A distinguished gastronome, says Mr. Hayward (himself an adept in that line of things), refining on this invention, proposes *éprouvettes* by negation. When, for example, a dish of high merit is suddenly destroyed by accident, or any other sudden disappointment occurs, you are to note the expression of your guests' faces, and thus form your estimate of their gastric sensibilities.—*Art of Dining*.

Hence the *positives* and *negatives*, nicely discriminated in the narrative above.

§ Hayward's Biogr. and Critical Essays, II. 384.

write some poem about *Human Life*?' (Rogers was sitting beside him.) *There was a dead silence.* 'No,' answered Brougham at last, putting his finger up to his nose with a look of grave malice; 'no, it was not PETER COXE that was the author of *Human Life*.' ** Moore adds that Brougham's look and voice were irresistible, and that there was a burst of laughter over the table, in which Rogers himself joined. The constraint of that ugly interval of dead silence, must have made the burst of after mirth all the noisier—in a joyous sense of release and relief.

Call on another case.—On the occasion of his first speech, a very memorable one, Patrick Henry rose very awkwardly, and faltered so much in his exordium, that the crowd in the court-house thought it a clear case of failure. But, "in less than twenty minutes they might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, at every window, stooping forward from their stands, in *death-like silence*."†

Indeed, no memoir of orator and his times, but must present examples to the point. As in Mr. Disraeli's narrative of Sir Robert Peel's introduction of his memorable Free Trade speech, after Mr. Speaker had read the Address to the Crown, amid the buzz of general conversation. "Suddenly, as he closed it, there was a dead silence, followed by the rustling of attention. Every one ceased in the midst of the sentence he was uttering: the first minister had risen."‡

Any attentive reader of the Life of Dr. Chalmers must have noted repeated examples of 'bated breath, on the part of the rapt assemblies that hung on the orator's words. At his funeral sermon on a college friend, for instance, in 1814, there was "a silence among the living almost as deep," says Dr. Hanna, "as that which reigned among the dead who lay beneath."§ A listener to one of his pulpit addresses in London, three years later, says that "the breathlessness of expectation permitted not the beating of a heart to agitate the stillness;"||—and indeed in his, as in Mr. Melvill's case, almost universally and invariably there would be, at the close of his highly-wrought periods, a "sensible rustling through the audience," as if stopping to take breath. Dr. Wardlaw, again, after hearing Chalmers at the Tron Church, on the "Dissipation of Large Cities," remarked: "I could not spare an eye from the preacher to mark how his appeal was telling upon others. The breathless, the appalling silence, told me of that."¶ And of one memorable speech of his before the Assembly, in 1825, his biographer records: "For a moment or two after these words were spoken, a death-like stillness reigned throughout the House."**

The hush may precede the oration, when the orator's power is known, and great issues hang upon it. When the chief captain—all Jerusalem in an uproar††—had given St. Paul license, the Apostle, standing on the stairs, beckoned with his hand unto the people: and when there was made a great silence—πολλῆς δὲ σιγῆς γενομένης—he spake unto them in the Hebrew tongue, bidding those men, brethren, and fathers hearken to the defence which he made now unto them. And when they heard that he

* Diary of Thomas Moore, June 27, 1827.

† Wirt, *Life and Character of Patrick Henry*.

‡ Disraeli, *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, ch. iii.

§ *Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers*, vol. i. ch. xvii.

¶ *Ibid.*, ch. xxiv.

** Ch. xxxix.

|| *Ibid.*, ch. xxii.

†† Acts xxi. 31 *sqq.*

spake in the Hebrew tongue to them,—although there was already a great silence, it is written that they kept the more silence.

The silence for prayer at a Quakers' meeting has often been admired, in passing, by writers and talkers not in the main over-friendly to Friends.

The Baroness Tautphœus graphically describes the effect of tolling the evening prayer-bell in certain Alpine regions. The tolling occurs at supper-time, and the clatter of knives and forks and tongues ceases on the instant, and an awful stillness takes place, unbroken by word or movement until the last sound of the bell has died away. "It had always struck Hamilton as something very Mahometan-like, this sudden call to prayer."*

Hartley Coleridge† thinks that the practice of the old Church ("for the Church of Rome *did* understand these things"), the solemn opening of the text, the call to prayer, the interval of silence, broken only by the dropping of the beads, the occupation of priest and people in one act of mute adoration, must have been exceedingly impressive.

More so, in its way, at any rate, than embarrassed silence occurring after prayers,—of the kind commemorated by D'Ewes in the annals of the Long Parliament; when, "prayers being ended, a silence ensued for a while," which was only terminated by the shrewd suggestion of D'Ewes, "that somebody must break off our silence, because else our delay by silence would be as dangerous as our unnecessary disputes."‡ Strafford's fate being *adhuc sub judice*, no wonder the *judez* held his breath for a while, now and then.

To a nervous orator, not a little awesome must be the dead silence that sometimes expects such great things from him. Like that, for example, recorded by Thomas Moore when he visited the Dublin Theatre in 1835, and, finding, to his "horror," that the enthusiastic audience counted on a speech from him, he resolved to make the impossibility of being heard his excuse—at least to those near him. "But, to my still greater consternation (for I really knew not what to say), I found, on the very first opening of my lips, that the whole house, by one common and instantaneous consent, became as mute as a churchyard."§ A simile, by the way, mortally like that of another Thomas's silence deep as death.

When Weber drove up to the theatre, on the first representation of his "Oberon," we are told that a stentorian voice among the noisy and fermenting crowd shouted, "Weber is arriving!" and, in a moment, all was so hushed and still, that when the composer entered the orchestra, he was horror-struck by the breathless silence, and thought the house was empty. But as he mounted to his desk there burst forth a yell of acclamation so loud, and so prolonged, that his breath almost failed him.¶

It was after "an awful silence of a few minutes" that Maria Theresa, in her great strait, perplexed in the extreme, came forward from the tribune, and appealed to her Hungarians, in words that, although in Latin,¶ roused them to shout, till the welkin rang, the enthusiastic response and resolve, *Moriamur pro Rege nostro Mariâ Theresâ!*

* The Initials, ch. viii.

† Marginalia (The Bidding Prayer), II. 347.

‡ Sanford, Studies of the Great Rebellion, 341.

§ Diary of Thomas Moore, Aug. 15, 1835.

¶ Life of Weber, vol. ii. p. 455.

¶ Coxe, History of the House of Austria, ch. ci.

Mme. Blaze de Bury wrote a graphic account, the other day, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of the Austrian Emperor's first reception of his Hungarian subjects, in the Palace at Buda; and relates how, at the close of the Cardinal Primate's address to Francis Joseph, "the silence became deeper still, in some sort more intense: you might have fancied you were listening with your eyes."* It was an auspicious renewal, "in some sort," of the silence which preceded the grand outburst *Moriamur pro Rege nostro*, when that *Rex* was a *Regina*.

A memorable evening in Boston, U.S., was that 16th of December, 1773, when the fifty painted Mohawks made their way, before the stroke of seven, "without noise," to Griffin's Wharf; put sentries all round there; and, "in a great silence of the neighbourhood," busied themselves, in three gangs, on the dormant tea-ships—opening the chests, and punctually shaking them out into the sea. "Listening from the distance, you could hear distinctly the ripping open of the chests, and no other sound."†

The silence of suspense between life and death in courts of law is inexhaustibly impressive. It is exciting even to read of Amar, the *rapporteur* of the Committee of Public Safety (or Salvation, would perhaps be nearer the meaning of the original), reciting one by one the names of the seventy-three Girondin deputies, obnoxious all. "A long silence after each name, made every heart beat with the hope of being omitted, and the apprehension of being named."‡

Free use has modern fiction made of this and kindred forms of the awful pause of agonised expectancy—the bated breath of wistful suspense.

We have it in "Adam Bede," when they are waiting for the verdict on Hetty. "The knock which told that the jury had come to their decision, fell as a signal for silence on every ear. It is sublime—that sudden pause of a great multitude, which tells that one soul moves in them all. Deeper and deeper the silence seemed to become, like the deepening night, while the jurymen's names were called over, and the prisoner was made to hold up her hand, and the jury were asked for their verdict. . . . The stillness was less intense until the judge put on his black cap. . . . Then it deepened again, before the crier had had time to command silence. If any sound were heard, it must have been the sound of beating hearts."§

We have it in Scott, at the crisis in Effie Deans's trial for child-murder, when her sister is being examined as to Effie's confession of her state. Jeanie's fatal negative is given with a faint voice, which "was yet heard distinctly in the most distant corner of the Court-room,—such an awful and profound silence had been preserved during the anxious interval which had interposed betwixt the lawyer's question and the answer of the witness."|| We have it in a trial scene of Mr. Anthony Trollope's, when Undy Scott is under cross-examination: "The silence of that minute was horrible to Undy, and yet he could hardly bring himself to break it," by giving an answer that must utterly blacken himself; no wonder he has

* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Aug. 1, 1865.

† See Carlyle's *Hist. of Fried. II.*, vol. vi. p. 525.

‡ *Histoire des Girondins*, l. xlvii.

|| The Heart of Mid-Lothian, ch. xxii.

§ Adam Bede, ch. xliii.

o wipe the perspiration from his brow when at last he ventures 'break the terrible silence.'*—We have it in Mrs. Stowe's elaborate presentment of Eva's death-bed, when the black servants all come "and looked one at another, sighed, and shook their heads. There was a deep silence, like that of a funeral."†—We have it in Mr. Boyd's sensation-scene of the Duke of Escalona timing the death-stroke of English prisoner: "'And now, Hassan,' said the duke, addressing himself to the negro with the axe, who stood opposite, 'when I raise finger, strike.' Again there was a pause. It might be that the noble repented; for a minute he stood motionless, and the only sound that broke the stillness of the chamber was the short, hard beating of prisoner's heart."‡—We have it in *A Tale of Two Cities*, when the midnight mail pulled up to know what certain sounds of pursuit might mean the stillness consequent on the cessation of the rumbling and labour of the coach, added to the stillness of the night, made it very quiet indeed; and the panting of the horses communicated a tremulous motion to the coach, as if (this is one of Mr. Dickens's characteristic touch "it were in a state of agitation. The hearts of the passengers beat loud enough to be heard; but at any rate, the quiet pause was audibly expressive of people out of breath, and holding the breath, and having pulses quickened by expectation."§

M. Dumas père gives us an example in the high-wrought scene where Lewis XIV., at the full-dress lottery in Anne of Austria's apartments, petrifies the court then and there assembled, by presenting bracelets he has won to Mdle. de la Vallière: "a silence of astonishment, more profound than that of death, reigned in the assembly."|| is very French and very like himself on M. Dumas's part, to make the silence deeper than, instead of, as an Englishman would (or as Campbell does) say, deep as, death.

No sooner had the knights, at Scott's great tournament scene "*Ivanhoe*," resumed their station, after one brilliant passage of arms than the "clamour of applause was hushed into a silence, so deep and dead, that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe."¶

Again, in the judicial combat between Sir Kenneth and Conrad Montserrat, as, face to face, they await the signal to charge: "The silence of suspense was now general—men breathed thicker, and their very souls seemed seated in their eyes, while not a sound was to be heard save the snorting and pawing of the good steeds, who, sensible of what was about to happen, were impatient to dash into career."** In Scott's other, earlier, and less popular *Tale of the Crusaders*, may be noted a scene of suspense in the banqueting-hall of the Prince of Powys—where the minstrel, Cadwallon, delays and demurs and finally declines to sing "the anxious and breathless expectation of the assembled chiefs:

* The Three Clerks, ch. xli.

† Uncle Tom's Cabin, ch. xxvi.

‡ The Cardinal, ch. xxv.

Another illustration of dead silence occurs in ch. xii. of the same work, where Perez and Clifford are watching the struggles of the mule on the ledge of the abyss, into which it drops at last.

§ *A Tale of Two Cities*, ch. ii.

|| Le Vicomte de Bragelonne, ch. cxl.

¶ *Ivanhoe*, ch. ix.

** The Talisman, ch. xxviii.

ampions"—and the "dead silence which stilled the roaring hall, when a harp was reverently placed before him by his attendant."*

Again. Describing the crowd that thronged around the scaffold on which Captain Porteous was to die, Scott† lays stress on the ominous silence that hushed that grim assemblage, waiting for their prey—silent and decent, though stern and relentless.

At the execution of Robespierre, when the linen which bandaged his rushed jaw was pulled off, the agony wrung from the wretched sufferer a piercing wail that was heard to the opposite side of the Place de la Révolution: then followed "a silence, like that of the grave," till the guillotine fell, and the victim's head rolled into the basket. "The crowd held their breath for some seconds, then burst into a loud and unanimous cheering"‡—and here an end.

EARLY MORNING IN REGENT'S PARK.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

THE mighty city still is in repose,
Sleep laps its feverish joys, its anxious woes,
Labour's great hammer strikes not yet its blows.

The million chimneys have not yet begun
Sending up household smoke to veil the sun,
And skies are blue where all will soon be dun.

Though near the vast Metropolis, I seem
In some still country place, and cannot dream
That yonder spreads life's turbid, troubled stream.

Autumn's broad sun shines golden o'er the trees,
The yellowing leaves hang crisply in the breeze,
And o'er the grass low hum the tawny bees.

Warmth to the flowret's cheek the beams are bringing,
The last few butterflies abroad are winging,
Earlier than man awake, the lark is singing.

With paddling feet, and arching neck of snow,
The swan her sail commences, graceful, slow,
The water with her beauty all a-glow.

* The Betrothed, ch. ii.

† Heart of Mid-Lothian.

‡ Lamartine, *Histoire des Girondins*, l. lxi.

Early Morning in Regent's Park.

And little fish are darting, sporting there,
 Woo'd upwards by the sun and freshening air,
 Life unto them one morn without a care.

I scent from yon enclosure* rich perfume,
 Where foreign flowers, of every hue and bloom,
 Weave robes for Peris in bright Nature's loom.

There palms lift high their heads to catch the beam,
 And oranges on trees, red blushes, gleam,
 Till they who gaze in Orient countries seem.

Hark ! wakened by the early, cheerful ray,
 Barr'd in their countless cages far away,†
 I hear the startling scream, the softened lay :

The eagle's cry to greet the sun once more,
 Though never to that orb again to soar,
 The wolf's low howl—the lion's under roar.

Thus drinking Morning's breath, and looking through
 The quivering branches on heaven's crystal blue,
 Gladness and health where'er I turn my view :

I will not think that, scarce a mile away,
 A mighty city lies, that soon will sway
 With tumult, and the passions' maddening play.

That there through long, long streets, will press the throng,
 The waggon creak, the horseman dash along,
 And lusty life sing loud its deafening song.

I seem as much alone on this green sod,
 With Nature's soothing spirit and her God,
 As if some desert isle, or waste I trod.

Heaven speaks in gentlest whispers from on high ;
 I view dew-beaded grass, the trees, the sky,
 And from deep Nature's heart there breathes one sigh :

The sigh of half-suppressed, half-gushing bliss,
 That she is free the varied earth to kiss,
 Blooming near dust-dark cities fair as this.

* The Botanical Gardens.

† The Zoological Gardens.

WIDOW DALLAS.

AN IRISH TALK.

IV.

person coming from the pure country air, what a world of mist is presented by the approach to London! The many hundred chimney-pots which exhale their vapour make their presence only felt:

Where reeking London's smoky caldron simmers.

every variety of exhalation which can darken the atmosphere. The fair nature is accumulated. Then, passing the residences of villas, the herbage and flowers, vegetation and foliage, and less, till terraces after terraces came into view. In nearing the world of brick and mortar, the market-gardens even were lost and farther on, the few sad, dingy, and sickly plants of trees needed a wretched existence amidst the smut, smoke, dust, and the huge city, became fewer and fewer, and the travellers arrived minus to be stunned with the incessant din of near and distant. He was whirled through the unknown labyrinth of winding streets, the senses dazzled by the continual fleeting of moving living things, by seeing objects of every sort, form, size, and colour, laid out in abundance in the windows of the houses as they passed by them.

Effect of this on persons in possession of rude health and sanguine temperance, bracing and vivifying to the nerves, but it brings headache and so many. Many writers, and none more ably than Charles Dickens, have described the effect of the scene which a first view of entry on London presents to a visitor from the remote country. The inter-trees of shops, myriads of coaches, omnibuses, pedestrians, the great grandeur, the multiform articles of every form, clime, nature, character, presented on each side to the view of those who see the front of each house as they pass through in their vehicle—the turmoil, the intense vitality of the moving masses, the absorbing air of self-interestedness which is marked on the countenance of every young and old, whom you see—all these struck the travellers, and the young Frederick, as they drove to the hotel where Mrs. Dallas had decided on residing during her stay in London. She rested at the hotel, in which she was obliged to make herself at home, the afternoon, and then proceeded to the different shops, endeavouring Frederick not to venture out. With the means to procure it, which earthly can be had in London, and she found that there was plenty in making choice of the clothes and the requisite books which she needed, and she soon hurried back to her young charge. The next day went down with him to Woolwich, and on their way she gave

him many instructions, and earnestly implored him to remember his religious duties, to pray to God for His holy spirit to direct and guard him in the way in which he should go, and never, on any account, to neglect the morning and evening prayer in secret; and she gave him a Bible, which she told him to be sure to read every day of his life.

When they arrived at the schoolmaster's house, it was a sad, a bitter feeling, both for her and for him. The first parting from home is the most cutting of all the pangs that come over the spirit of man during his earthly progress. The Persians say, "Until you leave your parents' roof you can never call yourself a man." But how inexpressibly bitter is the sensation of seeing all that is dear, amiable, and affectionate in the shape of a mother, who never for an instant lost sight of watching over and caring for you, wrenched away from sight, and you yourself landed on an unknown shore! She repeated her injunctions over and over again; she kissed him, cried over him, and at last, in tears, herself drove away to her lonely room in the hotel, where she offered to her heavenly Father her prayers for his guidance and welfare. One comfort she had with regard to him, and that was to find that the schoolmaster was to all appearance what he was universally described to be—a very kind man; and she trusted for the best. But still she felt many pangs in entrusting a child so youthful to the care of a stranger, and the association of rude and unknown boys.

As there was nothing to detain her when she returned to her hotel, she determined to make the sad journey homeward sooner than she had even intended, and said, "As there is no one to get ready for at the cottage except myself, I shall not even write to tell the maid-servants of my arrival, nor yet to Mrs. Moore. It will be time enough to inform her when I am safe at home, and then, no doubt, she will either drive instantly to the cottage with my little one, or else send for me to come to her. But I feel I cannot stay here in this monstrous large city without any friend near, and in a large rambling hotel."

Mr. Moore had promised, if possible, to come the next day, but the morning after she had put Frederick to school there came a note to say that he could not be there that day, that he was obliged imperatively to go to Birmingham, but he would return as soon as he could manage his business, and then his first act would be to call upon her. It seemed, then, that it was better for her not to linger any longer in London, and accordingly she hastened to make her arrangements for returning in the train to Holyhead.

The great French cynic insists that, as a general maxim, "women love not one another." There are few of his general remarks devoid of interest or wanting in acumen, but he might (if he had wished to be just) have made an exception in favour of some amiable beings "with whom to converse" it is frequently the lot of men of the present day; and doubtless such beings inhabited "many a spot" in his time, though unknown to the philosophy of Rochefoucauld. Yet, whether her temper be lovable or of the severe character, it is certain that woman finds herself little at home in solitude. She makes acquaintance with some one beneath her if she be in a strange place, rather than not communicate her thoughts, her feelings, or her wishes; she resorts to the kitchen-maid rather than not have any auditor; and where a man would feel

perfect content with his pen, his newspaper, his book, his brush, or his instrument, she would be wholly unable to endure the ennui of utter privacy. When Mrs. Dallas found herself alone in the large hotel, it was a fearful punishment to her to be without either the active assistance of some person known to her, or the genial love of her children, to whom she was so much attached, and she thought that she never had passed such a sad and unbearable time as that evening in the hotel, though in one of the most fashionable and crowded streets in London. Her mind reverted to the dear objects of her attachment, and she could not banish them from her waking thoughts, or sleep for many hours after she had gone to her rest. She felt, also, a great dread and repugnance for the population which she knew she would find herself thrown amongst on her return to Ireland. She began contrasting them with the quiet, happy, merry, and contented beings whom she saw at every place which she had visited in England. She said to herself, that now the winter was nearly approaching, it was a dreadful prospect to anticipate her life in the cottage with only her little girl for a companion, and she felt a thrill of horror when she called to mind its wretched dreariness, its wild seclusion, and the uncouth inhabitants with whom she would have to pass the wet winter in Ireland.

After a short sojourn in that country, she had been enabled to see far different things than any which the accomplished English statesmen who lay down the law on such matters choose to bring before the world in their orations, and she said to herself what would Mr. Bright, or the opponents of the Protestant Church, if they had become acquainted with the conduct of the Irish priesthood, say after a few months' residence at Rocheville? But they, in their position, must say something to their constituents, and no matter whether their assertions be founded upon a correct view acquired by actual observation, or a hap-hazard guess at the case as given by the crude opinion formed from a partisan's prejudiced account, they are bound to flatter the ears of "the groundlings," and chime into their radical and absurd notions.

Of the writers, also, who undertake the task of exhibiting the condition of religious feeling in the country, one who is acquainted with the subject is forcibly struck by the meagre information on which their facts are built; and many wits who, like "the Frenchman first in eloquence and fame," scruple not to "laugh God's word to scorn," exercise their malignant impulses in ridiculing the ministers of the Protestant religion, whose sole and undivided object in Ireland is shown by their zealous efforts and unremitting assiduity in promoting the cause of truth. Of the different leading champions on behalf of Protestantism who have attained to the mitre in Ireland, can any doubt exist as to their disinterestedness, their piety, and their unceasing energy? And throughout the length and breadth of the land, the numbers of those unrewarded and even unrecognised but by those whom their charity have made them acquainted, must strike every visitor who even casually makes a sojourn in the island. If we look to the histories of the "prenticeship passed" by almost every Irish bishop from the north to the south, what wonderful tales they reveal of exemplary piety in the discharge of parochial functions, of unworldly zeal in the holiest of causes, of learning and genius devoted to the service

of its Master, and of all the graces and good gifts which become the minister of religion.

Many persons have written with a view of setting before the world the sad condition of the Irish peasantry, and such persons have, though all agreed as to the fact of their deplorable destitution and general unhappy state, varied much in their statements as to the cause of it. It is, say some, the absenteeism of the landholders; it is the want of proper government, say others. The Catholics say it is the discontent of the majority, who are incensed at seeing a Church, predominant and overpaid, holding rule over those of a different creed, and forcing them to pay tithes, and indirectly to contribute to its aggrandisement. The uncertain nature of agricultural returns has been said to cause the prevalent poverty by many. The reckless disposition of the lower classes, who hurry into matrimony and the cares of a household before they have the means to maintain even themselves, are said to be the evil by many more. All these causes certainly exist, and have their concomitant effects, but I think the grand agency which works for evil in the districts where poverty and misery are most rife, and contributes its influence to aid the ignorance and the superstition of this very impulsive race, is their perverted religion.

That Irishmen are the most impulsive of the sons of man, there are many instances to prove, and I may adduce one which lately excited the greatest sensation throughout the United Kingdom. It was the case of Major Yelverton and his first inamorata, Miss Longworth. When the eloquent Mr. Whiteside, whom the latter selected as her lawyer, had got this case before him, he made the most of it with his moving tropes and overwhelming rhetoric, and as I heard an Irish tradesman say, he delivered himself of the "floweriest language which ever came out of the mouth of a man;" but, notwithstanding his powers of language, his sound choice of matter to lay before the jury, and the fair merits of his cause, he would never have produced the effect which he did, either on the minds of the jury or the feelings of the open-mouthed & πολλοί without, if he had not had the cause of a female Catholic to plead. That was the secret of the shouting, huzzaing, and hooting, of the ovation for the success of the advocate's pleading, and the cheers which attended the persecuted victim home.

Before the parties appeared in Ireland and figured at Rosstrevor, that many a man had behaved in such a way as Major Yelverton was stated to have been guilty of, to many a girl who was never half so pronounced in her decided flirtations, writings, and pursuits in various ways, as Miss Longworth was, is known to every one, and though the chapel scene was a crowning act of deceit and folly, yet even that would have never induced the populace to agitate so fiercely had it been a deceit which had been practised upon the follower of any other creed in any other place of worship except a Popish one. When the lawyer, with all the facts relating to various trips to and fro in the Mediterranean, the assumption of the habit of a *Sœur de la Charité*, the warm love-letters, and numerous other matters before him, did not hesitate to urge the engaging and interesting character of the lady, it struck me as if it would have been an appropriate question to ask him, "Would you like your daughter or your niece to have acted as she

did?" Even granting the purity of her motives, could an unmarried female pursue such a course without damaging her reputation?

But now that the plain unvarnished case has gone before the House of Lords the matter reads quite differently, and though no one could think of justifying the gentleman in this case, or of advocating his nefarious conduct, yet one may say, in reading the present view of it as laid before the public, in the words of King Henry, "Mark what a plain tale will put you down!" But it has ever been so in the course of justice, and the different phases of its administration throughout Ireland. Thus, in the year 1852, during the elections, when the soldiers, who in the course of the discharge of their duty fired on the mob which assembled tumultuously at Ten Mile Bridge, in Clare, and threatened wholesale destruction to the lives and properties of its peaceful inhabitants, although the Riot Act had been read, and the order had been repeatedly given for them to disperse, and all the transaction had been carried on legally, still the coroner's inquest—composed of Catholics—returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" against the soldiers, because they had acted up to their instructions, and, having fired, had killed some of the infuriated mob there assembled.

It has invariably been the task of the followers of Popery to use every art in their power in order to make the English government and the English people believe that the prevalent discontent, or the pitiable condition of the peasantry, arises from some want of proper management in the magistracy, or some fault in the government; but those who reside in the country, and are let into the real secret of the matter, know for a truth that it is the religion which they follow that is at the bottom of it all. In every country where this creed is professed the masses of the inhabitants are more or less ignorant and uneducated, and the contrast between the educated communities of the north of Ireland and the population of the south and west and other districts, is readily accounted for by any person capable of forming a judgment on such matters. In the former counties, the benign and humanising influence of a religion which allows its followers their own spiritual responsibility, is seen to be having its due effects upon their minds, their habits, and character, whereas in the latter the feeling which works upon the minds of the masses is the Popish religion. This is why, when a benevolent or a painstaking landlord, or a charitable and compassionate lady blessed with riches, endeavours to amend their prospects, or to afford relief in various ways, such as goodness or Christianity may suggest, they receive it with unthankful minds, and are little disposed to profit by it. When a lady tries to better the lot of the daughter of one of the cottagers, and gets her clothes, pays for her fare to where she can procure a situation, recommends her to a mistress, and receives a favourable answer to her request, she finds after a week has elapsed that the girl has sold the clothes, run away from the mistress, and is begging her bread barefoot, and in idleness, in the same place as where she came from, and in the same condition as when she first saw her. She tries the same experiment with another child equally poor; the same results, or similar ones, ensue. The child has been brought up in ignorance and idleness, and she leaves the restraint of service, though it be a very slight burden, and, like the former child, prefers her poverty, rags, and

liberty, to industry and a mistress. When the gentry find their efforts of relief responded to in such a manner, can one feel surprise at their abandoning such people to their fate, and leaving the country? Thus absenteeism is produced, and no doubt it also brings on its natural evils—the tyranny of the agent, the galling yoke of the middle-man, and the oppression of the serf. The inhabitants of India have a proverb which says, “The great man is such as great men are expected to be, but the great man’s man is a fiend incarnate;” and the middle-man in Ireland is such a being as reminds you always of this adage. Hence the revolting details of murder, secret assassination, concealment of criminals, and all the catalogue of horrors which every day’s report makes the soul sick with. No doubt the hosts of emigrants have taken with them, among their numbers, the characters who were ripe for such acts, and who, many of them, also, no doubt, have fallen before the shrine of civil slaughter, which heaped up its hecatombs of wretched victims daily in that continent where horror and carnage had so many tales to tell, that “their very number makes men hard.” But at the time I speak of, the ruffian and the assassin, the black agent of agrarian outrage, and the benighted wretch who did his bidding, were to be seen unchecked and uncontrolled by any official, and lurking in many a homestead.

When Darby Ryan had got the intelligence that he was most in search of from Mr. Moore’s servants, he told Thady to get his gossoon to run across the bog to the cottage, and find out from the servants of Mrs. Dallas what time they expected their mistress home, and at what hour. Now this little gossoon who went on Thady’s errand really lived in one of the cabins adjacent to the cottage, but he went every day to the stables at Castleogh, and assisted there, and his services as a quick messenger were well known by Darby Ryan and his own cousin Thady. A quick messenger he certainly was; he could run across the bog from the cabin to the stables in very little shorter time than a dog would have taken to do the same journey in the scent of his master. He went across that afternoon, and under pretence of carrying eggs to the servants, he got access to the kitchen, and the maids told him all he wanted to hear, which was that the missus was not expected back for a week; and they did not know how she would come, as there was no regular car from Churchtown, but supposed that she could hire one there when the coach, which brought her from Dublin, arrived with her. Then the little barefooted, bareheaded wretch, with his for many-a-week unwashed face, matted hair like that described in the ballad as belonging to Irish kernes, ragged small-clothes, and torn frieze jacket, left the cottage, slunk round till he was out of sight in the bog, and then fled, like a light-limbed imp as he was, to Thady with the news of what he had heard. Thady quickly told this to Darby Ryan. Darby Ryan the next day, when he went in to his master to speak to him after breakfast, as was usual every day, said to him: “I’ve found out, your honour, about the pretty lady who lives in the cottage; she is expected home from England in a week.” He then opened out to his master the dark plot which a mind fertile in such expedients had suggested to him, and, as was hitherto usual in such dialogues between master and man, he persuaded him to consent to his suggestions. What they were must appear in the sequel.

On the morning after the day Mrs. Dallas had decided in her mind that it was much the best plan which she could fix upon to return immediately to Holyhead by the train, and not to linger in London, she repaired in her cab rather sorrowfully to the terminus of the railway, and having got on the platform with her return ticket, she said to herself that she must take care to select some carriage where three or four persons were sitting. She knew by experience that, had she gone accompanied by no one, without a gentleman's escort, and known by none of the first-class travellers, for such a long journey, such was her extreme beauty, she would have been so much the engrossing object of every eye, that she could scarcely expect to escape being very much abashed if even she should be so fortunate as to travel without being addressed by some fellow-passenger. But she saw three gentlemen who had taken their places for Holyhead enter one of the large first-class carriages, and so she resolved to go into it. These three men, being bound for Ireland, would not, she thought, part company during the whole way, and whilst she stood waiting, a quiet old lady came up and took her place in the carriage, so she felt assured that this was where she might best take her seat also.

Soon after they started, the three gentlemen, who were officers of the garrison in Dublin, were in great glee, and began conversing together about the place they were going to. They were men about thirty years of age, all of them captains in different regiments. They talked of the large garrison there, and the leading topic was the grand field-days which they were twice every week obliged to attend in the Phoenix Park. One of them remarked: "We are only spectators, but the generals and their staff are grand characters on these occasions. Of these generals, those whom I have seen most active and energetic are Generals Guardscoin and Cringhingham. The first is a man whose service has been in the Guards, and he never ceases to praise them; no evolution can be done in which the Guards do not hold a prominent part. The first question he asks his staff is, 'Who has command of the Guards this day?' He never hears any new theory broached without saying, 'What do they say of it at the Guards' orderly-room?' The finest body of veterans fresh from any scene of conquest would be passed over by him with utter disregard, if they had been apart from the scenes of action of the household troops, or had nothing in common with the Guards. When it was published generally that the Emperor of Russia spoke the memorable speech which made such a remarkable impression in London, when he said, 'I should like to see one of your working regiments,' after having been shown a parade of the St. James's loungers—General Guardscoin was in perfect dismay at the imperial want of taste in preferring the view of troops disciplined in 'the flinty and steel couch of war' to that of the pampered sons of luxury. General Cringhingham is a man of another service, but the same servile respect which Guardscoin feels for the Guards, Cringhingham feels for any person of rank and station. He is fully possessed of the fawning, sycophantic disposition which Junius has attributed to most of his countrymen. To the lord, the influential man, the high in station, he is all bows and smiles and blandishment, but the regimental officer experiences a hard taskmaster in him. These two hold high rank in the garrison."

Another of the officers then observed: "Do you know the famous Doll, one of the generals on the staff? He is the good-looking man that paints his whiskers, his eyebrows, some say his cheeks, and dresses like a most finished exquisite of twenty-three, whereas, in fact, he is really fifty-three—a made-up man of the highest tone and polish—in fact, a male Skewton. Well, you must know that there is a custom in the Dublin Theatre which reminds one of the licence that obtains both at Oxford and Cambridge with the youths there on some grand occasion, when they shout out the names of great celebrities, and call after them a groan for so and so, a cheer for so and so, and this in a perfect storm of exuberant youthful demonstration, like what is told us of the Saturnalia at Rome. Such a custom, I say, is prevalent with the lowest class who sit in the upper gallery of the Dublin Theatre. Thus, when any great person in authority comes into the boxes, he is saluted with a groan for such a person, or a cheer for such a person, according as he is unpopular or the reverse. One evening this General Doll came in dressed to the very pink of perfection, his essenced hair curled, his cheeks the very most blooming of their kind, his whiskers dyed 'à merveille,' his eyebrows painted to the most extreme nicety, when one of those witty ragamuffins who swarm in the seats in the upper gallery, and who had some reason to be offended with Doll, perceived him addressing one of the beautiful and fashionable young ladies in the dress circle, and roared out to him from his elevated station: 'Ah, now, is that you, Doll? I didn't know you, Doll. Where did you get the dye for your whiskers, Doll? Sure enough your hair's in great order, Doll! How did you disguise it so well, Doll? That's a fine colour you've got in your cheeks, Doll!' and many other such annotations, until the raising of the curtain relieved Doll from his unwelcome remarks." In such-like jocular descriptions, anecdotes, and jokes, they passed away most of the time, being light-hearted and careless, and Mrs. Dallas found an agreeable companion in the old lady who sat opposite to her.

They arrived at Holyhead late in the night, and sailed for Kingstown, whence, when they got to Dublin, Mrs. Dallas determined to repair to her brother's house. The journey on the preceding day had been all like a jaunt of pleasure, and there was nothing but the strangeness of the sensation of being in company with people whose conversation and ways were totally different to what Mrs. Dallas was accustomed to, that gave her the slightest feeling of annoyance; then there was the transition to the steamer, and its noise, its noisome smell and tremulous motion, and sea-sickness, all which she passed through at night. A voice on deck made her delighted to hear of their having the Dublin hills in sight early in the morning. The officers got on deck and began talking of their hard lot in having to serve in Ireland; and one of them said, jocularly, "It ought now to be considered foreign service, for if you look into 'Hart's Army List,' you will see that there the grand authority on those points, Major Hart, has blazoned forth his own name as having performed distinguished service, although the extent of it was his repairing to Nenagh with a party of his regiment to pacify some turbulent militia there."

When Mrs. Dallas arrived in Dublin, she did not linger at her brother's house long, but the very next day took her place in the stage for Churchtown. The description of a stage-coach journey through a country like that which she traversed, had it been a fine day, would have

embraced the detail of many pleasing varieties of views through the wild wastes, bogs, mountainous outlines, and woody dales, watered by winding rivers; but, as it was, no earthly view could be more dull, dreary, and disconsolate than that which she had all the day through, as the splashing rain dashed against the windows of the coach. Then the howling wind, the miry roads, the stop every two hours to change horses at the different stages, which brought each time to the windows of the coach a whole crowd of wretched beggars—men, women, and children—all barefooted, ragged, hatless, dirty, unkempt, dishevelled, and so hideously attired as scarcely to look like human beings—all clamorous, hungry, and most of them suffering from some ailment, but every one of the group with some word of either a humorous, a pathetic, or even a complimentary kind to offer: “The Lord spare your beautiful ladyship long to us!” “In troth your sight’s good for sore eyes!” “Then, masha, it’s wilcome you are, to make the day look cheerful!” With such and plenty of other similar speeches was she saluted at every village. It seemed to her as if the beggars were innumerable at the first town, until she arrived at the second, and then came the same sort of assemblage; so on at the third; and, without any decrease, they still showed in the same way through the different stages of the journey.

There was an old maiden lady in the coach with her, with a fat, pampered, white-haired French poodle—a dog that might have been a well-trained one in good hands, but who was overfed beyond all possibility of being brought into proper condition, and cross and unpleasant in consequence. She never ceased to fondle it, or feed it, or else speak in its praise during the journey, and was very animated in advocating the cause of some society for the good treatment of animals, which had received hundreds of pounds from the *soi-disante* charitable ladies of Dublin, and which she also contributed largely to. This in a country where men, women, and children were starving in hosts, where sharp misery had worn most of them to the bone, where one would exclaim in every place one came on such a day as that of which I speak—

Poor naked wretches!

Where shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, find shelter?—

seemed so incongruous and absurd, that she was almost tempted to think of her fellow-traveller, in her stupid, selfish disregard of her fellow-creatures, as one of those ladies mentioned by Lord Shaftesbury, who was indignant at the thought of a chimney-sweeper being taken care of, for she never seemed to give a thought to the poor creatures who were imploring her pity. She left her, however, after a few stages, and took herself and her dog to some other locality.

Shortly afterwards came on the night—the dark autumn night. It was now September. It kept on raining and blowing worse and worse until they reached Churchtown—no star, no lights of any kind to qualify its blackness. The wind increased, and the rain drifted in sheets, as it were, as she stepped from the coach into the miserable office and waited for some car, the only vehicle which was ever available in Churchtown, and the only one in which she could possibly expect to reach her home. While she sat disconsolate in the office, one of the men in the street said to the

clerk who was sitting at his desk, "There's Thady Redmond with the car which he has driven into Churchtown the last three nights, just about this time he's comin' up the sthreet." Just after this came Thady seated on an outside jaunting-car, and, stopping at the office, he touched his hat to the lady, and said, "I'll dhrive you, miss, to Rocheville, or anywhere else you're going to." Mrs. Dallas saw the car that was outside the office, and though it was not by any means an eligible conveyance, she thought that she could not do better, and so she consented to let him take her trunk and put it on one side of the car, and she herself got up on the other. It poured with rain. She had only a slight umbrella. The way was dirty and muddy; the street looked wretched; the only people out of doors were beggars. The night was wild, dark, and nothing but the teeming rain was to be seen or felt. The horse drew the car-wheels with a hideous rattle over the stones, now laid bare with the incessant pour of rain, and soon reached the country muddy road, with frightful ditches on each side, now and then hedges, and at last a wild bog. This lasted for about three miles, and all the way Thady, like a true Irish carman, bethinking himself of the forlorn condition of his charge, kept saying to her words of comfort: "Never mind, miss, we'll soon be over it all. This horse would go over the ground asy in an hour. It'll soon clear, and we'll have a nice night. It's not over three mile to Rocheville now."

Just as he had finished speaking the last words, they came to a rocky part of the road and a mountain on its right, and the horse dashed the car-wheel, on the opposite side to that on which Mrs. Dallas sat, against a sharp rock in the side of the road, and wrenched it from its tree, and the linch-pin giving way, the wheel fell off, and the car floundered. The horse, however, did not drag it, as Thady, whose muscular arm never let go the rein, jumped out the moment the shock occurred and pulled him up. He exclaimed, "Oh, murder! what will we do now, miss?" It indeed seemed a very bad case. The car was stuck like a dead weight in the muddy, slimy road. Thady managed to loose the horse from the shafts, and taking off the harness and the reins, he asked the lady to let him put the cushions in a pile over the side she was sitting on, and said, "I'll go now, miss, on the back of the horse to the forge that's a piece above on the hill, and I'll be back in no time with the men to put the wheel right." So saying, he jumped on the horse and rode him away barebacked, and just as he set off he gave a shrill whistle, and very soon afterwards the sound of his horse's hoofs were lost in the distance.

ADVENTURES IN THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.*

BY BARRINGTON BEAVER, ESQ.

BEHOLD me, then, at Toronto, making active preparations for a journey with my two followers, Peter Ginger and Ready, of fifteen hundred miles across the continent to the Pacific. I had become intensely British during a late visit to the States, and resolved that it should be performed wholly through British territory, and remote as possible from the United States boundary. Some of my friends advised me to go by railway to St. Cross, and from thence up the upper waters of the Mississippi to St. Paul, in Minnesota, then by a stage to Georgetown, on the Red River, in which stream I could proceed by a steamer to the Selkirk Settlement, in the centre of which Fort Garry is situated, at the point where Assiniboine and Red River meet.

I should advise my readers to take the largest map of North America they can find, or they may be sorely puzzled to follow my route, or to understand where the adventures I am about to describe occurred. When travelling I seldom fail to find a companion, and my disposition being somewhat of a malleable nature, I generally manage so to work his and mine together, that we are able to rub on sociably till called upon to separate. In the present instance I was more fortunate than usual, for, while I was in the midst of my preparations, who should turn up one day, rather roll into the office of my cousin, John Brown, but my old school-boy and strong-fisted, stout-hearted friend, Jack Trevor. He was a vital shot, could handle oar or scull right well, throw a fly skilfully, run a deer, walk thirty miles on a stretch without fatigue, and woe betide the man who felt the strength of his arm. I told Jack what I was about to undertake. "Just suit me," he exclaimed. "I was wondering what you could do. I've a year or so to spare and some cash to throw away, am well trained, and should amazingly like to have a scamper after me."

The ice of winter having sufficiently disappeared from the Upper Lakes to render navigation possible, we started by the Northern Railway, leaving Lake Simcoe to Collingwood, on the shores of the Georgian Bay, and then embarked on board a steamer named after the same heroic general. Paddling away north, we were soon out of sight of the general's low shore, when a gale springing up, we tumbled about very considerably. We managed, however, to tumble on till we got under the lee of a wooded island, where we remained as quietly as in a mill-pond till the next morning, when we continued our voyage between the Manitoulin Islands and the north shore of Lake Huron, till we came to the Copper mines. Along this north shore a road has been surveyed and settlements laid out. Proceeding up the St. Mary River, we reached the rapids of that name—one on the British, the other on the States side.

For fuller particulars of many of the subjects treated of in this paper, see Major Hind's accounts of the Red River and Saskatchewan exploring expedi-

Between the two, Lake Superior sends its waters, roaring and foaming into the river on their course to the ocean. We avoided the rapids steaming through a canal on the American side. On our way we took board two birch-bark canoes, which my indefatigable cousin, John Brown had caused to be provided; as also a supply of gum to stick over the seams wattap, which is the root of the tamarac, used to sew the pieces of birch bark together; cod-lines, and other indispensables for canoe navigation. Here, also, a guide and crew joined us, dark-skinned individuals descended from French Canadians and Indians, a class who are employed by the Hudson's Bay Company in their canoes. I will describe them as we go on. We purposed picking up afterwards a few Indians to increase our strength. Away we steamed along the northern shore of Lake Superior, occasionally sighting some lofty bluff said to contain a vast supply of iron, copper, and other mineral wealth, till we neared the fine headland of Thunder Cape, and found ourselves amid the magnificent scenery of Thunder Bay. Here the steamer anchored, and we, launching our canoes, went on shore at Fort William, an important port of the Hudson's Bay Company, standing at the mouth of the River Kaministiquia.

We found that surveyors had already laid out a settlement on the banks of this stream, which is navigable for large vessels for a good many miles from its mouth. While preparing for our long inland voyage of something not much under five hundred miles to the Red River, we were entertained by the surveyor, who showed us the plans proposed for opening up the country for general traffic. Trevor had become very eager on the subject, and declared that he should be ready to devote his life to the undertaking. We therefore agreed to follow the same route. Sending our canoes with the voyageurs up the Kaministiquia River, we were to proceed north along the shore of Thunder Bay till we reached a harbour abreast of Dog Lake. Here we were to land, and push our way for twenty-eight miles across the country, along the line where a good road was soon to be formed, to Dog Lake. We were to embark on the lake in our canoes, as we should have a clear navigation of thirty-five miles across it and up Dog River till it became shoal; then landing, we were to ascend to the height of land forming the boundary between Canada and the North-West Territory, and make a portage of five miles to the Savanne River. A portage is, literally, a carrying. The canoes and cargo are carried on men's shoulders over the land, either to avoid a rapid, or from one lake or stream to another—thus these intervening spaces of land come to be called also portages. After launching our canoes in the Savanne River, we were to obtain a free navigation of sixty-five miles, the Lake des Mille Lacs and the River Seine, to the Little Falls. We were from this place to be prepared for numerous portages, amounting altogether to seven miles, and fifty-nine and a half miles of navigation. After the last of these portages we were to get a run of two hundred and eight miles down the River Seine into Rainy Lake, and from thence into the Lake of the Woods, which we were to cross to its western extremity either to a small lake known as Lac Plat, ninety-one and a half miles across an easy country, to Fort Garry, or to descend the Winnipeg River into Lake Winnipeg, and along its southern shore to the mouth of the Red River. We decided on the latter route for ourselves, as we wished

for our canoes to navigate the lakes and rivers to the westward, and not being expected, we should have had no horses sent over by the Selkirk people to meet us. It must be remembered that the Selkirk settlement and the Red River settlement are different names for the same district, and that Fort Garry is the Hudson's Bay Company's fort in the midst of it. Trevor, who had an especial taste for engineering projects, was delighted with the account, and made out that by means of good steamers, short railroads or even roads for coaches, and tramways over which loaded boats could be drawn, the distance between Fort William and Fort Garry might be accomplished in six days. "You see," he observed, "the greater portion of the distance would be performed by steamers; thus, on the sixty miles of broken navigation on the River Seine, large boats, to be dragged up inclined planes and along tramways to the portages, would be more suitable. Then the Red River people would make the short road necessary between their place and Lac Plat, and supply the conveyances, greatly to their profit. Why, the whole route, if people had energy, might be open by next summer, and as we all know that the distance between the Red River and the top of the Rocky Mountains offers no impediments, if the inhabitants of British Columbia would open up a communication on their side, we should in a year or two be sending our letters across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific in a couple of weeks or so, and fellows like you or I, would be able to accomplish it by railway, steam-boats, and on horseback, in about the same time."

Having sent the canoes on two days before, we fitted ourselves with packs, blankets, and provisions for a couple of days, and, with an Indian guide, landing at the mouth of Current River, on the northern shore of Thunder Bay, worked our way along the line of the proposed road to Dog Lake. We just saved our daylight to the shore of the lake, where we prepared to camp. Our guide first cut off a quantity of the young shoots of the spruce-fir, which he strewed on a dry spot to form our beds, while, at his suggestion, we collected a large supply of dry wood for a fire. Our kettle for tea was soon boiling, and with the cooked provisions we had brought we made an excellent meal. Trevor pronounced it jolly fun, and declared that he should never grow tired of living as we then were doing. Our Ojibway guide, who, from the sound of his native name, we denominated Ugly-mug, as well as from the lineaments of his physiognomy, was so pleased with the way we treated him, that he begged he might accompany us, and as he bore a good character for honesty and good temper, and for being an expert and daring hunter and canoe-paddler, we accepted his services. As he understood English fairly, and had already been a considerable distance up the Saskatchewan, we considered him a valuable acquisition to our party.

The next morning the canoes appeared, having camped at no great distance from where we were, and, having taken a hurried breakfast, we embarked. "Take care," cried Ugly-mug, as we stepped on board, and not without reason, for, though accustomed to Cambridge eight oars, we as nearly as possible pitched head-foremost out on the other side of our frail barks, to the great risk of capsizing them and spoiling our goods. Trevor and Ugly-mug went in one canoe, Peter, Ready, and I in the other, and the crews, with stores and provisions, were evenly divided between

us. Away we paddled across the lake, our Indians striking up a song of the character of "Row, brothers, row!" but not so melodious. All day we paddled, and camped at night. When we came to a portage we jumped out. Two men carried each canoe, the rest loaded themselves with baggage, cargo, and bore it on their shoulders half a mile, or perhaps two or three or more, till smooth water was again reached. On those occasions we sighed for tramways, over which we could run swiftly with cargo and canoes. Every portage has its name, and so indeed has every point of stream, and isle. For ages fur-traders' canoes have been traversing this country, and to their people every mile is known. We indulged in small tents for sleeping, but our beds were the hard rock, sprinkled with spruce fir-tops and covered with rugs. I have not described our canoes. They were formed of the bark of the white birch-tree, peeled off in large sheets and bent over a slender frame of cedar ribs confined by gunwales, which are kept apart by slender bars of the same wood. A thread called wappap, made out of the flexible roots of the young spruce-tree, is used to sew the sheets of bark together and to secure them to the gunwales, which have thus the neat appearance of an Indian basket. The joinings are made water-tight by a coating of tamarac gum put on hot, or by the pitch of the yellow pine. The seats are suspended from the gunwales, so as not to press against the sides. The stem and stern are alike, the sheets of bark being cut into a graceful curve, and are frequently ornamented with beads or coloured moose-hair. Ours carried six men each, and our baggage and provisions, and were so light, that a couple of men lifted them out of the water and ran along with them over the roughest ground with the greatest ease. They are urged on by light paddles with broad blades, and are steered by another of the same shape. For several days we paddled on, making no great speed, however; for, across lakes in calm weather, we seldom did more than four miles an hour, when Trevor used to sing out, "Oh, for an eight-oar! oh, for an eight-oar! how we would make her spin along." However, I persuaded him that we were better as we were, because in case of being snagged, not having a boat-builder at hand, we should have been puzzled to repair her. For several days we paddled on without meeting with any actual adventure, although objects of interest were not wanting during every hour of the day.

We passed through the Lake of the Thousand Lakes, and camped on its shores before beginning our descent of the River Seine. The night passed calmly. I awoke early; the stars were slightly paling; a cold, yellow light had begun to show itself in the east; on the lake rested a screen of dense fog, through which a host of Indians bent on our destruction might have been approaching without my being able to discover them. Landward was a forest equally impenetrable. Walking a step or two from the camp, I heard a sudden rush. I started and cocked my smooth bore, but nothing appeared, and I guessed that it was a fox-minx or marten prowling close by, attracted by the remains of last night's meal. From the expiring camp-fires a thin column of smoke rose up above the trees, and then spread lakewards to join the damp, misty veil which hid the quiet waters from view. Round the fires were the silent forms of the Indians, lying motionless on their backs, wrapped in their blankets, like shrouded corpses stretched at full length. Two or three were under the canoes, and Ugly-mug had taken post in front of Trevor's tent. As dawn

advanced an Indian awoke, uncovered his face, and, sitting upon his haunches, looked round from beneath the folds of his blanket which he had drawn over his head. After a few minutes a low "waugh" from his throat made some of the others unrol themselves, and begin blowing at the fire and adding fresh fuel. A few minutes were spent by the French voyageurs in prayer, and then, the rest of the party being roused, the tents were struck, and our early meal of hot coffee, or tea and biscuits, enjoyed, and the canoes being loaded, away we paddled down the stream as usual. "No frying-pan, hatchet, or other valuable left behind?" sang out Trevor, who acted as commander-in-chief. Each man examined the property committed to his charge, and, all being found right, we went on. Here let me advise those engaged in similar expeditions to be careful about such trifles, for a party may be brought to a stand-still, and lives endangered, by the loss of articles which may appear at the moment of little value.

Now and then we came to rapids which it was deemed tolerably safe to shoot. We had performed this feat twice, when we came to another. We had got through the greater part, when, as we were leaping on, the stern, swiftly turning round, grazed a rock. "A narrow shave!" I exclaimed, thinking we were safe. But Ginger's cry of "Oh, muster! muster! the water is a running in, and we all be going to be drowned," showed I was wrong. "Stick your thumb into it," cried Trevor, from the other canoe, which was just ahead, and had escaped all danger. This Ginger did literally, but the water spouted up all round his arm. "Never mind," exclaimed "Long-shot," the chief of my canoe. "We shall go on till the next portage." But the water kept rising and rising till we had three inches of it inside the canoe. This was more than I bargained for, and as the cargo would be injured, even if we did not sink, I insisted on landing. The chief trouble was unlading the canoe, for a piece of bark sewed on with wattap, and covered over with gum melted with a burning stick, soon repaired the damage. Thus we made good three hundred and eighty-one miles, counting the sinuosities of the course, and found ourselves encamped on the north-west corner of the beautiful Lake of the Woods. I say beautiful, for no part of North America presents more lovely and picturesque lake scenery; here, bare, precipitous rocks; there, abrupt timbered hills of every form, and gentle wooded slopes and open grassy areas; while islands of every variety of form and size dotted the blue expanse.

There was the usual fog resting on the surface of the lake as I turned out in the morning before the rest of the party, whom I was about to rouse up, when my ear caught the sound of paddles approaching the camp. That they were Indians, there could be no doubt, and I thought that they were probably on a journey, and would pass by without observing us. Ugly-mug had not given the Wood Indians of this district the best of characters, yet as they had always shown, we heard, a friendly disposition towards the English, we had no cause to apprehend danger from them. Still I knew that it was necessary, when travelling in these regions, to be on our guard, and I therefore stood still, expecting to hear the sound of the paddles gradually decrease as they passed by. Suddenly, however, a light puff of wind lifted the veil of mist, and exposed to view nearly a dozen large canoes filled with painted and feather-bedecked

Indians, evidently on a war party, and coming directly for our camp. "Indians! rise—quick to your feet!" I shouted out, having no fancy to—be murdered through too much ceremony, or by putting over-confidence in a band of savages. In an instant Trevor stood with his revolver in one hand, ready to do battle, and his fowling-piece in the other, Ginger with his fists doubled, and the rest with their different weapons prepared for use, while Ready showed his teeth and barked furiously, to make amend for his previous carelessness.

On seeing our preparations, a young chief stood up in the bow of the leading canoe, and, waving his hand, shouted that he was coming on a peaceable errand; "though understand," he added, "if we came as enemies, we could speedily devour you, for these you see are but the advance-guard of our tribe. My father, the chief, will be here anon; he sent me on to announce his coming." Finding that resistance would be almost hopeless if they meant evil, putting the best face we could on matters, we begged the young chief to land, and sit down and smoke the calumet of peace, or, as Trevor expressed it, "take his pipe, and make himself at home." He was a talkative youngster, and seemed very proud of having killed two or three men in a war expedition against the Sioux, from which he had just returned, exhibiting to our displeased eyes the fresh scalps he had taken. We found that he had brought them all down at long shots; indeed the red men, notwithstanding all that has been said in their praise by novel-writers, have a very unheroic notion of fighting—Trevor called it an "unsportsman-like way of bagging their game." Our bloodthirsty young acquaintance smoked several pipes, drank a quart of tea, and talked of affairs in general, but left us as much in the dark as ever as to the reason of his coming, though he informed us that our fire had been seen in the evening, but that, unwilling to disturb us, he had postponed his visit till daylight. His followers had, meantime, landed and squatted round us in the most amicable manner, my dog Ready being the only one of the party who exhibited any hostile feeling, and he was in no way satisfied with the appearance of the ill-looking war-begrimed strangers.

Our principal annoyance arose from being unable to proceed, which we could not venture to do till the appearance of the chief. At length his fleet of nearly twenty canoes hove in sight, and he soon landed, and, with all the pomp and dignity he could assume, demanded the reason of our passing through his country. We replied, through Ugly-mug, that we were on a journey of pleasure, desiring to pass on to the big sea in the Far West, to hunt some buffalo and shoot a grizzly, if we could—in fact, to inspect the country and kill time. After listening attentively, he gave a significant "Ugh!" observing that we might or might not be speaking the truth, but that certainly we were more likely to meet pain than pleasure, that too many buffalo were hunted already, but that was no business of his, and that as to grizzlies, he knew nothing of them in his part of the country, nor of a big lake in the Far West, and that we could kill time far better at home; but there was one thing he did know, that the white people had deceived the red men so often, and had occupied their lands, and that with his will no one should pass through his country, which lay between the Lake of the Woods and the Red River. We took a few minutes to deliberate what to say, and then instructed Ugly-mug to

inform the chief that he was a very wise man, but that he was labouring under one slight error, the fact being that the whole country belonged to the Queen of England, that he and his people were her subjects, and that so were we; that she desired all her subjects to be friendly to each other, that she was very angry with those who were not, and made presents to those who were; that we should set a good example by not passing through the country he claimed, though we were afraid she might be very much vexed at hearing of his want of courtesy, still, to prove to him our friendly disposition, we proposed presenting him with some tobacco, a hatchet, and two blankets, although we had not come provided with presents. He looked completely taken aback on hearing this, and ended by sending two of his young men as guides down the Winnipeg River, the course we had intended to pursue. We visited an island in the lake, a large portion of which was cultivated, and produced Indian corn, potatoes, squashes, and pumpkins, while gooseberries, raspberries, and currants grew wild; pigeons and a variety of birds flew over our heads, and fish of great size swarmed in the lakes and streams we passed through. We stopped on our way at two or three Hudson's Bay Company's trading posts. They are generally situated on commanding positions, surrounded by stockades, which would serve to keep out a predatory party of Indians. We also visited a missionary station—that of Islington—established by an English lady, Mrs. Sandon, of Bath. The missionary, Mr. Macdonald, has long laboured among the ignorant savages, instructing them in the truths of Christianity, teaching them the art of agriculture, and educating their children in his schools with more success generally than the adults. Trevor agreed with me that we should not so much judge of the usefulness of such institutions by the results which we had the opportunities of witnessing, as by reflecting in what state the country would have been without such nuclei of civilisation. Again, in twenty years a thousand converts may have been made, yet we should only see five hundred, as the rest will have passed away, and it cannot be expected that more than a few should be sincere, steadfast Christians—the rest can only be at best decent professors. If we expect more than this, we expect more of savages than we find in civilised life. Trevor was so delighted with the country, its beauty and fertility, and all he saw, that he was for hurrying back as soon as we reached Red River, to try and induce the Canadians and people in England to set to work to open up the country immediately. It took us nearly three weeks to voyage from Fort William to the mouth of the Red River, which we reached by a traverse across Lake Winnipeg. We ascended that river to a settlement of Christian Indians presided over by an English clergyman, where we left our canoes and boatmen till we should again require them, and proceeded up on horseback to the main settlements, some rapids impeding this part of the navigation of the Red River.

In contrast to the wild scenery through which we had so long been travelling, the Selkirk settlements presented an aspect of civilisation and advancement which we had not expected. There were good roads, houses, churches, schools, mills, stores, large farms and small farms, and a very pretentious cathedral and nunnery belonging to the Roman Catholics. There is no town in the settlement, but there is a large, tolerably strong fort—that of Fort Garry—on the point of land where the Assiniboine

River falls into the Red River, and for twenty miles or so on the banks of the two streams the buildings I have described have been built in groups or knolls, forming separate hamlets, with in most instances a church and school-house for each. I might give a long and interesting account of the settlement, but such is not my aim. I will merely remark that the farms were well stocked and showed a variety and an abundance of produce, that horses and cattle lived out and grew fat on the native grasses throughout the winter, and that so did pigs in the woods on acorns and roots, and that all the inhabitants required to become wealthy and prosperous was a regular market for their produce.

We were hospitably entertained and kindly treated by all classes while preparing for our first hunting expedition. It had long formed the chief subject of our conversation by day as we paddled along in our canoes, and in the evening as we sat round our camp-fires, and now we were actually to begin. We had engaged a couple of half-breeds as guides and hunters; one was of English, the other French parentage. One was called John Stalker, the other Pierre Garoupe. They were both bold, active fellows, and each amusingly tenacious of the honour of the country from which his father came. There was no want of good horses in the settlement—courageous, hardy animals, trained to hunt the buffalo, and taught to stand still should their rider be thrown or any accident happen to him. The carts of the country are built entirely of wood, without a nail, and, consequently, float across rivers, and if broken are easily repaired. We bought four of these carts to carry our tents, provision, ammunition, and clothing. A large body of half-breed hunters, with their wives and children, had gone on before towards the south-west, where the buffalo were said to have appeared in great numbers on their way to the northward, and we hoped, by pushing on, to overtake the band in time to see some of the sport.

John Stalker gave us much information about these hunting expeditions. Great regularity is observed. Each man has his own cart, or carts and horses. The band is divided into companies, with a chief to each, and constables and a leader over the whole, whose word is supreme both in camp and on the hunting-field. We found ourselves in a new kind of scenery. Here and there were separate woods, but our course chiefly lay over the open prairie—a boundless expanse of waving grass. The greatest risk in dry weather in such a country is from fire. Should it once become ignited, no human power can arrest its progress, and Heaven have mercy on the hapless hunter whom it overtakes. The fleetest steed will scarcely escape if flying before it.

We found from the fresh tracks that we were near the hunters, and at length we came upon them encamped, the women making pemmikon, and the men cleaning their arms, or doing nothing.

Pemmikon is the staple food of all the hunters and travellers throughout the country. In the Cree tongue, *pemmi* means meat, and *kon*, fat. The flesh of the buffalo is cut up in strips and hung on poles to dry, then it is pounded between two stones till the fibres separate. About fifty pounds of this meat are put into a bag of buffalo-skin, with forty pounds of hot melted fat thoroughly mixed with it. A nicer sort contains berries and sugar, and is highly prized. It keeps for years, subject to wet, cold, or damp. One pound is considered equal to three of ordinary meat. Having introduced ourselves to the leader of the party, and invited him

and sup with us, we encamped in a position he assigned to us, the preparations for the next day's hunt. By early dawn, Trevor followed by Ginger, were in the saddle. The latter from his childhood been accustomed to ride, and was now perfectly at home on the horse. I spoke of the Crees. They inhabit the country to the south of Lake Winnipeg, and the half-breeds are chiefly related to the mothers' side.

It was a fine sight to see the band of hunters, marshalled in order, advancing towards the spot where the buffaloes were said to be feeding. It helped thinking, as I watched them, what splendid light cavalry would make for the defence of the country against their encroaching farmers, or mounted police, or irregular cavalry for any purpose. I agreed with me, and had some notions of his own on the same subject in regard to them and the Indians. "The excellent of the land Christianise and civilise the red men," he remarked. "Very good; I don't see that they attempt an impossibility, but I do see that they do it in a very bungling manner. They try to make men who have their lives on horseback, or with rifle in hand following deer or trapping small game, sit quietly down as farmers, gardeners, school-boys, and attend school and church Sundays and week days, and any approach to amusement; and, what is still more absurd, finding them any market for the produce of their industry when they are so industrious. Teach them Christianity by all means, but introduce horse-races, foot-races, shooting-matches, football, and all sorts of games—Punch and Judy, if you like, and organ-grinding—anything suitable to their mental powers affording amusement, and let them up the country. Send people to buy their produce, and employ postillions, mail-carriers, ostlers, cattle-drovers, ferrymen, and, at the same time, keep them as much as possible separate from white men, and give them good guidance and instruction, and I have some hope that they will increase in numbers, and that they will become civilised in reality as well as nominally, and that some sincere Christians will be found among

them. We had got thus far when the advanced guard made a signal for us to be kept. We each of us stood up in our stirrups, and, looking back, caught sight of numberless dark objects covering the prairie, as far as the eye could reach, from north to south. The wind blew from the north, so that we might hope to get near without being perceived. The hunters now examined their saddle-girths, loaded their guns, looked to their hats, and percussion-caps, and filled their mouths with bullets that they put down them into their guns, without wadding, while at full gallop. Then we heard cautioning the less experienced—and with good reason, not to shoot each other—a contingency I thought very likely to occur. We cautiously at first we approached the herd, clutching our weapons, and going forward eagerly, ready to stick our spurs into our horses' sides at a moment's notice. Before us were four or five buffaloes. On we went still unperceived; even the sagacious animals seemed to tread cautiously. At length some of the nearest animals turned their shaggy bearded heads. Our leader gave the signal; we were over. No further need now for silence. Our steeds sprang off we dashed, and, scampering along at full speed, were soon in the midst of the more tardy moving animals, each hunter firing right and

left into the animal nearest him on either hand. It was like a naval engagement in days of yore, when a British fleet got among the enemy. In this instance, each hunter was widely separated from his companions, and only now and then the unfortunate chase turned to show fight. Even that was hopeless, for the well-trained horse, wheeling or leaping aside, knew as well as his rider how to avoid the charge of the furious buffalo, which was certain in the course of a few seconds to be brought low. As each hunter killed an animal, he dropped some article of his property to denote his prey—a handkerchief, tobacco-box, knife, steel—and then galloped on, slaughtering right and left. I had told Ginger to keep near me lest any accident should happen to the lad, but, carried away by the excitement of the chase, he separated from me, and Trevor very quickly disappeared. I was in high glee, for I had rolled over two buffalo in succession. On I galloped and brought down a third. I fired at a fourth, a huge bull, but, though I hit him, he did not fall, and before I could check the speed of my horse to load, the animal put his foot into a badger's hole, and down he came, throwing me over his head. As I was on my way to the ground, I looked up and beheld the huge buffalo, with his hairy head bent low, dashing towards me. I had no power of defending myself. I saw his red fiery eyes close to me, felt his hot breath on my cheek, and gave myself up for lost. I remembered nothing more but a most horrible sensation of suffocation. I had remained some time in that condition, when I heard voices near me, and recognised Ginger's tones. "Yes, yes! that be my dear muster," he exclaimed. "Yes, Muster Injun, and he be coming to life again, I do believe. Hurra! hurra!" On this I felt myself lifted up and carried to a little distance, when I was again put down. In a few minutes I was placed in a litter, formed, I afterwards found, of the skin of the very buffalo which had so nearly finished me.

The shot I had put into him, though not instantaneously fatal, had produced his death at the moment he was about to gore me, and his huge body had fallen over completely above me. Poor Ginger, when the hunt was over and the hunters were returning to camp, had searched about for me in every direction till he was in perfect despair. At length a buffalo I had killed was discovered, and my course traced till I was found under the body of my fourth victim. Ginger had killed a buffalo, and Trevor boasted of knocking over six, so that he was well content with the result of his first hunt in British North America. Upwards of four hundred animals were killed, and now the carts came up to carry off the flesh, to be converted forthwith into pemmikon, in the manner I have already described. There was a terrible waste of food even in this instance. I was several days unable to mount my horse, but had recovered completely by the time the pemmikon was prepared and the camp broken up. It had been arranged that we were to begin our homeward march the next day, when the scouts, always kept actively employed on such occasions, brought in word that they had discovered the trail of a band of Sioux, their hereditary foes, and had followed it up till they found them encamped, not more than a day's journey from where we were, in American territory. A council of war was held immediately. It was agreed by the hunters that if they did not attack the Sioux, the Sioux would follow and attack them, and take them unawares. Trevor and I at once came to the opinion that it was our duty to be non-combatants; and, indeed, we com-

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said our friends to retreat without attacking the Sioux, and to trust to their own vigilance not to be taken by surprise. This advice was very unpalatable to the tastes of the hunters, and was totally disregarded. As far as the principles of the half-breeds are concerned, we found them very little in advance of the Indians, though they pique themselves as a mark of their civilisation in not taking scalps. Trevor even offered to visit the camp of the Sioux, and to try and negotiate terms of peace. To this proposal, however, they would not for a moment listen, declaring that he would lose his life in the attempt. The council broke up, and a war-party having been arranged, forthwith set out. They advanced with caution, with scouts thrown out to examine any ground which could possibly afford a spot for an ambush. We rode on with them for some distance, and in vain again urged them to abandon so utterly profitless an expedition, certain as it was also, even should they be victorious in the present instance, to make their enemies retaliate on some future occasion.

I believe that the ladies of the party regarded us with a considerable amount of contempt when we returned to the camp, in consequence of our interference. Stalker, however, who was a sensible fellow, agreed that we were right, and explained to the fair dames that, although we refused to attack men who had never injured us, we would fight for them like heroes if they were attacked. This assurance seemed to restore us to their good opinion. Two days passed, and the war-party returned, looking haggard and travel-stained. They boasted of having killed sixteen of the enemy, but as they had certainly lost five of their own men, and had no trophies to show, we questioned their statement. There were also, we pointed out to them, as the result of their exploit, three widows in the camp and a dozen fatherless children, whom they were bound to support. We immediately began our return homeward.

The camp remained quiet all night, but the next morning several horses were missing, and two scouts, at no great distance, were found killed and scalped. The following day a Cree hunter lost his life, but our friends showed no inclination to turn back on the enemy. They were, I found, so completely down-hearted at the loss they had sustained in consequence of their own folly, that they exhibited none of that courage and daring which they undoubtedly possess. Still I am convinced that, well led, they are men capable of performing the most daring exploits.

As we did not wish to return to Fort Garry, while they kept to the right, we crossed the Assiniboine River, and went on to La Prairie Portage, a settlement of Christian Indians, presided over by Archdeacon Cochrane, an excellent man, who has devoted the whole of his life to the service of these children of the wilds. The settlement appeared in a flourishing condition. There are two churches, a number of neat cottages, and many well-cultivated and well-stocked farms. I have heard people sneer at the Protestant clergymen of this and the Red River settlements, and say that they would show a more missionary spirit if they sought out the heathen Indians in their native wilds. I am convinced they go where they can be of most service. Their object is to civilise their converts and to teach them industry, and I say that cannot be done unless they can find a market for their produce. What, also, should be said of a highly-educated, refined man, who voluntarily banishes himself from the society of his equals, and devotes all his best energies to the benefit of savages who can afford him no return?

We remained here a couple of days to rest our cattle and put our carts in order, and then pushed on by the cart trail due west across the prairie towards Fort Ellis. We encountered wonderfully few difficulties in our progress, though we met with not a few adventures. Everywhere rabbits were numerous, as were all sorts of wild fowl, so that we fared sumptuously. We noticed humming-birds, and locusts, or grasshoppers as they are here called, innumerable. Vast flights passed over our heads, appearing like silvery clouds in the sky; so voracious are they, that they destroyed every article of clothing left on the grass. Saddles, girths, leathern bags, and clothes, were devoured without distinction. Ten minutes sufficed them, as some of our men found to their cost, to destroy several garments which had been carelessly left on the ground. Looking upwards, as near the sun as the light would permit, we saw the sky continually changing colour, according to the numbers in the passing clouds of insects. Opposite the sun the prevailing hue was a silver white, continually flashing. The hum produced by so many millions of wings is indescribable, sounding something like a ringing in our ears. The grasshoppers are, as may be supposed, the great enemies to the farmers of those regions—their greatest even before early and late frosts. Fortunately, they do not come every year.

We fell in with elk, deer, wolves, and buffaloes; of the latter we killed one, which afforded us the luxury of fresh meat for three or four days.

Our plan of encamping was somewhat different to that we adopted when voyaging in canoes.

At night, our fires being lit, we assembled round them to cook our provisions and to escape mosquitoes and other insects, which the smoke keeps away. Sending out scouts to ascertain that no red skins were in the neighbourhood who would steal our animals if they could, we turned them loose, knowing that they would not stray far. One night, however, one of our scouts reported that he had seen something approach the brow of the hill about two hundred yards off, and that after gazing at the encampment it had disappeared, but whether it was a two-legged or four-legged creature he could not say.

The next night, as I was going my rounds, I distinctly heard a horse neigh. This, when I reported it, with the occurrence of the previous night, made our guides sure that we were watched by Sioux, and that they would attempt to steal our steeds. Our camp-fires were therefore put out, the carts placed closed together, the animals brought in and tethered, and a watch set. The general opinion was, however, that no attack would be made till near dawn. Still it would be unwise to trust to that. The horses after a time became restless. Ready also showed by his low growls that he fancied enemies were in the neighbourhood. Our half-breeds accordingly, crawling through the grass, arranged themselves in a half circle about seventy yards from the carts, each with his gun loaded with buck-shot. The night was dark, and not a word was spoken above a whisper. Towards morning a scout came in to report that he had heard a person or animal crossing the river, that it came near him, and then passed on near the camp. On this he judged it time to follow; that it had come within thirty yards of the tents, when Ready had growled, and that then, turning off, it had re-crossed the river. We became, on hearing this, still more anxious than ever, expecting every moment an attack. When morning dawned, we discovered that we had been completely surrounded

by Indians, who, however, perceiving that we were on the alert, and that the horses were tethered, abandoned the attempt to steal them. This circumstance taught us the necessity for constant caution, at the same time it showed us that the red skins could not be very desperate or blood-thirsty characters, or they would have attacked us in a far bolder manner. Some days after this our leading scout galloped in, announcing that he had come upon a large encampment of Crees near which we must pass. We closed up immediately and stood to our arms, not knowing whether the strangers would prove to be friends or foes. In the mean time, we sent Stalker forward as an ambassador to announce our arrival, and to express a wish on our part to have an interview with their chief. Our envoy had not been long absent, when a band of sixty Cree horsemen appeared in sight, galloping rapidly towards us—wild-looking fellows, many of them naked, with the exception of the cloth and belt, and armed with bows and spears, while a few with more garments had fire-arms. They were headed by a gaily-dressed youth, with a spangled coat, and feathers in his hair, who announced himself as the son of the chief, and stated that he was sent forward to conduct us to their camp.

We accordingly begged him and his followers to dismount, and made them welcome with the never-failing calumet. He informed us that his tribe was engaged in buffalo-hunting, or rather trapping, and that they were about to construct a new pound, having filled the present one with buffalo, but had been compelled to abandon it on account of the stench which arose from the putrefying bodies, and he expressed a wish that we would watch them filling the new pound. After the young chief, whose name sounded, and might, I believe, have been freely rendered Fistycuff, had sat smoking an hour, he proposed setting out for their camp. We accordingly ordered an advance, and rode on, talking pleasantly, without the slightest fear of treachery. As we neared the Cree camp, we saw the women employed in moving their goods, being assisted in the operation by large numbers of dogs, each dog having two poles harnessed to him, on which a load of meat, pemmikon, or camp furniture was laid.

Having pitched our camp and enjoyed another official smoke, young Fistycuff invited us to see the old buffalo pound, in which during the past week they had been entrapping buffalo. We accepted the offer, and, with as much dignity as if he was about to show us some delightful pleasure-grounds, he led us to a little valley through a lane of branches of trees, which are called "dead men," to the gate or trap of the pound. The branches are called "dead" or "silent men," rather from the office they perform of keeping the buffalo in a straight line as they are driven towards the pound. A most horrible and disgusting sight broke upon us as we ascended the hill overlooking the pound. Within a circular fence of a hundred and twenty feet in diameter, constructed of the trunks of trees tied together with withes, and braced by outside supports, lay tossed, in every conceivable position, upwards of two hundred dead buffaloes. From old bulls to calves, animals of every description were huddled together in all the forced attitudes of a violent death. Some lay on their backs, with their eyes starting from their heads, and their tongues thrust out through slotted gore. Others were impaled on the horns of the old and strong bulls; others, again, which had been tossed, were lying with broken backs two and three deep. The young chief and his people looked upon the dreadful and sickening scene with evident delight, and described how such

and such a bull or cow had exhibited feats of wonderful strength in the death-struggle.

The flesh of many of the cows had been taken off, and was drying in the sun, on stages near the tents, to make pemmikon. The odour was almost overpowering, and millions of large blue flesh-flies were humming and buzzing over the putrefying bodies.

After we had refreshed ourselves (as Fistycuff expressed a hope that we had done) with this spectacle, he begged that we would ride on to the new pound. It was formed in the same way. From it two lines of trees were placed, extending to a distance of four miles into the prairie, each tree being about fifty feet from the other, forming a road about two miles wide at the mouth, gradually narrowing towards the pound. Men had concealed themselves behind the trees, and the hunters having succeeded in driving a herd into the road, they rose and shook their robes on any attempt being made to break away from it. Now on came the herd, rushing forward at headlong speed; now an Indian would dart out from behind a tree and shake his robe as an animal showed an inclination to break out of the line, and as quickly again retreat. At the entrance of the pound there was a strong trunk of a tree about a foot from the ground, and on the inner side an excavation sufficiently deep to prevent the buffalo from leaping back when once in the pound. The buffaloes closed in one on the other, the space they occupied narrowing till they became one dense mass, and then, ignorant of the trap prepared for them, leaped madly over the horizontal trunk. As soon as they had taken the fatal spring, they began to gallop round and round the ring fence, looking for a chance of escape; but, with the utmost silence, the men, women, and children, who stood close together surrounding the fence, held out their robes before every orifice, until the whole herd was brought in. They then climbed to the top of the fence, and joined by the hunters, who had closely followed the hapless buffalo, darted their spears, or shot with bows or fire-arms, at the bewildered animals, now frantic with rage and terror on finding themselves unable to escape from the narrow limits of the pound.

A great number had thus been driven in and killed, and we were about retiring from the horrid spectacle, at the risk of bringing on ourselves the contempt of our host, when one wary old bull, espying a narrow crevice which had not been closed by the robes of those on the outside, made a furious dart, and broke through the fence. In spite of the frantic efforts of the Indians to close it up again, the half-maddened survivors followed their leader, and before their impetuous career could be stopped, they were galloping helter-skelter among the sand-hills, with the exception of a dozen or so who were shot down by arrows or bullets as they passed along in their furious course.

In consequence of the wholesale and wanton destruction of the buffalo—an example of which we witnessed—they have greatly diminished. We were not surprised afterwards to hear the old chief say that he remembered the time when his people were as numerous as the buffalo now are, and the buffalo were as thick as the trees of the forest. We spent two very interesting days with him, and then turned our horses' heads toward the Red River, that we might prepare for a canoe voyage on the lake and up the Saskatchewan, which we had resolved to make.

IDALIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," "STRATHMORE," &c.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

IN THE ISLES OF THE SYRENS.

To love and bear, to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.

SHELLEY.

Esprit, philosophie, succès, gloire, renommée;—qu'êtes vous auprès d'un
baiser!—MIRABEAU.

CHAPTER I.

IN PURSUIT.

ANOTHER moment, and Erceldoune had crossed the entangled labyrinth of the Turkish garden, thrown himself into saddle, and turned his chestnut back at a headlong gallop towards the city. The Greeks idly lying under the shelter of their fishing or olive feluccas drawn up on the shore, and the Turks sitting on their cocoa-nut mats under the shadow of fig-tree or vine at the entrance of their huts, stared aghast at the breathless pace of the horse, thundering along the sea-road through the noon-tide heat, his flanks covered with foam, and the white burnous of his Giaour rider floating out upon the wind. Down the steep pathways, over the jagged rocks, across the flat burning levels of sand, and under the leaning grape-covered walls, Erceldoune rode, reckless of danger, unconscious of the fierce sun-fire pouring on his head.

He had sworn to follow her, whether her route were seaward to Europe, or eastwards into the wild heart of Asia. Pride, reason, wounded feeling, wavering faith, had none of them availed to turn him from his course. He was true to his oath; and bitter as the desolation was that had so suddenly swept in on him, the madness was upon him that in the golden verse of his namesake the Rhymer makes Syr Tristram love better to go back to the risk of death and shame, to the land of his foe, to the old piercing pain and the old delicious sorcery, than to live in peace and honour and royalty without the smile of King Marc's wife, without the light of Ysonde's eyes. Let come what would, he followed Idalia.

In the love he bore her there was a strange mingling of utter humility, of most reverential chivalry, with the wildest passion and the most reckless daring; in it the two sides of his nature were blent; he held her in as suppliant a veneration as ever William Craven held his sovereign Stuart mistress, but to pursue her he would have the boldest recklessness, the fiercest resolve. So he rode along the line of the Bosphorus shore, till the Monarch's stride coursed the sand and the herbage like lightning, in pace as hard as that with which he had thundered through the night in chase of the Greek, Conrad Phaulcon.

He rode to the Golden Horn, where the flags of every European nation were streaming from the crowded masts in the clear hot light of a Turkish noon. He knew that the departure of the Countess Vassalis and her

attendants by any one of the vessels could easily be ascertained, since even if she travelled incognita, her Albanian and Nubian servants, and the huge Russian hound, Sulla, would identify her.

To seek the men whom he had met at her house, and learn all concerning her; to inquire of her from the numerous acquaintance he had among the attachés and secretaries of the various Embassies in Constantinople, and the military and naval men passing through or staying there; to ask who she was, whence she came, how she was held in European estimation; all that might have been the natural course of most men was impossible to Erceldoune. He could not have brought himself to speak of her to others; he felt that if he heard her name lightly uttered he should strike his hand on the mouth that uttered it; and intense as his longing might be to know the mystery that apparently shrouded her, the almost quixotic code of his love and his honour would have let him ask nothing through strangers that she withheld herself. He prosecuted his search alone, without seeking Victor Vane, the Count Laraxa, or any of his own friends; and the rapidity in such investigation gained in the Messenger Service soon brought him the knowledge he pursued.

Before evening he had learned among the sailors in the port that a steam yacht belonging to the Countess Vassalis, the *Io*, which had returned twenty-four hours previously from Athens, had taken its departure early in the morning; for Capri, the Greek crew had said, with no one on board but herself, her suite, and the Russian dog. The yacht was probably by now through the Dardanelles. It was well known in the Golden Horn, the sailors told him, that gentlemen sometimes used it, and the Countess usually came from Europe in it; it was a handsome vessel, and could be recognised anywhere on the seas, for it always carried a flag, the green white and scarlet of the Italian national colours, crossed on the Greek ensign, a fancy, it was supposed, of her Excellency's. It had only just returned from Athens; the Count Phaulcon had crossed to Greece in it a few days before;—he was no relative of her Excellency's that they knew of, he was with her sometimes.

Erceldoune's eyes strained across the glittering expanse of water with a passionate, wistful longing as he listened; every word he gathered plunged like a knife into his heart;—no steamer went from the harbour that day to Naples; twelve or twice twelve hours between them, how could he tell but what again she might be lost to him, how or where or when he might ever recover the clue she had rent asunder?

"If that yacht were only mine!" he said, unconsciously aloud, as his glance fell on a splendid vessel in the harbour, with her gold figure-head and her brass swivel-guns glistening in the sun;—his want of wealth he had never felt, his nature was too high toned, his habits too hardy, his temper too bold; but now for the first time the pang of his beggared fortunes struck heavily on him. Were wealth his own how soon the sea that severed them might be bridged!

A familiar hand was struck on his shoulder as he stood looking across at the grey arc of the Bosphorus, straining his eyes into the offing as though he could pierce the distance and follow her with his gaze.

"You want a yacht, Erceldoune? Take mine, my dear fellow. I'm going after the big game, and she'll do nothing here; bring her back in three months' time, that will be soon enough for me."

he turned and saw the Guardsman whom he had brought out of Spezia in a tempest, and who had, unknown to him, defied an attack from Victor Vane and Polemore at Glencairne, Royaldene, of the Coldstreams, who had a six months' leave for cheetahs, hyænas, and a tiger or an elephant, if he had the word to come nigh them. His yacht, the *Sea-Bird*, was the first to catch Erceldoune's glance, and roused the wish that had been in his heart. Hear of denial the Guardsman would not. Erceldoune had many days of sport together on the moors, in boar hunts, in like blackthorn paths of coverts, and in the measureless of the Western world, and the one took the offer as frankly as he made it.

Bird was at his service for three months, with her captain and to take him where he would; there remained but the duties of her Service to detain him, and these, on application, let him Erceldoune was so well known in all the Chancelleries, the friendship Lessington to him was so apparent, and he had so habitually throughout the twenty years of his service from any effort to fit the most dangerous or most irksome missions, that as nothing required him then, and a courier was daily expected from Russia to take the bags home in his place, he easily obtained his furlough by sunset the *Sea-Bird* weighed anchor, while Royaldene stood gazing taking leave of him.

"Come after the big game with me, Erceldoune, than go into any other place in summer!" said the Viscount, who in his own way was not a little perplexed what Erceldoune could want in the country, having never known him reckon any pleasures equal to the rifle and the saddle. "By the way, that exquisite Idalia is here this morning, I heard. I hope you are not going after her?" said the Countess Vassalis?"

Erceldoune's heart beat thick and fast, and his teeth set tight under the waves of his beard as he forced himself to answer.

He smiled as he twisted his moustaches:

"She styles herself a Countess—is one, perhaps. They all call her so in Paris."

"Do you know of her?"

"I have seen any other than his friend, whom he had known so long, and so familiarly, the question would have taken a deadlier and a longer time."

He laughed lightly:

"Good! I know she plays the deuce with every man that sees her. Good-bye! the yacht's under weigh. Good-by, dear old fellow!" saying hastily down, and swung himself into the boat waiting alongside. The *Sea-Bird* moved out of the harbour. His yacht steered out ahead of a fleet of merchantmen that crowded the Golden Horn, steered into the open sea, while the scarlet glory of the after-glow lingered in the sky and dyed the waters blood-red in its light; and Erceldoune, leaning over the rail looking at the little skiff that rowed the boat back, felt the sting and the throb of the carelessly-uttered word just heard till they pierced his very heart, and paused for a moment. To what fate did he now go?

Farther, better far, he thought, that he should turn back with

Royaldene and plunge down into the core of Asia, into the old athletic, bracing, vigorous open-air life, into the pleasures that had never palled of forest and rifle, of lake and mountain, of the clear ringing shot and the wild day-dawn gallop; into the pastimes that had had no taint in them, the chase that had had no pang in it. That old life had been so free, so elastic, so unshadowed, with all the liberty of the desert, with all the zest of hardihood in it, with no thought for the morrow, and no regret for the past, with sleep sound as a mountaineer's, with strength exhaustless as the sea-eagle's. He was leaving it. And for what? For a love that already had cost him a year of pain to a few short hours of hope; for a woman of whom he knew nothing, not even whether she were the wife or the mistress of another; for the miserable fever of restless passion, for the haunting torment of unattainable joys, for the intoxication of tempest-tossed desires, for the shadows of surrounding doubt and mystery. Better far let the strange charm that had enthralled him be cut away at any cost, and go back to that old life while there was yet time. The thought crossed him for the moment as he saw the little boat row back to the quay of the Golden Horn. The next it passed as swiftly; if she were lost to him life were valueless; let him plunge into the recesses of Asia or the green depths of Western wilds, he would carry with him his passion and her memory; he only lived now for the woman he loved; and the yacht swept down beyond the Dardanelles in her pursuit, through the scarlet lustre of the burning after-glow and the phosphor crests of starlit waves as the night deepened, and the distance between them grew less and less with every dip the *Sea-Bird* made down into the deep-grey glistening water, like a petrel that stoops to bathe in his passage, and shakes the spray from his spread wings to take a faster, freer flight.

It was sunset when the yacht ran into Capri, that Eden hung beneath the sea and sky. All its marvellous maze of colour was in its richest glow; the sun was sinking behind Solaro; the vast towering rocks of the Salto and the Faraglioni burned through their sublimity of gloom; the lustre of gold and purple streamed over mountainous Ischia down on the brow of Epomeneo, and over the low hills of Procida; and the deep blue water lay dazzling in the light, with the white sails of Sorrento skiffs scarce larger on its waves than the white wings of the fluttering *monachi*, while over the sea came the odours of budding orange and citron gardens and a world of violets that filled the woods, sloping upward and upward into the clouds where Anacapri lies.

But all its beauty was lost on Erceldoune; he saw none of it, yet he felt it vaguely—felt, as his vessel steered through that flood of sunlight, coming from the rich *mezzo giorno* of the Amalfi coast into the golden riot of this lavish loveliness, as though he were floated to a paradise. So had they thought before him, who, sailing through those caressing seas towards the same isles where the Syrens sang, had listened to the enchanted song to find their grave, in tumult and in storm.

The *Sea-Bird* ran through the violet-hued waters, which were just softly curled with a breeze that came over the bay of Naples, and anchored in the Marina Grande, while the fishers and peasants, men and women, crowded on the beach and waded through the water with Capriote ecstasy at sight of fresh *Forestieri*. The sun sank behind Ischia as he went ashore, and the sudden twilight fell, quenching all the bliss of

and colour, and bringing in its stead the tender Southern evening, with chime of the Ave Maria ringing out from the church bells over the sea. He was known in Capri, and the men showed their white teeth with a bright smile, and the girls laughed all over their handsome brown faces, they welcomed him; the former made an idol of him for the strength which he had dashed up the heights of Tiberio and scaled the cliffs rose eighteen hundred feet above the water, and perilled his life to others in a wild tempest, beyond the boldest *Marinaro's* daring; the men deified him, and put the silver *spadella* more coquettishly in their for his sake, through other causes easy to be guessed. He had little doubt of soon learning what he sought; a few brief questions brought him loquacious answers.

'Niursi! 'Niursi! "cried a *Marinaro*, in the barbarous riote patois. "L'illustrissima Comtessa Vassalis. It is she! She was me well. I always row her to the *Azzuro*. Chiara, my wife, and the African carry the luggage up to her villa the day before yesterday——"

She is here still?"

The quick Capriote caught the tremulous excitement that ran through question, and his heart warmed to the *Forestiero*, by whom his sister had been brought up from the black churning waves under Tiberio in the dead of a tempestuous night.

She is here, signor mio; she has been often here. She is at the Villa Tilla, in the Piccola Marina. I will show you the way willingly."

No, I can find it; I know every foot of your island. But if you can me a good horse, do," said Erceldoune, while the blood flushed his with a hot rush, and he hurriedly held out two broad pieces to Capriote. He had little gold enough himself, but he would have given a king's ransom for the words that he had heard.

The *Marinaro* put them back with a gentle, loving gesture, and a smile that glistened through his brown beard:

Not from you, signor. We have not forgotten, in Capri here, the day after San Costanza's Day three years ago. Give me ten minutes, I will bring you the best horse in the Marina."

A little while, and Erceldoune was riding up the terraced heights, through the woods, where he crushed starry cyclomen and late violets every step, along hedges of prickly pear enclosing vineyards and fields of fax, and down rocky winding stairs shut in by walls, over which hung first white blossoms of orange-boughs in the warm, starlit, spring-tide Capri night.

Now and then he passed a village priest, or a contadina that was like a study for Giorgione, or a tourist party whose mules were stumbling in some narrow gorge or dense arbutus thicket; these were all; the solitude was well-nigh unbroken. He knew Capri as well as he knew the old Scottish border at home; many a time, waiting week after week in Naples for despatches, he had explored every creek, rock, and islet in that marvellous bay, from sunlit Amalfi to nestling Procida, and he made his way straight onward to the Piccola Marina, though slowly, from the dampness and vagaries of the broken Roman roads, overgrown with rampant vegetation, that his horse climbed cautiously and rarely at any other pace than a walk; he was a sturdy mountain-trained chesnut from Sicily.

Eleven o'clock was sounding from some campanile as he rode into the beautiful nook that lies turned towards Sicily, with its line of fisher-boat and white-walled cottages fringing the coast, and hidden among olives, cistus groves, and orangeries. Here and there—where strangers had made their dwelling—lights were gleaming, but the Capriotes all lay sleeping under their low-rounded roofs; he almost despaired of finding any guide to tell him which was the Villa Santilla in that leafy nest among the sea-girt rocks.

At last he overtook a contadina heavily laden with wood, doing the work of pack-horses, as is common for women in these isles of the Syrens; she knew the name; the illustrissima e bellissima Contessa had bought some coral of her, for pity's sake, yesterday; the villa was down there in that little gorge just hanging over the sea, where there were lights shining through the woods.

He gave her a half-dozen scudi, and urged his horse over the broken precipitous way with as passionate an eagerness as though he were going to some appointed tryst. If any had asked it, he could not have answered with what definite purpose he went, whether to see her, whether to break on her privacy at such an hour, whether only to look on the place where she dwelt, and watch round it till the day should dawn; fixed aim he had none; he was urged by an impulse as vague as it was unconquerable, unregulated either by reason or by motive. He was in that mood in which chance does its best, or its worst, for a man; when he offers no resistance to it, and may even be hurried into guilt ere he knows what he does. He had but one thought—Idalia.

The lights were amongst the thick shades of olive and arbutus woods as his horse stumbled down the narrow defile, catching in the trailing vine tendrils at every step; in the loneliness about him his heart beat faster than it had ever done when the steel tubes of the levelled rifles had flashed before his eyes in Moldavia—once more he was near her presence, once more he had found her by force of his own love.

The villa literally overhung the sea, nestled on a low ridge of rock, curved round so that the whole arc of the bay, sweeping from east to west, was commanded by its windows, that saw the sun rise over the height of St. Angelo; fall in its noonday glory full on Naples, and Vesuvius, and Baia, where they lie in the depth of that wondrous bow; and pass on to die in purple pomp behind wild Ischia.

The dwelling was surrounded with all the profuse growth of the island; thickets of cistus, wilderness of myrtle, budding fig-trees, orangeries with their crowns of bridal blossom, and grey shadowy woods of olive, while vast towers of rock rose above and shelved beneath it, with columns that towered to the clouds, and terraced ledges and broken gorges filled up with foliage. Through the leaves he saw the gleam of open windows, and the indistinct outline of the villa in the deep shade cast from the rocks above; the road he had followed ended abruptly on a narrow table of stone jutting out over a precipice whose depth he could not guess; and immediately fronting the casements from which the light streamed, divided from the terrace and strip of garden running beneath them, by a chasm perhaps some six feet wide. Thus from the rock he saw straight into the lighted windows, as he threw himself from his horse, and with his arm round a plane-tree to hold his footing, he leaned over the edge and strained his eyes through the gloom to gaze into the

ber that was before him like a picture painted on the shadow of the t. His heart stood still with a sickening pang, a deadly burning busy that had never touched his life before. Through the draperies he curtains he saw her, and saw her—not alone. She sat at the head of the table, that glittered with wax-lights and fruits and wines, and round her were some six or seven men, whose voices only reached him in a low inarticulate murmur, but whose laughter now and then echoed in his ear in the silence. At the foot of the table sat one whom he recognised at once as Victor Vane; his back was to the windows, but the grace of his figure, and the elegance of his throat and head, with his closely-cut blond hair, sufficed to identify him to Erceldoune. What could he have to her, this cold, smiling, silken politician, who seemed to sit so calmly by her side? They were together here,—could she have loved him? In the warm Capriote spring night he shook as with icy numbness through all his veins; a mad-brute longing seized him to spring a lion into that dainty group, and fell them down as men of his blood in the olden days had felled their foes in Border feuds,

When the loud corynoch rang for war
Through Lorne, Argyle, Monteith, and Braidalbane.

The faces of her other guests were all unknown to him, save one in whom he recognised the Prince Filippo Viana, a Piedmont of noble birth, though narrowed fortunes, and a Tuscan, the Marchese Gemma, a former foe of Austria; the others seemed of less distinction, and looked like gentlemen-condottieri—military men, evidently, by their service what they would. Beside Vane, at the bottom of the table, was one whom he would have known by sure instinct of a deadly wrong—the Greek, Conrad Phaulcon; but the Athenian's back was to the casement; to be seen, as he leaned against his velvet chair, were the chestnut curls of his splendid hair. Erceldoune could, by no possibility, have identified him; moreover, all he saw was Idalia: she was leaning forward, no languor or weariness on her face, which was lighted with an impassioned warmth, while her eyes, fixed in all their brilliance on the Prince of Viana, adjured him more eloquently still, than the words with which her lips were moving; opals and diamonds glittered above her brow, and all her loveliness was at its fairest;—if tempting, never temptress wooed so resistlessly, and the Piedmontese prince gazed on her with all the ardour of the South in his bold eyes, feeling himself enchanted to the spell.

The echo of her voice, though not the meaning of her words, came to Erceldoune where he swung forward over the chasm in the hushed night, sweet and fatal as the Syren voices that had used to echo over those perilous seas that lapped the beach below. And as he heard it, a heart-sick cry seemed to make his life desolate for all time; he had shaped no definite hope, his thoughts had known no actual form, but his love unconsciously had coloured both hope and thought: she so utterly filled his own life, he could not at once realise that he was nothing, not even a remembrance, in hers!

He leaned nearer and nearer, regardless of the unfathomed precipice that yawned black and shelving beneath him. At that instant Victor Vane rose, pushed back his chair, and approached the open glass doors; and

looking out from the brightly-lighted room, he could see the shadow of the man and horse upon the opposite ledge.

"The Romans hung their wreaths of roses over the doors, we in a more prosaic age must shut our windows," he said, with a light laugh, as he closed the Venetian shutters, leaving only their thread-like chinks open for the passage of light outward, and the passage of air within.

A great darkness fronted Erceldoune. He gave an unconscious cry, as though some treasure were wrested from him; the moon was shining on all the silvered seas, and innumerable stars were out, but for him the blackness and blindness of night had never so utterly fallen.

CHAPTER II.

"THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH FOR THE STAR, OF THE NIGHT FOR THE MORROW."

HOURS passed by uncounted, unheeded by him; the chimes of the campanile had chimed twelve, and one, and two, unheard by him; he still was there before the darkened windows of the Countess Idalia's house. The Ischian horse grazed quietly off the grasses and young shoots among the rocks; Erceldoune watched the villa which sheltered her, as a lion watches the lair of his foe, yet as a lover watches the home of his sovereign lady.

The night was absolute torture to him; a fevered, intolerable suspense possessed him, and a reckless hatred of all those who were now within the chamber on which he was forbidden even to look. So near to her, and yet as far sundered as though seas divided them! His rivals with her whilst he stood without!—his imagination was filled with their looks, their words, the bold passion in their eyes, the lovely smile upon her lips. What were they, what title could they claim to her, these men, who seemed so welcome to her? Something in the familiarity, the authority, of Victor Vane's action, slight though it was, bore to him a terrible significance; were her revelries such as those for which the rose was hung above the doors of Rome?—were they the revelries of a Faustina? The thought passed over him, cold, gliding, poisonous as the coil of a snake; he flung it from him with fierce loathing, true to the motto of his old race: "One loyalty, one faith!"—he had given both to her. He heeded neither time nor place; pacing the narrow ledge of stone, with his eyes strained to pierce the gloom, the glorious Capriote night swept on unnoted by him; purpose he had none in staying there; to watch her life with suspicion or espionage was the last thought in him, the last baseness possible to him; but he could not tear himself from the place, he was fascinated to it, even by the very torment of his pain. How utterly she must have forgotten him!—how utterly careless of what suffering she had dealt him!—as he thought of the look that he had seen on her face as she spoke to the Prince Viana, as he thought of those men gathered about her whilst he was absent, he paced the narrow rocky ridge like a man chained to his cell, while his foes riot in all that he has loved and treasured. And the closed windows faced him like an inexorable doom, while the faint glimmer of light that here and there streamed through them seemed to mock him with fugitive tormenting glimpse, only serving to make the darkness darker still.

The campanile bells chimed two; there was a slight noise like the

unloosening of one of the Venetian shutters; he leaned breathlessly forward, his arm flung round the pine-stem: the shutter unclosed, the glass door opened, he saw her—alone. There was no one now in the apartment, and she stood in the open window looking out on the starlit sea that stretched far below, round the broken and jutting cliffs. A shower of laces and delicate silks fell about her trailing on the ground, and her eyes as they gazed into the night that was perfumed with a thousand odours, had that deep and wistful melancholy which he knew so well. Beautiful as the Capriote moonlight was, shed upon sea and land, it only seemed to give a more profound sadness to her face, that three hours before had been brilliant with impassioned warmth.

He leaned down scarcely breathing, till he hung half way over the chasm; was it possible that in this solitude, this sadness, she thought of him? In his humility he believed not; still, even the thought alone brought with it a rush of wild, tumultuous joy that fought away and struggled with the jealousy and torture of the past hours—not wholly, yet in great part. Were those men anything to her, or was he more than they, or nothing?—not even a regret?

The chesnut moved where he stood sleeping under the hanging shoots of vine, and struck his hoof upon the stone; the metallic ring caught her ear, and she looked up; the moon at that moment strayed through on to the ledge, and she saw Erceldoune, hanging midway down over the precipice, whose fatal depth, slanting straight into the sea, that had worn a narrow way through the fissure five hundred feet below, she knew, though he did not. A cry of horror broke from her.

“You! Oh, my God, go back, go back!”

There was an accent in the words, above all in the first word, that had a greater tenderness in it than lies only in a woman’s fear for life imperilled; for all answer he swung himself one moment on the stone ledge, balanced the distance with an eye as unerring as an eagle’s, and with a mountaineer’s leap that the glens and hills of the Border had taught him long before, cleared the space and alighted on the terrace.

“Does it matter to you whether I live or die?”

The brief prayer bore a pathos and eloquence deeper than lies in ornate words; all the man’s heart was spent in it; whether it moved her with a force gained by its own fervency, or whether only astonishment and terror at the physical danger, which had been for the second’s space of that wild leap before her eyes, paralysed even her high and haughty courage for the moment; Idalia stood motionless and silent, her face white even to the lips, her eyes fixed on him where he stood beside her, dropped as from the air upon the wild Capriote cliffs in the dead of night, when she believed him far distant on those Eastern shores to which the sea beneath them ebbed away through league on league of starlight.

“Does it matter to you whether I live or die?” he said, while his voice quivered with a fiery, piteous entreaty. “Tell me, for the mercy of God!”

“Surely! It mattered to me when you were but a stranger,” she said, gently; and her voice shook slightly on the words, while in the moonrays streaming faintly from the sea he saw, or thought he saw, a warm flush of colour rise over the proud fairness of her face. A vivid joy thrilled through him, his eyes in the shadow burned down into hers with passionate appeal, with passionate reproach.

"Ay, but it was only a divine pity *then*, is it that only now? And with but pity in your heart for me, how could you deal me this last misery? Oh, God, I have suffered more in these six days than in all the long years of my life!"

She was silent; what stirred her heart he could not tell.

"I bade you know no more of me," she said at last, while her voice was very low, and her eyes looked away from him down into the still and silvered seas. "I told you nothing but bitterness could come to you from my friendship; nothing else can. Why would you not believe me while it was time?"

There was an intense and weary mournfulness in the words, it might have been imagined that she suffered scarce less than he; they carried a deadly meaning to him, he gave them but one significance. In the unconsciousness of his anguish he seized her hands in his and pressed his kisses on them, as in the agony of a last farewell.

"You mean that even your memory is forbidden me!—that even my worship of you is guilt!"

She drew her hands from him with that proud grace which rarely wholly relaxed, and her voice, which had regained its steadiness, was almost cold as she moved from him towards her windows.

"Your words are as strange as your presence here, Sir Fulke. This is the time and place for neither."

Even while the coldness of the rebuke chilled him to the heart and seemed to make his misery beyond endurance, she rose the higher in his love, the higher in his honour, for it. She was never so near to his heart, so near to his faith, as in the sovereign dignity that seemed to render it impossible for a word that was insult to be uttered in her presence.

"My words are strange!" he said, with an anguish in his voice that would have moved even a merciless woman to compassion. "God help me! I hardly know what I say! What is it that is *your meaning*? Answer me, in pity's sake, what is he to you?"

"Who?"

And as she spoke, beneath the unbent hauteur of her voice and of her glance there was something as nearly kindred to anxiety and alarm as could approach Idalia's nature.

"He who is always beside you, who calls you unrebuked by your name, what is he to you, Victor Vane?"

"Nothing!" There was amazement, anger, and coldness in her voice, but there was also something of relief. "Let me pass, sir. These are not questions for which you have right, or to which I give submission."

"He is neither your lover nor your husband? Thank God!"

The words broke from him almost deliriously in his release from the dread that had grown upon him with giant strength in the past few hours. She glanced at him in haughty amaze, tinged with some other feeling that he could not translate.

"My husband! Are you mad, Sir Fulke?"

"I think so! But answer me;—*he* is not, is no other?"

She was silent a moment, her proud eyes looking on him with offended dignity and incredulous surprise, while still in the faint light he could see a sudden flush rise even to her brow, hot and changing;—perhaps in anger.

"I am not married," she said, coldly. "And now, sir, there is an end

these unwarranted questions, which you have as little title to ask as I have inclination to answer. Leave me, or let me pass."

He moved from her path and left her free to re-enter the open window. An anguish of joy, intense to pain, rushed like fresh tumultuous life through all his veins; he raised himself to his full height, and looked down on her with a love beyond all words, that yet was blent with a deep sadness, for her rebuke to him had been very cold.

"I thank God for this,—that I may love you without sin. If it had been guilt, I could not have killed it; you could not, death will not."

His voice was very low, and his words had a greater intensity because his passion was restrained in obedience to her; there was a grandeur in his very simplicity. She paused a moment, her head bent, her face very troubled, whether there was anything of gladness or of tenderness mingled with its pain he could not tell in the shadowy night. Then she raised her head with her old haughty stag-like gesture—still looking to the sea, and not to him.

"Sir Fulke, you have no title to speak such words. You cannot say that I have ever given you the faintest."

His lips quivered under his beard:

"Have I ever said it? No! you have given me no title, but I claim it."

"Sir!"

She turned to him with her patrician dignity, and in her eyes the look with which Idalia before that night had cowed a monarch.

"I claim one. The title that every man has to love, though he go unloved—to love better than life, and only less than honour."

He spoke steadily, undauntedly, as became his own respect and dignity; his voice had a melancholy which told her that world-wide as the love had been that she had roused, none ever had loved her as this man did. For a moment she turned and looked at him, a look fleeting and veiled from him by the flickering shadows, the look of a woman who could not come to him and let him fold her in his arms, and lay her head on his breast, so that he

Might rather feel than see the beating of her heart.

Her look was banished, and her eyes strayed backward to the sea; her face was very pale, but she turned with her proud and languid grace:

"These words are painful to us both;—no more of them, sir. Farewell."

The word struck him as a shot strikes one of his Border deer; in the pulse of agony he caught the trailing laces of her dress, and held them as a sentenced captive might hold the purple hem of his sovereign's robe.

"Stay! A moment ago you said you cared whether I lived or died;—I live now I will die to-night—in that sea at your feet—if you tell me to leave you for ever!"

A shudder ran through her; looking down on him she saw that fatigue, long fasting, the misery of the past hours, and the force of the love he bore her, had unloosed his passions and unstrung his nerves till his brain was giddy; and—his calm failing him—she saw that in every likelihood, surely as the stars shone above them, he would keep his word and fling away his manhood and his life for her.

The world said that she was careless of men's lives as of their peace;

here at the least she could not be so. She had saved his life, she could not so soon again destroy it.

Her eyes rested on him, filled with a great and mournful softness.

"Hush! The noblest woman would never be worth *that*! It would be better that we should part. When I tell you that it can bring you happiness——"

"Whatever it bring, I said before, I accept it! My life is yours to save or throw away, as you will; answer me, which shall it be?"

There was a suppressed violence, a terrible suffering, in his voice, then moved her almost with such shuddering pain as though she witnessed his death before her sight; in the light falling from the opened windows she could see the burning gleam in his eyes and the red flush that darkened the bronze of his face. She knew that in that moment's madness it was literally his life or death that was in her hands.

"Oh! live—live!" she said softly, while the tears trembled in her own voice. "You do not know now what you say; with calmer hours you will see how little worth it I or any woman could be. You may meet me again,—but you must speak no more of such words as you have spoken to-night. I have your promise?"

"Till my strength shall fail me to keep it!"

"When it does, we shall meet no more."

Yet, even while she spoke, she held her hand out to him with a gentle gesture, the hand which she must have known would be touched with the lingering kisses of his lips; then she left him, and passed through the chamber that was open to the night, till, in the distance, the clustered flowers and statues veiled her among them, and the closing of a door echoed with a dulled sound through the stillness.

He stood alone on the terrace, the noise of the sea surging in his ears, his pulse beating with feverish heat, his brain giddy and reeling. She had left him half in torture, half in hope; he could not tell what to believe, what to trust, what to think. Had she any pity for him? There had been gentleness, compassion, almost tenderness in her eyes more than once, yet she had bidden *his* love be silent, and said that they must part if it were ever again uttered!

The frank, loyal, single-hearted nature of the man had too grand simplicity, too masculine a cast, to follow or to divine the complex intricacies of a woman's life, of a woman's impulses and motives. He felt blinded, powerless, heart-sick, dizzy, with the strength of his own passion now crushed with reckless despair at the chill memory of her words, not touched with sweet wild hope, because he thought her free to be wandering, fidelity, and devotion could avail to win her.

To doubt her, never—even now, even with all that he had seen and heard—occurred to him. He believed that she might only pity him with proud, cold pity; he believed that it was faintly, remotely possible that by force of his own mighty love some tenderness might be at last awakened for him in her heart. But between these he saw no path. He never thought that she might be—but fooling, blinding, destroying him.

To Erceldoune distrust of her never came. He had comparatively seen little of women; nothing of such a woman as Idalia was. His bold and sanguine nature quickly grasped at hope; even in all the humility of his love it was not in him to *surrender*; he had at once too much of the Scot and too much of the Paladin: Border and Spanish blood were blended in him. As he paced the Capriote cliffs that night hope was strong, de-

spite all;—no other claimed her, she was free; his life was valued by her, she had said it; and she had given him her hand with gentle, almost caressing grace. These were enough for hope—love builds so much upon so little!—and they gave him hope even in the bitter tumult of pain and dread that was at riot in him. He saw the lights die out of her dwelling, watching them gleam and fade to darkness as only passion such as his watches the roof that shelters the sleep from which it is severed.

Till the first grey dawn broke the dark lustre of the skies beyond the giant mass of St. Angelo, he paced before the Villa Santilla, in the hush of the night, with the waves of the Mediterranean beating music at his feet. Then he flung himself down on the moss and cyclomen flowers that covered a ledge of the rock, with his saddle beneath his head, as he had lain many a night under Asian stars and on the Andes slopes, and in the tawny prairie of yellow Libyan sand; physical fatigue brought sleep, and sleep was gentler to him than his waking life, it gave him dreams, and in his dreams Idalia.

CHAPTER III.

"SHE SMILES THEM DOWN IMPERIALLY AS VENUS DID THE WAVES."

As Idalia passed from him through the embrasure of the myrtle-shrouded window, and entered her inner reception-room, she paused slightly: at the farther end stood Victor Vane—too far to have heard what had been spoken, yet near enough to have seen the passionate supplication and farewell of Erceldoune out on the terrace above the sea. A few minutes before he had left the villa with her other guests, whose boats were taking them then across to Naples; now he had come back, half with the familiarity of a man who shared her confidence, half with the hesitation of one who fears he may give offence. She swept towards him with every trace of the emotion with which her eyes had been so soft to Erceldoune passed away as though it had never been. She was a woman of the world—she showed nothing that she did not choose to show.

"You have returned alone, Monsieur Vane; and so late! I suppose you bring news of singular importance?" she said, with a shade of hauteur, a shade of annoyance in the languor of her sweet low melodious voice; but there was none of surprise. He had approached with a quick step, an eager warmth upon his face; he was checked and chilled, vaguely yet irresistibly, as he met her glance. Those proud eyes of Idalia's had lightened passion far and wide, east and west; but they could hold it in rein none the less powerfully when they would. Victor was a bold man, a man of the world, rarely to be daunted, still less rarely to be shamed; yet he was both now. He paused involuntarily, his eyes fell, and words died on his lips, as he bowed before her.

"And your fresh news?"

She asked the question with something of vivid interest, crossing the hauteur with which she stood there against the gleaming marble and the dark myrtle foliage.

A tinge of colour came on his cheek—he, the suave and self-possessed diplomatist, was troubled and embarrassed under a woman's gaze; the unwonted eagerness with which he had come into her presence gave place to a hesitation as unusual.

"News?" he said, hurriedly. "Caffradali has deserted us."

Idalia lifted her delicate contemptuous eyebrows.

"I told you he would, last month. He is as well lost as retained. What else?"

"You know that the Ducroses will send twenty thousand rifles into Poland, and that Falkenstein goes to take the command of the Towaricz?"

She gave a slight gesture of impatience.

"He will 'command' them when they are organised—*when!* It was I who sent him. This can scarcely be your intelligence—your intelligence that will not wait till to-morrow?"

He hesitated, with a strangely novel embarrassment upon him.

"You know that the Prince de Vanimo is secured, Madame?"

A light of triumph gave its pride to her eyes, and its warmth to her brow; she smiled, as with the memory of victory.

"Through me! Yes. If you have nothing more novel to relate, Monsieur Vane, I am certainly at a loss to imagine why you re-appear at this time of the night."

A flush of anger heated the delicate coldness of her listener's face, his silken and gentle courtesies were forgotten for the moment. What he had seen a moment since, as she had parted from Erceldoune, banished everything from him except that new and passionate sense of jealousy, which he had so long held the most ridiculous and barbaric passion of untrained tempers and of unworldly minds.

"Such an hour, madame!" he said, bitterly. "It is not too late for that wild Arab of the Border to be favoured with an interview!"

The moment the words escaped him he repented them; he knew how rash they were with the nature and disdainful dignity of the woman to whom he spoke. Idalia cast one glance on him of superb indifference, of grand contempt; but she gave no betrayal of surprise, not even of disquiet, far less of embarrassment.

"If you only came to arraign my actions, I will be obliged to you to retire," she said, calmly, as she moved to the table where a hand-bell stood; but Victor threw himself before her.

"Wait! Hear me, Idalia! I can act indifference no longer. I can dissemble what I feel no more. I came back to-night for one thing only—to tell you what you know, as well as you know that the stars shine yonder—that I love you!"

She heard him with that same royal serene indifference, and slightly laughed with an ironic amusement.

"I think we know each other too well for this sort of nonsense. I gave you more credit than to suppose *you* would talk in this fashion."

He looked up at her with a passionate pain; he had derided love, he had been heartless, and been proud of his heartlessness; he had mocked all his life through at what other men felt and suffered, and passion or tenderness had been alike the subject of his most cutting sneer; but—for the moment, at least—his creed had deserted him, his wisdom and his sarcasm had failed him; for the moment he loved, as utterly as ever a lover did, and he felt powerless to make her credit it. But eloquence was always at his bidding, and eloquence came now; every honeyed flattery, every imploring eagerness, every impassioned pleading, that could warm or shake the heart of the woman who heard him, poured in vivid oratory from his lips. Persuasive always, he was a thousand-fold more so now that for the first time in his existence genuine passion had broken up his callousness, and a sense of hopelessness shivered his self-reliance. He loved her, if it were but a mingling of desire, of ambition, of senses

intoxicated by her beauty, of pride piqued by her disdain; and he felt impotent to make her even believe this—far more impotent to make her accept it.

She heard him without interruption, without a flush growing the warmer, or her eyes drooping one shadow the more, smiling slightly as he heard; she was half wearied, half amused. Words paused on his lips only because they panted there, too many and too wild. He looked up at her in silence, and she laughed again, that soft, languid, ironic laugh, with which he had so often mocked and tortured others—with which he was now stung and struck himself.

"Monsieur Vane, I gave you credit for better taste. I have had so much of this so often; granted you are unusually eloquent, unusually graceful, but even with those accessories the tale is very tiresome; and it has one great drawback, you see—we neither of us believe it!"

"Would to Heaven that I did not!" He was cut in that moment by her words as by a lash; his own utter scepticism of every deeper thing came back on him in pain. "Believe! how can I make you believe? I tell you that I love you, I tell you that everything ambition can leap to may be mine, *shall* be mine if you will have it now, for you. I tell you that ever since I saw you first I have been so changed that I have wondered if I lived or dreamed; I have had no thought, no care, no memory of anything on earth save you; I have felt all the madness that once I laughed at, all the worship that once I disdained as only fit for boys and fools! What more can I tell you?—you must *know* that I speak truth."

The words were in the impulse of their speech as genuine as any that Breeldoune had uttered; but they failed to touch her as his had touched her. Now she was only what she was always in the world—what she had been as she stooped her beautiful lips to the red Roussillon, and smiled above the bouquet of the scarlet japonicas at her opera supper; and she was not moved from her ironical indifference, her careless disdain.

"What a recantation!" she said, with a movement of her delicate eyebrows, which said clearly at how little price that recantation was held by her. "I am not a fitting hearer for it at all, nor likely to appreciate it. I will thank you far more, Monsieur Vane, to amuse me with your bon-mots, which are really good, than to entertain me with your efforts in Romeo's strain, which, though very pretty, are very stale!"

"Idalia! for pity's sake doubt what you will, mock at what you will, be cruel as you will, but believe at least that I love you!" he broke in, with words that, despite himself, belied the boast and training of his whole life, and betrayed that he *felt*.

She laughed again softly.

"We do not believe in love—*nous autres!*"

"And yet men have gone blind to their death only for love of you!"

"A *naïserie* if they did!"

Had she forgotten that a soldier had just gone to his grave in the dank Polish woods for her sake? Had she forgotten the man who had sworn that night to throw his life away unless she smiled on it? For the moment, yes; the habits and the thoughts of her world were stronger on her for the hour than such memories. A little while before he had thought as she thought, a few months earlier and his incredulity of the force of love, and contempt of all its madness, were not more scornful than her own; now, in the warmth of the late Southern night, intoxicated

with the disdainful beauty of the only woman who had ever cost him a moment's pang, he believed in all the wildest follies of romance, and would have staked everything he owned on earth, or wagered on the future, to move her and to win her. For the only time in his life he was baffled, for the only time powerless. His hands clenched where he stood before her, and his lips quivered.

"Idalia! listen to me. Look at me, and see whether the love I declare to you is not as true as that the sea rolls yonder! Hear me at the least before you banish me; set me what test you will, and learn whether I will not brave it. Listen to me! if you will take my love, what is there we might not compass together? You adore sovereignty, I should go hard if I did not give it you. You are ambitious, your ambition cannot overleap mine. We are both against the world, together we would subdue it. Empty thrones have fallen to hands bold enough to grasp them as they reel through revolutions; you and I might wear a crown if our aims and power were one. Love me, and there is no height I will not raise you to, no ordeal I will not pass through for you, no living man in Europe who shall baffle or outrun me. I have the genius that rules worlds—I would lay one at your feet."

Every word that he uttered he meant; in the excitement of the instant sweeping down all the suave and hardened coldness of his temperament he felt the power in him to do and to dare greatly, he felt that for her through her, with her, there should be no limit to the ambition and the triumph of his life; he spoke blindly, exaggeratedly, but he spoke with an exaltation that for the second made him a nobler and a truer man than he had been in all the cool scorn of his wisdom and his mockery. Yet he did not move her, much less did he win her.

She looked at him still with a smile in the splendour of her eyes, and a haughty languor in her attitude, where she stood against the marble shaft of the casement, with the heavy purple folds of the curtains falling Titian-like in drapery behind her. She—merciless from knowing the world too well, and gifted with a penetration far beyond the common range of women—saw that the gold offered her was adulterated; that the springs of his speech were as much self-love as love.

"I understand you," she said, as he paused. "I could advance your ambitions well, and you would be glad that I should do so; your vanity, your policy, your schemes, and—perhaps a little, too—your admiration are all excited and chime in with another one; and that compound you call love. Well, it is as good a name for it as anything else. But as for thrones! I thought we called ourselves Liberalists and Redressers. Crowns scarcely hang in the air like roses, as you seem to think, for an passer-by to gather them; but if they do, how do *you* reconcile the desire for one with all your professions of political faith? I suppose then, like most democrats, you only struggle against tyranny that you may have the right in turn to create yourself Tyrannis?"

His hands closed on the glorious purple blossom of a cluster of rhododendrons in the window, and tore them down with an unconscious gesture, as much of suffering as of passion. In a measure he was wronged; he loved her enough in that moment to have renounced every ambition and every social success for her, and he could not make her even believe that any love was in him. In a measure, too, her satire was right, and pierced him the more bitterly because it laid bare so mercilessly all that was confused and unacknowledged to himself. In his pain, in her con-

tempt, he hated her almost as much as he loved her, and the old barbaric leaven of jealousy that he had used to ridicule as the last insanity of fools broke out despite all self-respect that would have crushed it into silence.

"You are very pitiless, Madame!" he said in his teeth. "Do you deal as mockingly with that beggared courier whom you favour with interviews at an hour you think untimely for lovers less distinguished?"

Her glance swept over him with the grand amazement of one whom no living man ever arraigned, her eyes not drooping one shadow, her cheek not tinged with one flush the warmer at the suddenness or the coarseness of the attack. He could not tell whether his insult moved her one whit for sake of the man whom his jealousy seized as his rival; but he saw that it had for ever ruined all hope for himself. She looked at him calmly:

"I did not know that my wines were so strong or your head so weak, Monsieur Vane," she said, with a contempt in her soft and mellow voice that cut him like a knife. "If you transgress the limits of courtesy, I must transgress those of hospitality, and—dismiss you."

He knew that it was as vain to seek to move or sway her from that proud, serene indifference, as to dash himself against the Capri rocks in striving to uproot them; yet in his desperation he lost all the keen and subtle tact, the fine inscrutable ability, that had never failed him save with her. He laid his hands on the sweeping folds of her laces, with the same gesture of entreaty that Erceldoune had used in the unconscious vehemence of his prayer.

"Madame—stay! Take thought one moment before you refuse my love, for love it is, God help me!"

She drew the laces from him, and moved away.

"You have as much belief in the name you invoke, Monsieur, as I have in the love for which you invoke it! Come! we alike know the world too well for this comedietta not to weary both. You must end it, or I."

"No!—hear me out," he said, almost fiercely for one whose impassive gentleness had commonly been his choicest mask and weapon. "Think twice before you utterly refuse any toleration to my love for you. Take that, and you shall make me your slave; refuse it, and you will never have had a foe such as you shall find in me. Remember—you cannot brave me lightly, you cannot undo the links that connect us, you cannot wash out my knowledge of all that you have held most secret. Remember—I have had Conrad's thoughts and acts and intrigues in my keeping years before you and I met. I know what you would give all your loveliness in tribute to me to bribe me from uttering to the world——"

"You try intimidation? I accredited you with better breeding and less melodrama; but since it is so, I must release myself from your presence," said Idalia, her careless negligence unruffled, as with a bow like that with which queens dismiss their courts, she passed from the chamber;—it would have been a man bolder and more blinded still than he was to have dared to follow her or to arrest her.

He stood there alone, in the midst of the white warm light and of the burnished leaves swaying against the marble columns; he was not a man to whose lips oaths ever came, he was too finely polished, but an impression was hurled back upon his heart that cursed her with a terrible bitterness, and a hatred great as was his baffled passion. He hated her for his own folly in bending to the common weakness of men; he hated her for the disdainful truth with which she had penetrated the mixed motives in his heart; he hated her for the shame she had put upon him of offering

her a rejected and despised passion ; he hated her for all the numberless sorceries of her fascination, of her brilliance, of her pride, which had made him weak as water before their spell. To win Idalia there was nothing he would have checked at ; she had become the incarnation of his ambitions, as she might have been the means of their fruition ; all that gave her danger to other men but gave her added intoxication for him ; she would have been to him, had she but loved him, what the genius and the beauty of she whom they called *Hellas Rediviva* were to the Pro-Consul Tallien. And more bitter than pride stung, or vanity pierced, or ambition shattered, was the sense that he felt while standing there with the sound of the Capriote seas on his ear, and the rose and purple glories of the flowers round him, that love her as he had, love her as he would, consume his very heart for her sake as he might, he would never—plead, beseech, swear, or prove it as he should—make her believe that one pulse of love beat in him.

And all the bygone ironies and contemptuous scoffs which he had used to cast on those who suffered for the lost smile of a woman's eyes came back upon him now, laughing in his ear and jibing at his weakness like fantastic devils mocking at his fall. A woman had enthralled him ; and his philosophies were dead—corpses that lay cold and powerless before him, incapable of rallying one whisper to his rescue, things of clay without a shadow's value.

THE PHANTASM.

My eyelids were press'd, but not by sleep,
 The charm that at midnight over them lay
 Came not from slumber's gentle sway ;
 For methought alone, in darkness deep,
 I entered a forest worn and weary,
 Amid the north wind's hollow roar,
 Through leafless branches black and dreary.
 There hollow trunks imprisoned bore
 Mortals that writhed in agonies,
 Their groans increasing more and more
 As the chill night-blast bent the trees
 That leafless tottered, round them grew
 The nightshade deadly, and fungus whose breath
 Exhaled the poison that deals out death,
 As the rotten ends of the withered stem
 Dropp'd blood that had served to nourish them
 On the croaking moated swarms below
 In that sanguined water's overflow ;
 The lone owl screech'd, the beasts from their lair
 Rush'd wild, for they feared to shelter there,
 Through bramble, o'er crag, they tore away
 From the haunt of terror and decay.
 Then all was hush'd ; not a reptile crept
 Where that stagnant pool in its loneliness slept,
 With the gloom above, and the pest below,
 And spirits of death flying to and fro.
 Dirges were heard in the distance dying,
 Strange flutterings were heard as of harpies flying,

Their pinions stirring the fetid air
That rush'd from caverns of woe and despair,
With sounds not of earthly ~~tone~~ resounding,
As if from bellowing caves rebounding
A long immeasurable way,
Where never bask'd one sunny ray,
Fitfully followed by jeers and laughing,
As of Bacchanals the red wine quaffing
From a goblet scoop'd of a charnel skull,
Used at demon feasts when the sense grew dull;
Once the crown of a royal jester it bore;
Methought 'twas a vulgar aspect it wore
As it kindled the hell-joke; no mortal man
Was e'er vers'd in the wit of that courtly clan.

These pass'd; then was heard a wild uproar
From ten thousand throats like the waves on the shore,
Now thundering, then dying in sounds so faint
As if changed into whining and complaint,
That call'd back the beasts and reptiles again,
Compelled by those accents of penance and pain;
Foul serpents, and lizards black, green, and blue,
Crept through the low rushes of filthy hue,
Their eyeballs of white, as if made for seeming,
Glared strangely and dull, in numbers teeming.
Column on column the loathsome toad
Cleared for red centipedes the road,
Croaking and gaping in slimy array,
Web-footed wading through mire and clay.

Harpies and vampires with wings expanded,
The soil more dry from on high commanded,
While the scorpion, erecting his sting, defied
The tarantula crawling too near its side,
By the festering tree-roots on woodside and glen,
In their venomous pride like throned children of men.

Next figures march'd by in procession so dim,
The eye could define neither feature nor limb,
Though what seemed a light every left hand bore,
In the right a keen knife that was dropping with gore.
I essayed to speak—I could bear no more—

I essayed to move, but the power to will
Of obedience bereft was no more to me;
I fain would have moved—it could not be;
And nearer, and nearer, and nearer still
Came voices and scoffings of goblin bands;
They were clutching me round with their horny hands,
Their hot breath scorch'd me! With terror chill
I shuddered, I breathed not, all hell was near—
To speak was forbade by my terrible fear,
My heart it compress'd, and the big drops stood
On my burning brow!

Now the crackling wood
Broke out into flame of a lurid hue,
And hope from my suffering senses flew;
Trees were riven, rocks shivered, the moon set blood red—
I shriek'd!

In the darkness surrounding my bed,
At once scared from my pillow a NIGHTMARE fled!

CYRUS REDDING.

THE LOST LIFE OF MASERS DE LATUDE.

MISS BRADDON, in one of her exciting fictions,* reminds us of "a certain Monsieur Masers de Latude who had the bad fortune to offend the all-accomplished Madame de Pompadour, and who expiated his youthful indiscretion by a life-long imprisonment."

It may be interesting to repeat his story. Like Baron Trenck, he has given us an account of his sufferings, during what he describes as a confinement of thirty-five years in the state prisons of France; he relates minutely his escapes—once from the Bastille, and twice from the dungeons of Vincennes; and he dwells with bitterness on their unavailing results. A translation of it into English, of which we happen to have a copy, was published in 1787; and, on its title-page—we may observe in passing—as upon others about the same date, the firm in Paternoster-row, that afterwards extended to a muster-roll of names, is prefigured only by its founder. A notice "From the Editor" informs us that the book was intended to prove—though little proof seem to have been required—that the atrocious and arbitrary punishments connected with *lettres de cachet* were intolerable instruments of tyranny; yet this is immediately followed by a "Translator's" preface, with the old argument that they were necessary in France—and for what? to remove the criminal members of influential families from the usual operation of the law, and to prevent them from disgracing their relations. The translator admits that this state of things would "be held in abhorrence by Englishmen;" but he tells us, as we have been often told since, that the liberty, of which we have "the basis and guaranty" in our laws, would in France degenerate into licentiousness. Only two years more elapsed before it became so. The reign of terror, which he prophetically anticipated, came to pass.

We will now take our materials for the present paper chiefly from the Memoir itself. Monsieur de Latude was born at Montagnac, in Languedoc, in 1725: the son of a lieutenant-colonel of dragoons, who was afterwards the king's lieutenant at Sedan. In his twenty-third year he was sent to study mathematics at Paris. He has himself put it upon record that he was not a fool; an assertion that we should willingly have believed if he had left Madame Pompadour to her fate, and had not made us so well acquainted with the incidents of his life. Soon after his arrival at Paris he was told by some of his companions, very probably in jest, that they intended to rid the nation of Madame Pompadour, even if they were obliged to have recourse to the most desperate means; and as it was reported that she had great fear of being poisoned, Latude resolved to be of use to her, and to "make himself interesting in her eyes."

* There are persons, with notions stricter than our own, who think that the sensation novels, as a class, are not better in their moral influence than the works of Paul de Kock. If there were to be a controversy on the subject, we must confess that we should take part with the admirers of the witty Frenchman. His pictures of vice and misery may be sketched with too free a hand, but there are always genial touches, and we finish our reading of his novels with kindly feelings. In the works of the sensationists it is different; the world is there an *Inferno*, and is peopled with beings with whom it would be very uncomfortable to live. We shrink from admitting a common nature with the fiends to whom we have been introduced.

The means he adopted were most extraordinary. He obtained an introduction to her at Versailles; told her that he had seen a box, addressed her, left at the post-office; that he had suspicions as to its contents; was alarmed for her welfare; and thought himself very happy in having it in his power to give her "such important information." She seemed sensible of his attention; thanked him; and made him an offer of her services.

The box was sure to come to hand, for he had himself put it into the post-office; but it was merely filled with some harmless powder; and on being examined, and its effects having been tried upon animals, the dishonest trick was detected; the lady had been trifled with; and (on the 10th of May, 1749) Latude, for so grave an offence, was consigned to the Bastille.

From thence, in about three months, he was removed to Vincennes, where he was, in the first instance, considerably treated. He calls his son "the best apartment in the dungeon," and he had permission to walk in one of the gardens two hours a day. His escape from Vincennes was simply by outwitting one of the turnkeys. Most men would have taken advantage of it, by trying to leave Paris far behind them. Latude did not, and threw himself on the mercy of the king. In doing this

he again offended Madame Pompadour; was sent a second time to the Bastille; and after eighteen months' confinement in a cell, was permitted to have a chamber in common with a prisoner named Dalégre, who was another victim of the royal favourite. Neither his first nor second escape from Vincennes was anything more than a deception or overpowering of the guards. The escape from the Bastille is alone worth dwelling upon, as an instance of industrious and indomitable perseverance which is almost incredible. His companion thought it impossible, but Latude determined to make the attempt.

The walls of the Bastille were more than six feet thick; there were iron grates before the windows, and as many in the chimney. The building was well guarded by soldiers; the external walls were high; the ditches deep, and frequently full of water. The prisoners were not allowed the use of scissors, knives, or any edged instrument whatever. A bribe would have induced the turnkey to have brought them even an ounce of thread, and they would require fourteen hundred feet of cordage. They would also require two ladders, one of them of wood twenty or twenty-five feet long, the other of rope a hundred and eighty feet long; and they must have a place of concealment for their work during their progress. To his companion such difficulties seemed insurmountable.

The first light dawned upon their project as they were one day returning from the chapel where they were permitted to attend mass. By addressing back the turnkey to pick up an *étui* which one of them had previously let drop upon the stairs, Latude had time to look into the chamber above them, and to satisfy himself that there must be a space of five feet between its floor and their own ceiling. Here he had found a magazine

for the concealment of their materials: accessible by the removal of a wooden panel. They had now only to apply themselves in earnest to the work of providing them. Latude had a very large supply of linen of all kinds—shirts, napkins, and drawers innumerable. These they were to work into cordage. From the hinges of their folding-table they made knives. In less than six months they had loosened the bars in the chimney so as to be removable. "My God!" he exclaims, "this work

was very painful; and our bodies were in such a position as to make it impossible to continue it for more than an hour at a time." They had next to construct their wooden ladder, which was made from firewood, with the help (in addition to their knives) of a saw made from an iron candlestick; and, after many weeks of fatigue and fear, their immense labour was completed. As to how all this was accomplished, the *Memoir* (extending to nearly two hundred pages) gives us minute details.

At length the night of trial arrived: they ascended the chimney, and, with much of difficulty and danger, let themselves down upon a platform, and thence into the fosse. Here they ran most risk of discovery, for the guard was going its rounds every half hour. When they heard it coming they sank themselves up to the chin in water, till it had passed. In the intervals (with instruments they had provided) they continued to work in making a hole through the wall of the fosse, for nearly six hours; and through this, after falling into deep water, from which they fortunately extricated themselves, they finally escaped, covered with dirt, and bleeding from the bruises they had received. They had succeeded in bringing away a small portmanteau with some change of dress, or their appearance must at once have excited suspicion. Concealing themselves about Paris for a month, with one object or another, they then managed to get, separately and disguised, to Brussels, where they fancied they would have been safe; but, on Latude's arrival, he found that his companion in misfortune—who afterwards became insane, and appears to have died in an asylum—had already been given up to France; and he was himself somewhat later arrested at Amsterdam. This was in June, 1756, about six years from the time he had first been sent to the Bastille, to which he was now re-conducted, and where, "on his arrival, he was thrown into a cell, his hands and feet put into irons, and he was left to lie upon straw without any covering." He tried to gain favour with the king by projects for improving the efficiency of the army, and for increasing the revenue, but his enemies prevailed against him. After remaining forty months in his last place of confinement, from which he was removed in consequence of its being filled with water by the overflowing of the river, he was placed in what he calls "a common chamber." While here an event occurred that, it might have been thought, would have put an end to his sufferings. Some papers thrown from one of the towers of his prison had fallen into the hands of two young ladies in the Rue St. Antoine, with whom he had previously communicated by signal. They had become interested in his fate, and "one morning from the window of their chamber they exposed a great piece of paper, upon which were written the following words: YESTERDAY XVII. DIED MADAME THE MARCHIONESS OF POMPADOUR."

He assures us that this announcement gave him much pain. If he grieved for the death of his arch-enemy, it showed a more Christian feeling than we generally meet with. To him the event brought no relief. Instead of waiting its result, he wrote to M. de Sartine, a man most powerful to do him injury, making it the ground of an application for his release. M. de Sartine, who had given strict orders that the death of the marchioness should not be made known to the prisoners, came down to the Bastille to ascertain how Latude had been informed of it. He was questioned, but refused to implicate his friends; an angry, and at last (on his part) an abusive, correspondence followed. What he calls "his unfor-

te letter" made M. de Sartine furious, and Latude was ordered "into cell of the tower called the Bassinière, there to be kept on bread and r." It is only after the lapse of three-quarters of a century that we write of such things in the calm language of a narrative. He had been more than fifteen years in the Bastille. In 1764 he was again "loaded with chains," to Vincennes. The following year he effected second escape from it, and made his way to Paris. Whether this were best course he could have adopted, it would now be hard to say. It ed to be an unfortunate one. He went first to the house of the friends whom he had learnt the death of Madame Pompadour, but they e powerless. They had "more sensibility," he tells us, "than wit," iend, too, with whom they were to have communicated, had in the n time died. He again got into correspondence with M. de Sartine, he might have foreseen the result. While seeking an interview with of the ministers, he was arrested, bound with cords, taken back to cennes, and this time placed in a dark cell. We are disposed to think : there were then some indications of the mental weakness which was, later period, made the pretext for continuing to keep him in confine-t, though there does not seem to have been anything like positive in-ty.

lo one can have visited prisoners, either in solitary or separate con-ment, without observing that the mind becomes more or less enfeebled. ay sometimes assume the appearance of penitent submission; but it truth a lowered tone; and, in most cases, both the penitence and the leness disappear when the cause has ceased to operate. When we re-ect, then, what that benevolent man the late Commissioner Phillips osed as a substitute for capital punishments, we cannot pass indif-ntly by the words of Latude, who says: "According to my own ex-ence, and by what I have had an opportunity of learning from others, m I have but too well known, I will venture to affirm that judges ld act a thousand times more humanely in depriving a culprit of life the most painful torment than in condemning him to perpetual im-onment."

In the death of Louis XV. the whole of the prisoners at Vincennes e visited by the minister and lieutenant-general of police. The case atude, who had now been in confinement twenty years, was inquired amongst the rest, and he was promised his liberty as soon as possible. as granted in less than a month. He was even recommended to tion the king to recompense the projects for the national good that he conceived during his captivity, some of which, he had been informed e his enlargement, had been made use of by the government. It would e been better, perhaps, not so soon to have placed himself in contact, become entangled, with the men in power. Some adverse influence t have again been at work, for when all seemed as though it promised l, and he was unapprehensive of danger, he was suddenly ordered to e the capital, and proceed to his native province. He obeyed; but npector of police was sent after him post haste; he was arrested forty ues from Paris, was taken back, and conducted to the prison of the t Châtelet. From hence, after an examination of his papers, which e found (he says) not to contain anything against government, re-n, or the laws, he was removed to the Bicêtre, and thrown into an erground dungeon, with the threat that should he dare to write to the

minister of police, he "should be beaten to death." Why the last arrest had been ordered seems always to have been a mystery. He lay unnoticed in what he calls his "subterraneous dungeon" for six years, and was then examined by the lieutenant of police, with the view, apparently, of proving him to be insane. Of this the interrogatories and replies afford no evidence whatever. He continued in the same place of confinement for three years more. On the birth of the Dauphin he had some hopes of release, and was removed from his dungeon to a lighted chamber. Fresh obstacles, however, were interposed, and he closes his memoirs in a state of painful hopelessness.

It is from an appended memoir by a friend that we learn how he finally obtained his liberty.

A lady of the name of Le Gros, going out of her house one day, in the month of June, 1781, saw a packet of dirty papers lying against a post, and upon reading them found that the statements they contained were signed, *Henry Masers de Latude, prisoner at Bicêtre, in a cell six feet under ground, and who has lived upon bread and water for the last thirty-two years.* To have been strictly correct, he should have added *more or less.* His sufferings, however, could scarcely have been exaggerated. Madame Le Gros was not exactly in a position to be the protectress of the oppressed. Her husband was a children's schoolmaster, and their means were very small; but she had read a narrative of great and undeserved misery, she resolved to consecrate her life to obtain its victim's liberty, and never to relax in her endeavours till she had succeeded. Many might have felt as strongly on the impulse of the moment, but "to have persisted for three years without being discouraged in the attempt, or dispirited by the difficulties, disgusts, and dangers even, which she encountered, was an act of virtue and humanity the more to be admired as it is almost without example." Nor was she unassisted by her husband, who, like herself, was of good family, though wholly dependent for subsistence upon his labours as a teacher. They economised as to their most rigorous necessities to enable her to pay coach hire; for she had occasionally to travel some leagues from Paris, or to approach people into whose ante-chambers the poor, if splashed with dirt, would not have been allowed admission. To many of these she found access only to be repulsed or disappointed. So scanty were her resources, that she sometimes had to make her way back from a distance on foot, and once she sank, lamed and exhausted, by the way. Still, though latterly she was herself in a state that always requires the utmost care, nothing could daunt her. She had during her exertions obtained more than one interview with the prisoner. She found him almost naked; in want of every necessary. She bought him clothes. She made him others. She gave him money; and when she had nothing else, she administered hope and consolation.

It was thus that "without fortune, without credit, without personal means of any kind," she still persevered, and at last obtained his release. A pension of four hundred livres was accorded to him, "the benefaction of M. de Breuille;" and with this inadequate aid he was received into the house of his deliverer.

Here the memoir ends. It is a tale of misery, but we close it with feelings of satisfaction that within the compass of so brief a narrative the name of Woman, degraded by the qualities of Madame de Pompadour, should be restored to its right position by the virtues of the kind and good Le Gros.

LILIAN'S INHERITANCE.

BY MRS. WILLIAM MURRAY.

CHAPTER I.

AN ARRIVAL.

ot the diligence in yet, Carlos ? It is surely two hours beyond

señor, it is very late. I fear much it has fallen into the hands of scally banditti."

even forbid !" muttered Maurice Trevanion, the first speaker, and, his cloak round him, he shivered, and walked up and down in night.

above dialogue took place in the court-yard of the Iturbide in the city of Mexico, one evening in April, 1862.

unfortunate country, always a prey to civil wars and internal wars, was, at this period, in a state of especial excitement respecting proposed Spanish, English, and French intervention.

ances were the only means of conveyance in the interior, and a between Vera Cruz and the capital was at all times fraught with but now the roads were almost impassable, for hordes of "Guefnested the entire route, and the daily scenes of pillage and were heart-rending.

s no uncommon occurrence for the diligence to drive into the h all the windows closed, and no living creature visible save the who was frequently in league with the robbers himself. This would tell the people who were crowding round, eager for news, and back until the doors were opened;" and then the poor mangled of the passengers would be carried out, and a shuddering awe ll on the bystanders, whilst muttered curses were heaped on the those high in power, who could allow such scenes of horror to unnoticed; for Mexico had fallen to its lowest depth of degradation its once proud name had become a byword and a shameful roughout the civilised world.

los !" again said Trevanion, "send scouts on the road and see if ence is coming ; I feel more uneasy than I care to own."

ice Trevanion, an Englishman by birth, was a tall, handsome the prime of life, with that indescribable air and tone of high and refinement only to be met with in those who have moved highest ranks of society. His face was a very kind one, full of and truth, and gentleness, but when in repose it had an ex-of intense sadness. Whatever the sorrow might be which had delible trace on his countenance, it was evidently not caused by nce of any of this world's riches, for a handsome dark-green tra-arrriage was waiting near, drawn by two thorough-bred English and the powdered footmen (a rarity in Mexico) were standing ally by, awaiting their master's commands.

v wrong of me to let her travel alone," said he, in a low voice ;

"and yet, I thought Richards would be sufficient protection, and I had a promise from the commodore of an armed escort. Besides, how could I have left this? When can I get away for a single day with safety?"

At this moment two Mexican horsemen galloped into the yard, and spoke rapidly in Spanish.

"The diligence has been attacked by Marquez, and is lying broken in the road; the passengers have been robbed of all their valuables, and are toiling wearily along, on foot, towards the city."

"Ha, Señor Trevanion," said one of them, raising his hat, "are you expecting any one to-night?"

"Yes," replied Trevanion, "I am expecting a lady, who, I fear, will be terribly frightened by this savage mode of travel. Carlos, let me have two or three outriders with torches; I will go to meet her." And springing into his carriage, he ordered the coachman to drive on, in a quick sharp tone of mingled anxiety and alarm.

The shades of evening were fast deepening into night as the carriage rolled swiftly along towards the scene of the late disaster. The flaming torches cast a lurid light around, and about three miles from the city gates a woman was seen sitting on the ground, and a man bending over her, evidently trying to reassure and comfort her.

Trevanion was by her side in an instant.

"Ha, Richards, my good fellow," said he, in a voice full of sorrow, "I am truly grieved for this misfortune."

"Oh, sir," said Richards, "thank God you have come. We have had a shocking time; but she has borne it bravely, poor thing. I have a great deal to tell you, sir, but we must get her home at once, for she is well-nigh spent."

Trevanion never heard the voice of his faithful servant; he was kneeling by the lady's side, chafing her cold hands within his own, and speaking words of kindness and welcome.

She raised her large grey eyes, and fixed them full on Trevanion's face, and for the first time in his life he felt a strange chill, like a piercing cold wind, which filled him with an indescribable sensation, half pleasure, half pain, which seemed to pervade his whole being; and as the torches flamed on the pale and worn-out face of the lady, he perceived that she had fainted.

There was no house near, nothing to be done save to take her home at once, so, lifting her tenderly in his arms, he placed her inside the carriage, and covered her cold and inanimate form with the costly rugs and furs which he had fortunately brought with him; for the Mexicans are not gallant highwaymen like Claude Duval of old—not content with stealing all the boxes and baggage which the diligence contains, they often strip their victims of every article of clothing save one poor garment; and the respect due to delicate woman and helpless old age is alike disregarded by these high-souled "guerrilleros."

"Have you saved nothing, Richards?"

"Nothing whatever, sir."

"Then let us thank God for having spared your lives," said Trevanion, in a low tone of earnest feeling.

Back again through the city, out into the country towards Tacubaya (the garden of Mexico), and home was gained at last.

Trevanion gave a sigh of intense relief when he saw the doors wide

to receive him, and the home faces of his household crowding early around. He had many causes for anxiety in his beautiful home, it was not entirely solicitude for the tired girl by his side which sed his heart to throb and his face to darken as he neared his dwell-

'Is all well, Manuela?" was his first question of a bright-eyed pleat-looking Mexican woman, who came to offer her services.

'Si, señor." (Yes, sir.)

'And the ladies—are they in the drawing-room?"

'Miss Lilian was very tired, señor, and has gone to bed; she has n naughty to-day; but Miss Trevanion is in the drawing-room."

'Then come here, Manuela, and assist this lady, who is much fatigued. : will take her at once to your mistress."

'Ave Maria purisima," and a host of similar exclamations, were poured h by Manuela in her native language, and with all the volubility of race; but Trevanion checked her with a haughty gesture, and himself ied his still insensible charge into a long lofty room, full of light, and mth, and brilliancy.

On a low couch, near a large fire of pine-logs, which were blazing ghtly on the hearth, a lady was reclining; a bright flush of pleasure itened her pale and delicate face as Trevanion entered, and there e traces of tears in her sweet eyes, which were very liquid in their th and softness.

'Ah, Maurice dear, so you have come at last. I am weary with wait-for you. I feared some terrible accident, and I am so thankful you safe at home once more. But how is this, Maurice? Is that Miss gsbby, and is she ill?"

Carefully placing his charge on another couch, and consigning her to care of Manuela, Trevanion said:

'Yes, Kate, my sweet sister, I am here at last." And stooping, he derly kissed the gentle face which welcomed him so lovingly. "And ave brought Miss Slingsby; but, poor creature, she stands in need of our care, for she has had a fearful trial. I do not yet know any of the ticulars; merely that she and our faithful Richards have been attacked that scoundrel Marquez, and only escaped with their lives. But see, te, she is moving now."

And whilst he spoke, the poor girl whom he called Miss Slingsby raised self and looked around.

'Where am I?" she faltered.

'You are safe in Tacubaya, my dear Miss Slingsby. I am Maurice vanion, and this is my sister Kate, who will love and protect you, and h you to forget your miserable journey and all your sorrows."

'Yes," said Kate, "we will all try to make you happy. Maurice dear, el my couch round, for you see, Miss Slingsby, I cannot come to you out assistance. I have been an invalid since my birth, but Maurice is a gentle nurse that he makes me forget my helplessness. You poor l girl," continued Kate, taking Miss Slingsby's hand in her own, eak to me a few words; tell me that you feel better, and we will send to your chamber, and you shall remain there for many days if you , and rest thoroughly. We will not allow you to talk anything about rself until you are well and strong again."

laud Slingsby gazed earnestly at the delicate lady by her side, whose

every movement was full of womanly tenderness and refinement, and her eyes wandered slowly round the room, which was luxurious in everything that wealth could purchase and purity of taste arrange. She felt floating around her the delicious fragrance of rare flowers, which drooped their lovely heads in costly vases, and then her eyes met those of Trevanion, who was earnestly regarding her. He gave a convulsive start, and again felt the same inexplicable coldness which he had once before experienced that night. Maud also appeared agitated, for a vivid colour flashed into her pale face, and she half arose as if to go.

"Poor girl," said Kate, "you are much fatigued, and need rest. You shall have my own old nurse to take care of you; she is an Englishwoman from Yorkshire, and has lived with me since my childhood. You will find her an excellent person, still clinging to the peculiar dialect of her native county, and obstinately refusing to learn Spanish, but a motherly, good woman in every respect. You see I am quite unable to perform my duties as hostess."

And Kate smiled, and held out her hands to Maud Slingsby, who took them, kissed them, and murmured:

"Many, many thanks, Miss Trevanion."

Kate rang a silver bell which was on the table near her, and the summons was answered by a respectable elderly woman of benevolent aspect.

"Nurse, I deliver Miss Slingsby into your charge; let her have everything she may require, and a comfortable tea in her own room."

"Ay, Miss Kate, I'll take care of her. Richards has told me all about their woful journey. If I'd that Marquez here, I'd scalp him myself, that I would. Come along, poor honey, and I'll make you comfortable."

Every one was so kind that Maud's grateful tears were fast gathering and falling. Maurice offered his arm, and guided her faltering steps to the door of her chamber.

"Good night, Mr. Trevanion."

"Good night, Miss Slingsby, and may God bless you."

Then Maurice returned to his sister, and kneeling down beside her, gazed inquiringly into her face.

There were no secrets between those two; their affection for and trust in each other were perfect; it is not often that brother and sister love each other as they did, therefore such an affection, when it does exist, becomes touching from its very rarity.

"Well, Maurice," said Kate, fondly stroking the thick masses of dark hair which had become prematurely streaked with grey, "I know you are very wishful to ask how the day has passed with me and fairy Lilian. Fortunately, I felt better than usual, or I should have been very much wearied, for Lilian has been in one of her wild, excitable moods, which try me greatly. Her first outcry this morning was for 'Papa,' and when told that you had gone into Mexico to fetch Miss Slingsby, she screamed and kicked, until nurse, in despair, shut her up alone in the nursery. Suddenly, a great calm seemed to fall upon naughty Lilian, and nurse thought she might venture to return to her refractory charge, when there arose a dismal howling cry. Entering the room hastily, nurse found Lilian brandishing a red-hot poker at a favourite cat of Manuela's, and

king wild assaults upon the poor animal, whom she had tied fast to a
 air.

"‘Miss Lilian,’ cried nurse; ‘for shame, you naughty, wicked child!’

"‘Oh, nurse, come in, you’re just in time; please hold this shrieking
 whilst I run at her with the poker. I’m performing, you see, all by
 self. This cat is Miss Slingsby, and I hate her, so I’m pretending to
 rder her. Isn’t it fun?’

"‘You may feel sure, Maurice, that nurse did not approve this cruel
 formance, so she brought Lilian screaming fearfully into my room.

"‘Aunt Kate, Aunt Kate!’ she cried, ‘I hate nurse. I’ll spit at her,
 I kill her; I’ll boil her bones, and give them to the old witch who lives
 stairs in the room I can’t get into because there is no door.’

"‘Nurse,’ I interposed, ‘you had better go away, and leave Miss
 ian to me.’ Poor nurse, very glad to escape, left the room, and for
 two hours Lilian continued screaming. She desisted at intervals
 in pure exhaustion, only to commence again with renewed vigour.
 ed out at last (physically not mentally), she came up to me, looking
 full in the face, and, Maurice, for the first time in my life, I saw
 ian look like—*her!*”

"‘God forbid!’ interrupted Trevanion, with a wild, hoarse cry.

"‘Hush, Maurice, dear Maurice, it was only a momentary likeness.”

"‘Go on, Kate.”

"‘Well, Lilian stood with her hands clenched and her eyes flashing,
 dently expecting me to speak first, but I appeared not to notice her.

"‘Aunt Kate.’

"‘Yes, Lilian.’

"‘You don’t love me; you think I’m a wild beast, a mad wild beast;
 I do believe, Aunt Kate’ (here the child came close to me, and hissed
 my ear), ‘I do believe I *shall* be mad some day!’

"‘Lilian!’ (and my voice sounded strange and low even to myself,)
 we are *not* mad, and I humbly pray to God that you never may be;
 you are a cruel, wicked child, and I am ashamed of you.’

"‘Oh, not cruel to you, Aunt Kate; not wicked to you, my sweetest
 ity.’

"‘And throwing her arms around me, this strange, wilful child rained
 ses on my face, calling me by every endearing name she could think

Her little face was piteous in its appeals for pardon, but it was a
 ne that I have often witnessed before, and Lilian makes me very
 pondent, for I know that if I forgive her to-day she will be naughty
 in to-morrow.”

"‘Then did you forgive her, Kate?’

"‘Yes, I kissed her, and begged her to control her temper, and try to
 a better child, more worthy of all our love and care. As I was talking
 her, a humming-bird flew in through the open window into the room,
 I out again to the garden. Off started Lilian in a wild chase after it,
 I in a few moments I heard her screaming with delight, as joyous and
 from care as the humming-birds themselves. She came in soon
 h her lap full of violets, which she made into two large bouquets,
 e for papa, one for Aunt Kate.’

"‘And have you no flowers for poor Miss Slingsby, who will be here
 ight?’

"'No, aunty, I hate her; I shall make her as miserable as ever I can; when I give you roses I shall give her nettles; when I bring you butterflies, she shall have snakes; when you have humming-birds, I will give her toads and scorpions.'

"'My dear Lilian, why do you dislike Miss Slingsby?'

"'Because I feel, aunty, as if her coming would cause a great change in our home.'

"'Yes, Lily, I trust it will make a change, but hope it may be one for the better, and as it is on your account entirely that Miss Slingsby comes here, I trust you will treat her with kindness and respect, remembering always that she is an educated lady, and that you are an ignorant, wilful little girl.' She made no reply to this, but has been very quiet for the remainder of the day, which causes me to think that she is planning some wild freak for to-morrow; or perhaps it may be that her passion of the morning has exhausted her, for about six o'clock she asked permission to go to bed, and nurse says she is sleeping peacefully."

Trevanion sighed heavily, a weary, hopeless sigh, and in a low voice said,

"Has the house been peaceful in other respects, Kate?"

"Quite so, Maurice."

Neither spoke for some time; whatever the subject might be which engrossed their thoughts it was evidently a sacred one, not to be spoken of, scarcely alluded to. At last Kate roused herself, and smiled cheerfully.

"Maurice, I prophesy that Miss Slingsby will work an entire change in our household. I like her appearance, don't you?"

"Yes," replied Maurice, thoughtfully. "I think I shall like her; she is not pretty, but her eyes are wonderful. Do you believe in pre-sentiments, Kate?"

"No, not at all; but why do you ask?"

"Because I feel an inward conviction that a new phase in the history of our family has commenced to-night, but whether it be for good or evil, time alone will disclose. And now, Catalina mia, put your arms round my neck, for I am going to carry you away. Whatever change comes in my household, I shall not allow my sister to keep late hours, or dim the light of her bright eyes."

So, lifting Kate in his arms as if she had been a child, Maurice carried her away, as was his wont every evening, to her own room, where he kissed her and left her.

When Kate was alone a weary change passed over her face, and clasping her hands she cried, with an exceeding bitter cry,

"Oh, God! pity us, and spare Lilian!"

CHAPTER II.

TREVANION'S MISTAKE.

THE parents of Maurice and Kate Trevanion were English, of great wealth, and good family.

When Maurice was ten years old, Mrs. Trevanion had another child, a little girl. Both mother and child were extremely delicate, and her

medical advisers recommended a warmer clime, as the only means of restoring the health of one, and rearing the delicate life of the other.

Mr. Trevanion was on the eve of a journey to Mexico, where he had invested largely in silver mines, and not being at all satisfied with the advices which he received from his agents, he thought it best to visit the country and look after his own interests. He therefore determined that his wife and children should accompany him, and remain abroad until their health was firmly re-established.

Mrs. Trevanion was charmed with the home of Montezuma. For her, Mexico was a garden of beauty and loveliness. Of its misery, its squalor, and wretchedness, she knew nothing.

On their arrival, Mr. Trevanion took his family to a beautiful house in Tacubaya, about three miles from the city of Mexico. It was a large, rambling old house, situate near Montezuma's far-famed palace of Chapultepec, and standing in the midst of a perfect wilderness of a garden, but it was a wilderness so lovely, so home-like, that the Trevanions were delighted.

Every day brought fresh roses to the cheeks of mother and child. Maurice pranced about in the fulness of enjoyment and the boundless delight of boyhood from morning until night, and the fond father was happy in the happiness of his children.

At the expiration of a year, they had become so attached to the place that Mr. Trevanion bought the estate, and went alone to England to realise all his property, returning to spend the remainder of his days in the land of his adoption.

And the years rolled on like days; everything was bright for the Trevanions. They took no part in the political government of the country, and held themselves aloof from all party scheming and controversy.

From their great wealth and high position, they were heartily welcomed by the best society in Mexico. Bountiful to the poor, beloved by their own household, and respected by all, they seemed to bear a charmed life, and "the luck of the Trevanions" became a household proverb.

But there is no home, however happy it may be, without some crook in its lot—some ever-present trouble to remind us of our frail and erring mortality—and the gentle Kate Trevanion, with her beautiful face and winning smile, was a helpless cripple from her birth. No human skill could avert this evil. Perhaps Kate herself was the one who felt it the least; for a wealth of love was showered upon the suffering girl, and all her surroundings were so arranged that she might feel her sad calamity as little as possible.

So the time passed on in peace and prosperity, until Maurice was twenty-seven, and Kate seventeen.

Mr. and Mrs. Trevanion gradually withdrew themselves from society, finding their greatest pleasure at home by the side of their gentle daughter, upon whose education no care or trouble had been spared, and the fond parents craved no greater happiness than that of listening to her beautiful and highly-cultivated voice as she sang or read to them.

Maurice would willingly have stayed with them also, for up to this period he loved his sister better than anything else on earth, but his presence was in great request in all the gaieties of the capital, and it was

not advisable, Kate said, "that he should become a hermit for her sake."

After a time Maurice went out to please himself as well as Kate, for he had met and loved a very beautiful Mexican girl, who was visiting some friends during the Carnival, and whose name was Carlota Lopez.

If ever Maurice had a wish, there was no peace until it was granted, and he was perfectly overpowering in his love-making. He never waited to ask any questions as to who the girl was, or where she came from. He asked her to be his wife the second time they met, and she accepted him unhesitatingly.

Mr. and Mrs. Trevanion did not approve their son's choice. They made many inquiries respecting her family and antecedents, but could discover nothing save that she was an orphan, and that her parents had died when she was very young.

The family with whom she was staying vouched for her respectability, and as Maurice was determined to marry her, Mr. and Mrs. Trevanion had no alternative but to make a virtue of necessity, and therefore invited her to Tacubaya, that a mutual acquaintance might be formed.

To them the result was anything but satisfactory. Carlota was lovely and graceful, in the full bloom of her Southern beauty, with the luxurious hair, dark flashing eyes, and faultless teeth of her race, but she also inherited all the deceit and vindictiveness of the Mexican character. Indolent and apathetic in outward seeming, she could yet contrive schemes of deep treachery, and, with a sullen persistency, would always accomplish her object by fair means or foul.

There were two passions raging in her breast, each of them dangerous in its intensity. One of these was her wild love for Maurice; the other, her terrible hatred and jealousy of Kate. Of her love she made no concealment, but it was not a pure, unselfish love, which is ever striving for the happiness of its object; it was a wild, ungovernable idolatry, annoying beyond measure to every one save Maurice.

In his presence she was all life, animation, and brilliancy; apart from him, she was indolent, sulky, and capricious, with occasional paroxysms of rage frightful to witness. But she hid her hatred of Kate far in the depths of her own heart, and cunningly fawned upon and caressed the gentle creature who tried to love her for Maurice's sake.

"Only wait until I am married," said Carlota to herself, "and I will teach that wretched pampered cripple how to be miserable. Why is *she* to be the spoilt darling of every one in the house?—*she*, a creature who never walked, who can do nothing but lie on a sofa all day long, or be carried about from room to room, whilst I, with my grace and beauty, am only tolerated by them all? No one loves me save Maurice, and even he will never forget Kate for my sake! As for his parents, with their foreign pride, I know they dislike me, and are trying their best to persuade Maurice to give me up. Do they suspect me, I wonder?—no, I think not; my terrible secret is safe. If Maurice only knew, he would spurn me under his feet, and I dare not tell him, I love him so; besides, it is no fault of mine, and, with cunning and caution, I may hide it for many years, perhaps for ever! But sometimes I feel as if the raging fever within me would burst all bonds, and as if I could drag Kate from her couch and fling her to the other end of the room. Ah!

"I'll be even with them all yet. I am patiently biding my time, and then—and then——" And the wily Mexican clenched her little hands, and showed her glittering teeth in anticipation of her revenge.

It was quite true that Mr. and Mrs. Trevanion had expostulated with their son, and told him of the many glaring faults in Carlota's character; but as well talk to the winds as to a man desperately in love, and the sorrowing parents found all their arguments and remonstrances worse than useless.

In a few months, therefore, the marriage took place, and too soon afterwards the true nature of Carlota showed itself. She was so full of whims and caprices, that at times even Maurice grew wearied. When he remonstrated with her in all gentleness, she turned upon him like a beautiful fiend, and bade him go "to his pet Kate—his crippled sister!"

To hear Kate, whom he loved so fondly, called "a cripple," was something so new to Maurice, that he could scarcely believe his own senses; but there was no delusion—all was stern reality! Too late!—ah me, too late! Poor Maurice found that he had united his fate for evermore with a woman utterly unfit to be his wife. Manfully he tried to hide his unhappiness, to shield the too glaring faults of Carlota, to shelter Kate, and to comfort his parents; but the anxious, ever-watchful eye of his mother noted it all, and to see such a hopeless life of misery in store for her darling son was more than the delicately-organised frame of Mrs. Trevanion could bear. She had ever been cherished by her husband and children like some tender exotic; perhaps her life might have been spared a few years longer if Maurice had married a suitable wife, or one calculated to make him even moderately happy, but she bowed her gentle head, and faded gradually day by day, unable to struggle against Carlota's haughty insolence. A severe cold accelerated the evil, and she died after a short illness.

This was the first actual sorrow that Maurice and Kate had ever known. To Maurice it came like a sudden blow, and there was remorse added to his grief, which made it all the worse to bear; to Kate, the loss was overwhelming—her mother had been the mainspring of her existence; and the sorrowing husband—who could atone on earth for the loss of his gentle helpmate? But he was an old man now, and, knowing that his own years on earth could not be many, he looked forward to meeting his beloved wife again with faith and hope.

In the midst of all this sorrow, Carlota roamed through the house insolent and unbearable, shattering with a ruthless hand all that before had been so beautiful in its harmony. She penetrated into everything like an evil spirit, heaping insults and sarcasms upon the defenceless head of Kate, jeering at the old man her father-in-law, and driving Maurice to such a pitch of hopeless misery, that it required all the self-control of his manhood, and the innate chivalry of his race, to remember that she was his wife—and a woman!

There is no doubt that the presence of Mrs. Trevanion had been some check on Carlota, for even she dare not act in direct opposition to the known wishes of the mistress of the household; but now that this good influence was withdrawn, Carlota set every one at defiance. Even if she had behaved kindly to Kate or her father-in-law, all would have been well, but her antipathy to them was so great, that she was continually

seeking opportunities to insult them, apparently forgetting that at the same time she was slowly but surely alienating for ever the love of her husband.

Poor Maurice! What a sad termination to all his dreams of happiness!

He was alone with his sister one day about six months after their mother's death—Kate on her couch, pale as a statue, and as motionless as a statue, Maurice kneeling by her side. Of late he had entirely ceased showing any outward marks of affection towards his sister, because it appeared so to inflame the jealousy of Carlota. This evening, however, his face was hidden in Kate's dress, and her hand was resting on his head. They were thinking of the happy days fled for ever!—of the kind, loving mother, whom they mourned so bitterly!

"Ah me! we never think enough of our parents whilst they are with us; but who can ease our aching, longing pain when they are taken from us for ever?"

And the hot tears, which rarely, if ever, come to man, were in the eyes of Maurice Trevanion as he knelt by his sister's side, and she, forgetting her own blighted life, was thinking only of him as she murmured: "Hush, Maurice—dear Maurice!"

Suddenly, Carlota entered with her noiseless gliding step, like the stealthy tread of a cat, and was beside them before either was aware of her approach.

"Maurice," said she, sneeringly, "what a woman you are—crying like a baby, and bathing your sister's 'pretty feet' with tears!"

Maurice raised his head; there were no tears in his eyes as he looked full at Carlota, but there was a something in his face which she had never seen before—an unutterable loathing and horror!

"Come, Maurice, get up! Come, with me into the garden, and leave the cripple alone."

Kate's large blue eyes filled fast with tears, and her figure trembled.

"Carlota," said Maurice, in a voice which he tried hard to render calm, "if you ever dare to apply that term again to my sister, or in my presence, you shall bitterly repent it."

"Pooh!" said Carlota, savagely. "I'll say it again now. Cripple Kate! cripple Kate!" And allowing her passion to overcome even her small amount of prudence or womanly feeling, she struck Kate on the cheek, laughing derisively.

Maurice sprang to his feet, beside himself with conflicting emotion.

He, who would not willingly have injured any living creature, to his sister—a Trevanion!—struck on the face, and by his wife!

"Oh, shame! shame!" he cried, seizing Carlota by the arm. "Would you thank your God that you are a woman, or I would crush you under my feet. Go out of my sight—leave me, or I will not answer for myself. Go!" And he pushed her from him out of the room.

Returning to his sister's side, he took her in his arms and groaned aloud:

"Oh, Kate, Kate! was it for this that I married her? Was it for this that the days of our mother were shortened?—and you rendered miserable whose life should be so free from care? You all warned me, but I would not listen—in my own selfish, headstrong folly I made her my wife, and

sacrificed you all ; and I am still so young, with such a weary life of misery before me, what shall I do, Kate?—what shall I do?”

“ Maurice !”—and the sweet voice soothed him as it ever did—“ your punishment is a very bitter one, but in hope, and faith, and patience it must be borne. Listen to me, my brother, I am going to talk with you very earnestly——”

“ Go on, Kate.”

“ You know, Maurice, that I, from my quiet couch, observe many things, and of late, in the earnest hope of discovering some means of *taming* Carlota (if I may use such a term), I have made her my especial study——”

“ Well, Kate?”

“ I may be very wrong in my conclusions, but——” And Kate hesitated.

“ Don't fear me, Kate. I can bear everything.”

“ You remember, Maurice, papa and mamma never discovered anything of Carlota's family or antecedents, and I don't think her actions are those of a sane woman. May there not have been insanity in her family?”

This suggestion of Kate's, dreadful enough, if true, seemed to inspire Maurice with new life, and, with something of his old impetuosity, he sprang up and said :

“ It may be so—poor Carlota ; and if so, she is not responsible for her actions, and I may have been blaming her unjustly all this time. I will send for Doctor Butler, Kate ; you know we can trust him in all things, and with care and change of scene she may be restored to us. I will do anything to help her—take her to Europe, or all round the world, if I can only bring her back to love and happiness.”

Kate's lips quivered, and her tears gathered and fell. Ah ! she was not sanguine, like Maurice ; she was only paving the way for a misery which she felt sure would come.

“ Now that you speak of Carlota's eccentricities,” said Maurice, “ have you ever observed a change in her face which, doubtless, is attributable to the same cause ?”

“ Yes,” answered Kate, “ I have noticed a gradual change in her ; but——”

“ Why do you hesitate, Kate ?”

“ I thought that was accounted for by Carlota's present condition.”

“ So did I ; but I will send for Dr. Butler, and hear what he says. There is no use alarming our father, or saying anything to him about Carlota.”

“ Oh dear no, let us spare our dear father all unnecessary sorrow.”

“ But tell me, Kate,” continued Maurice, who had always been very proud of his wife's beauty, “ *what* change have you remarked in Carlota's face ?”

“ Her eyebrows and eyelashes. You remember, Maurice, how pretty they used to be, but they now appear to be gradually wearing off, and I don't believe they will ever grow again.”

“ Nonsense,” said Maurice.

“ But really, dear, where the hair has fallen off, the skin is left quite smooth, and is not even white, like the rest of her face, but is of a bright rose colour.”

"Well, Kate, I shall send at once for Dr. Butler. I think nothing at all of your nonsense about eyebrows and eyelashes, but I do think that perhaps Carlota may require medical advice and care."

A messenger was at once despatched for the family physician, who had attended the Trevanions during the whole of their residence in Mexico.

Maurice stated to him, in confidence (for he was an old and valued friend), his anxiety and distress respecting his wife, and asked advice and assistance.

Dr. Butler looked very grave during the recital.

"You know, Maurice," said he, "Mrs. Trevanion is in a delicate condition at present, which may, and does, account for much that you tell me; but not for all. You say she is ungovernable in temper, cruel and revengeful; this ought not to be. Tell me all the symptoms you have observed; it is of consequence that I should be prepared before I see her."

"Oh! I know nothing more than I have told you, doctor. Kate has some nonsensical idea about my wife's eyebrows and eyelashes wearing away."

"Ha!" And Dr. Butler turned pale to his very lips.

"What is the matter?" asked Maurice, in astonishment. "Are you ill?"

"Give me some water, my friend; the heat of the day is very great. I feel faint."

Maurice poured out water from a carafe standing near, but the doctor seemed agitated and nervous.

"I don't think I'll see your wife just now, Maurice. I will have half an hour's quiet chat with Miss Trevanion. Where shall I find her?"

"In the drawing-room. Shall I come also?"

"No, thanks; I wish to see your sister professionally. Stay, Maurice, don't let Mrs. Trevanion know that I am here."

"Oh no, I am going to smoke in the garden; you will find me there when you want me."

Dr. Butler was a man of great fame in Mexico—a quiet, grave man, whose kindness of heart was proverbial. Many people wondered why he never married, and many were the bright eyes who would have won him, if they could; but the good doctor, invariably kind to all, was armour-proof against all the pretty "señoritas" in Mexico. He had given his whole heart unasked, and, for aught he knew, unreturned, to the poor "cripple," Kate Trevanion. He loved her, as men love without hope. He knew that she could never marry, but he loved her none the less truly for all that, and surely we may pardon him for his natural wish to be the first to break to her the dreadful curse which his professional knowledge told him was hanging over her brother's future. He remained with her two or three hours, but of that sorrowful interview we will not speak.

It was agony to him to inflict pain upon the woman whom he would willingly have taken in his arms and sheltered for evermore—it was agony to her to hear of an evil, a curse, a withering blight, a misery, of whose existence she had never dreamed.

"Oh, my heavenly Father," she cried, in the sorrow of her tortured heart, "avert this evil from our dwelling. Dr. Butler, you will be our friend—you will see Carlota—you will help us, will you not?"

"With my life I will help you, Miss Trevanion." And he took her tender fingers in his own. "Oh, Kate—may I not call you so?—if ever you are in trouble or sorrow will you send for me—will you understand what I dare not say—will you believe that I will devote my whole life to make you happy?"

Poor Kate! she understood him well, and raised her sweet blue eyes.

"Thank you, Dr. Butler—thank you very much. You know that I am grateful."

"Kate—may I not say *my* Kate?"

She looked at him, and then he knew that her sweet pure heart had thought of him, and for a single kind thought of Kate Trevanion's he could have suffered all things.

"Now, Miss Trevanion, I must go. I shall see your sister alone. Maurice is in the garden, I think?"

"Yes. Will you come back to me, and tell me? I am very anxious."

"Of course I will. Farewell!"

With a great effort Dr. Butler feigned a calmness which he did not feel, and went up-stairs to Carlota's private room, knocking gently at the door.

"Come in," said she, supposing it to be some domestic.

He entered, and found her sitting on the floor in true Mexican fashion, looking moody and sullen.

He had not seen her for some weeks, but one glance at her face told him that his dreadful conjecture was a certainty.

A frightened look came into her eyes the moment she saw him.

"Ah!" she cried, recklessly; "so you've found it out, and have come to chain me; but I won't be chained, and die like a dog. I'll live yet, to spite you all."

"My dear Mrs. Trevanion, be calm, I entreat you. I have merely called to inquire after your health."

"Don't talk to me!" screamed Carlota; "you have come to tell me that I am mad. Fools that you are, as if I did not know it long ago! My mother was mad, and one of my aunts; and my grandmother as—!" She stopped, hesitated, then laughed derisively. "Ah, what fine inheritance I have brought to the proud Trevanions!"

Unutterably shocked, Dr. Butler waited until her passion had a little subsided, then said in a voice which he tried hard to render firm:

"But this madness may not develop itself in you, Mrs. Trevanion; we may do much by quiet and care. What were you going to say respecting our grandmother? Remember, that I am your medical adviser, and your friend; it is no idle curiosity which prompts me to ask for your confidence."

"Will you really help me if I tell you all?"

"Indeed I will."

Carlota looked into his calm grave face, so full of pity for her, and told him everything.

Alas! they had a listener of whose presence they were not aware.

Maurice Trevanion, tired of waiting for the doctor's return, had followed him up-stairs. He was just entering the apartment, when one word uttered by Carlota stopped him on the threshold. Powerless he stood and heard *all*. Then an agonised wailing cry from a bruised and tortured heart startled Carlota to her senses. Turning round in quivering fear, she saw her husband standing before her.

"Maurice, my poor fellow," said Dr. Butler, putting his hand on Trevanion's shoulder, "I would willingly have spared you this."

But Maurice shook him off, and strode to the side of his wife:

"In the full knowledge of all this you married me, Carlota?"

"Oh, Maurice!" (and the wretched woman, all woman now, lay moaning at his feet), "I loved you so!"

"Loved me! You call *that* love!"

"Maurice, have pity! I knew if I told you all, or even half, that I should never be your wife; and now that I am your wife, soon to be the mother of your child, you *cannot* cast me off! Oh, Maurice, let me atone; do not cast me off, my husband, my Maurice!"

For some moments there was a stillness as of death in the chamber, broken at last by the voice of Maurice, which rang out cold and hard as steel:

"By everything in this world which I hold sacred and holy, by everything which I have ever loved and honoured, I swear that this woman, whom in the sight of God and man I have called my wife, shall be my wife no more. I will never, never, so help me God, look on her face again! I despise her, I hate her, I loathe her!"

And without casting one look on the wretched woman at his feet, he turned on his heel and left her.

"Maurice, Maurice, have pity!" shrieked Carlota.

But he strode along, a blighted and miserable man, deaf to her cries and her voice for ever more.

That night the feeble wailing cry of a new-born infant was heard in the house at Tacubaya, and its mother was a raging maniac!

Dr. Butler broke this announcement gently and kindly to Maurice and Kate Trevanion.

"Is the child dead?" gasped Maurice.

"No. It is a little girl, apparently strong and healthy."

"Who will take care of it?"

"I know of no one so suitable as Nurse Wilson," said Dr. Butler. "The child will do well; I am the most concerned for its mother. Her paroxysms will be very violent; and I must have some woman who possesses great strength, and who, at the same time, is attached to her."

Alas! who was attached to Carlota?

"Oh!" said Kate, after a moment's thought, "there is a woman named Dolores, who lives near San Cosmé, and whom Carlota always calls to see when she drives into Mexico. She was an old servant of Carlota's mother."

"The very person," replied Dr. Butler. "I will fetch her at once."

"You will come back again, doctor?" asked Maurice.

"Undoubtedly; indeed, I will remain with you altogether for the next few days."

So Dr. Butler stayed with them, and had long interviews with Maurice and Kate, the particulars of which never transpired.

Fainter and fainter grew the shrieks of the suffering woman, and the news spread through the bewildered household that Mrs. Trevanion was dead; and another stately funeral went forth from the house in Tacubaya.

Dr. Butler remained until all was over; then Maurice and Kate were left alone with their father and the little baby, whom they called Lilian.

The change which these few days worked in Maurice Trevanion was a terrible one, and a look of unutterable sadness came into his face, which for the remainder of his life never left him. The name of his wife was never breathed in the household; all the domestics instinctively felt that some dreadful calamity had befallen their young master, even greater than the death of his mother and wife could have caused. He lived entirely alone for some three or four years, seeing no one save Kate and his father.

Mr. Trevanion never knew the truth respecting Carlota, and attributed her illness and death simply to natural causes. It was thought advisable to spare the good old man this additional sorrow; he could not remedy the evil, why, therefore, embitter his few remaining years on earth? It is true he could not understand the apparently unconquerable grief of Maurice for the death of a woman who had rendered every one miserable, nor could he excuse his son's avoidance of the little child Lilian, who day by day entwined herself round the old man's heart.

When Lilian was about five years old she experienced her first great sorrow in the illness and death of her dear grandpapa. Mr. Trevanion died peacefully and happily, after a most useful and exemplary life, and all Mexico mourned the loss of this truly excellent man.

It was a sad blow to Maurice, still more so to Kate, and Lilian wandered about with beseeching little face, continually sobbing for her "poor danpapa."

Then Maurice roused himself from his despair, and began to notice the helpless, sorrowful little one. From this date commenced the intense affection which ever more subsisted between the father and his child, and it became the unceasing object of his life to withhold from her all knowledge of her mother's madness and death.

She was a very beautiful and winning child, singularly graceful and fascinating, but subject to violent outbursts of passion, at which times Maurice was the only person who had the slightest control over her. Every year these paroxysms of temper increased, and Maurice naturally became alarmed and anxious, and Kate very nervous and ill.

It was the hope of subduing her wayward and erratic temper which caused Maurice to send to England for a lady suitable in birth and education to undertake the management of this strangely-constituted child.

Hence the arrival of Maud Slingsby, the orphan daughter of an English clergyman, with whose family the Trevanions had been acquainted when in England.

ASTRA CASTRA.*

ONE of the first objects in establishing a new science is no doubt to collect and arrange all those desultory notices of its early recognised appearance, which are to be gleaned amongst the waifs and strays of literature—to analyse the first crude theories, to exhaust analogy, and, from experiments, proceed to well-ascertained facts, and thus lay a foundation-stone.

The impounding of all that has been said on any special subject from its first appearance to the writer's time, is one of those laudable tasks that provides a fair starting-point for future improvement, and of this class is the work before us.

Astronomy, chemistry, geology, &c., have all owed their existence to this curative spirit, and had it not been for Ptolemy, Galileo might not have been attracted to the study of the heavenly bodies. As for geology, its struggles against popular prejudices are fresh in every one's recollection. "Religions are many, Truth is *one*," was aptly remarked by the Chinese neophyte to his Jesuit preceptor.

Had the noble author of the "Century of Inventions" lived only a little later, what a stride still farther ahead might not civilisation have made; but, unfortunately, in his day the world scarcely recognised, or had forgotten its divine architect, and the most sublime truths of physics were superstitiously mistaken for the handiwork of the Arch Enemy.

"Astra Castra," it may be observed, is by a practical *aéronaut*, and although the author disclaims any more pretensions than those of a guide to information on his favourite study, he underrates the service which he has done the latter.

The work is sufficiently comprehensive without being tediously diffuse, and the twelve chapters are well arranged under the following heads:

1. The Dawn.
2. The Normal Clairvoyance of Poets' Imagination—Classical myths and speculations.
3. A chapter on the earlier *aéronauts*, Montgolfier, Charlières, Cavallo, Zambeccari, Blanchard, Lunardi, &c.
4. Is devoted to the dangerous experiments made in the Charlo-Montgolfier balloon, the tragical end of the gallant Pilâtre de Rosier, use of the parachute, &c.†
5. Is a chronicle of *aéronautic* events from 1800 to 1825, including Napoleon's ideas, and those of *other* scientific men.

* *Astra Castra*. By Hatton Turnor, Rifle Brigade. Chapman and Hall. 1865.

† The brothers Garnerin were the first who descended in a parachute. Eliza Garnerin, daughter of one of the *aérostats*, was the first female who ventured to quit the balloon in the frail parachute, and afterwards no less than thirty-nine times performed the perilous experiment. It has been supposed that the first time a balloon was employed to assist in the art of war was in the late campaign in Italy, when the Emperor Napoleon III. availed himself of it for surveying purposes. His great uncle, however, considered that the balloon might be rendered useful, and it was employed at the battle of Fleurs to watch the movements of the enemy.

- . Is full of grand descriptions of the phenomena of the air.
- and 8. Touch on an apocryphal aërostatic establishment in China, are full of interesting information on Messrs. Green's, Coxwell's, Fisher's, and M. Nadar's ascents, Mr. Lowe's transatlantic scheme, war-balloons, &c.
- and 10. Are devoted to scientific opinions and practical aërosta-

While 11 is judiciously devoted to a review of the senseless ridicule owed by the ignorant and self-sufficient on an infant science.

- 2. Is a review of the past and hopes for the future.

But the author, although he has given the history of balloons, by no means embraces the views of those who hope to make the present balloon the prototype of more perfect machines on the same principle; on the contrary, he recognises the fact that aërostation is now fairly divided between two opposing parties—namely, those who say we must be lighter than the air in order to rise into it, and those who assert that it is absolutely necessary that we should be heavier, in order to travel, and not only to float.

Of course the social revolution produced by a successful navigation of the atmosphere is too stupendous to be at once recognised. Food, dress, architecture, war, government, and the “executive” everywhere, would have to be changed, but before this can come to pass who may venture to say what shall happen!

The series of adventures, experiments, and theories, now carefully stated and reduced to a systematic form, give to aërostation the *togæ texta* which entitles it to assert its own importance in the commonwealth of reason.

Perhaps no class of experiments, equally interesting, and so full of thrilling and sublime incidents, has ever been so much exposed to the jeers of that portion of our fellow-men whose narrow prejudices and philistine spirit would have left us to this day without the benefit of gas-lights in our streets, or steam-engines on land or sea. That aërostation, however, was not always and everywhere subjected to contempt, is evident from the poetical fictions of the ancients, and in modern times the refusal of a great aërostat by a patent of nobility and a grant of arms (significant of the object, but *heraldically* anything but creditable), are sufficient commentaries on the absurd caricatures which, to some extent, succeeded in prejudicing the world, and certainly not a little assisted in keeping this science when fairly started in the race of civilisation behind those others which have so greatly ameliorated the condition of mankind with the last hundred years, and even made human life *practically* of much longer duration.

In his first chapter, a comparison of early navigation and aërostation, the author justly observes that “much of the ridicule that Noah had to bear may perhaps have arisen from the complete *novelty* of the attempt.”

The experiments in aërostation within the present century were conducted under great disadvantages, owing to the frivolous tone of society in England, as we discover from the diaries not only of professional aeronauts, but of bodies and gossips like Mr. Raikes, but of men of talent. We had, doubt, good lawyers, generals, and admirals, and not a few poets and

men of science, but that generation, like its immediate predecessor, was thoroughly corrupt, and its judgment on almost every subject has been reversed by the superior intelligence of the present day.

Many of the caricatures in question have been judiciously introduced, but the most significant is certainly that in which a locomotive is represented as blown to pieces, while a balloon is rising overhead. The mass of mankind is not equal to its leaders, and very unwillingly submits to be led, yet led it always will be, in the end, by the apostles of truth.

The larger illustrations in this work are remarkable, and have been selected with care and discrimination. We allude to those reproduced by the rapid photo-zincographic process of Sir Henry James. Although all bear on the subject, we would call attention to a capital group of young Boors, as one of the clearest and best executed of these plates. "M. Nadar's Ideas" is another striking illustration, and the conception has something grand in it.

The establishment of a periodical, in which will be recorded from time to time current theories, adventures, experiments, and general information in connexion with this subject, is now an accomplished fact, and much benefit to the struggling science is expected from *L'Aéronaute* of Paris.

Although, *statistically*, England has taken the lead in the exploration of the regions of space, the inventive genius still belongs to France. Perhaps the characteristic anecdote told of good old George III., who, on seeing for the first time a balloon in mid-air, remarked complacently "People in France make fools of themselves, but I hope my subject won't be like them," may have had a considerable influence in retarding the spirit of enterprise, considering, of course, the weight attached by the mass in England to royal utterances.

We now learn, that of 500 aeronauts from 1783 to 1848, 313 were English and 104 French—49 were women, namely, 28 English, 17 French, and a few others. And in many thousand voyages, only 11 lives were lost, which seems, after all, a small per-centage compared with the results of railway travelling; but this is saying too little, when we take into account the special nature of the arrangements attending excursions in the air.

The substitution of ordinary illuminating gas for the hydrogen, by the earlier *aërostats*, is one of the reasons why accidents are now rare, while those that do "occasionally happen in balloon ascents are butable mainly to the negligence and folly of the owner, &c." (p. 10). Indeed, not only *aërostats*, but terrestrial *locomotive parasites*, take a useful lesson, by observing in our crowded docks the care, coolness, and accuracy displayed while one of our gigantic vessels is taking up her moorings.

The scientific questions at issue on the subject of navigating seem to have resolved themselves into this, that we require not *buoyant* but *motive power*—vital force, so to speak.

The experiments of Mr. Glaisher and others in meteorology, however, in the mean time, have been efficiently accomplished by the machinery of aerial ascent, and a "fair average of success has been the use of reconnoitring balloons by different armies during seventy years;" but a time will probably come when our req

being more extended, we shall be necessitated to work out more effectually a plan by which we shall be able to master the currents of the air, as we now do those of the sea.

In the present volume are some thoughts on the diffusion of light, which are eminently suggestive, though vague.

The theories of light and colour, as at present put forward, fail to account for many of the most striking optical phenomena, and, in the midst of so much uncertainty, some author lately went so far as to propose the substitution of *green* for *blue*, amongst the primary colours, an error which is not likely to be adopted by scientific men, or even by those who have an *intuitive knowledge* of *propriety* in the chromatic scale. This intuitive perception of "the appropriate in colour" is remarkably displayed in all Chinese works of art, and it is singular that, while recognising red, blue, and yellow as the primitive colours, that people should add black and white. In short, absolute mathematical demonstration is nowhere to be found amongst all the theories of colour, but *effect* and *media* are generally clumsily substituted for *cause*.

"But the mere diffusion of light, to whatever extent it might be carried, although it might alleviate the intenseness of colour in any object, could never avail to give it a new one, or make that assume 'the front of azure blue,' whose legitimate aspect was unmitigated sable. This is a result which requires the intervention of another property in the medium; such a one, for instance, as that alluded to, whereby the rays of light transmitted through it from above, are made to affect a colour suitable to the compound required.* As the intensity of this colour, as

* "With the existence of such a property we were first made acquainted by the searches of Sir Isaac Newton; who, having ascertained that vapours, when about to condense and coalesce into drops, first become of such a size as to elicit the blue rays of transmitted light, was induced to attribute the azure colour of the sky to a condition particularly favourable to the exercise of such a property, which, it was presumed, existed only in the remoter regions of the upper air. The existence of a vapour at all times present in the atmosphere, a circumstance essential to the views of Newton, was, however, a weak point in his theory, which was induced subsequent inquirers to look for some more permanent quality in the same quarter upon which to charge the occurrence of the observed phenomenon. Accordingly, after a variety of experiments, a French philosopher, M. Bouguer, considered that he had solved the difficulty by referring the separation of the rays to a difference in the *momenta* of the different constituents of solar light, whereby the red alone, supposed to be possessed of superior motive energy, made their way unobstructed to the surface of the earth, while the blue, considered of weaker impetus, unable to advance, remained behind to imbue with their particular colour the remoter strata of the atmospheric fluid by which they had been absorbed. These views of M. Bouguer, sufficiently ingenious considering the state of the science, the recent establishment of the theory of undulations requires us to interpret after another form. Admitting the exclusive progress of certain rays, but rejecting the grounds of different momenta by which it was formerly wont to be explained, reference must now be had to another principle, namely, the *critical angle of incidence*, whereby the blue rays, instead of entering the body of the atmosphere, are reflected at an angle, and would be altogether dismissed unnoticed, but that, owing no doubt to the extreme tenuity of the upper strata of the atmosphere, they have already proceeded to a considerable distance before they have encountered sufficient consistency to determine their return. For the benefit of the unlearned, however, we may as well observe that it matters not in the least to the subject in hand which or whether any of the views here proposed be the correct one. It is enough for us that there is a property of the

well as that of the black vault by which it is supported, is a quality subordinate to the influence of atmospheric illumination, whatever tends to the abatement of that illumination, either by the curtailment of the supply, its artificial exclusion from the field of view, the diminution of the capacity of the medium for its conveyance, or the remotion from a neighbourhood where its natural amount is increased by adventitious reflexion, tends likewise to increase the intensity of the sky, and bring out more forcibly the natural obscurity of the ethereal scene. Of these latter, the ascent in the balloon is a striking illustration. Diminishing at once the density of the medium, and the amount of its terrestrial irradiation, at every step he recedes from the surface of the earth, the *aéronaut* obtains in the darkened aspect of the heavenly arch unerring tokens of his approach to the nether limits of the void and infinite gulf that lies beyond him ; and, I have no doubt, could he but continue his course until he had attained the outward margin of the atmosphere, he would, upon directing his view into the realms of vacuity, behold an impenetrable abyss of perfect blackness, in which every visible source of light would stand like a disk of solid flame, unaffected by the vicissitudes that, for one-half the period of their revolutions, exclude them from the eye of the terrestrial spectator.

"How long before that extreme was attained, the latter part of this description would have been realised, and the heavenly bodies revealed to the naked eye in broad daylight, I cannot take upon me to determine ; if, however, the obscuration of the sky (upon which the occurrence of the phenomenon in question entirely depends), were to continue to increase at the same rate we observe it in the earliest stages of the ascent (and there is every reason to admit the conclusion), I do not think that the possibility of witnessing such an occurrence is entirely beyond the hopes of the *aéronaut* adventurous enough to attempt it."

These remarks are by the late Mr. Monck Mason, as are also the following :

"The inexperienced reader will, no doubt, learn with surprise that the real form of the earth, as beheld from the car of a balloon sufficiently elevated in the air, is absolutely the very reverse of that which a first view of the case may have hastily inclined him to expect. Such, however, is

nature referred to existing in the upper strata of the atmosphere ; and that is a fact of which we have sufficient proof in the evidence of our senses.

"Indeed, but that the limits of a note are too restricted for the purpose, it would not be a difficult matter to point out occurrences which do not appear to consist with any of the views here taken of the subject. For instance, I do not see upon which of these grounds can be explained the phenomenon (very frequently observable upon occasion of the setting sun) of the complete determination of the blue rays to the quarter directly opposite the seat of that luminary, leaving the rest of the heavenly hemisphere comparatively devoid of any such inclination. In all these cases the blue, if really obtained by the decomposition of solar light *in transitu*, must not only have traversed one radius of the atmospheric horizon in company with the red, but afterwards exclusively continued its course to the farther extremity of the opposite one. Another circumstance, apparently incompatible with the foregoing views, is the extraordinary blueness discoverable upon the occasion of a sudden rarefaction in the atmosphere : were the blue in these cases merely the complement of the red, previously interrupted in its passage, its subsequent intervention should only have restored the whole to its primitive condition of a colourless compound."

undoubtedly the fact. So far from following the course dictated by the true conformation of the earth, and sinking in proportion as they recede, the edges of the terrestrial plane actually assume a contrary inclination, and, rising as the aéronaut increases his altitude, realise in their progress the appearance of a vast bowl or basin extended on all sides around him."

The simple and grand law of linear perspective, that the horizon is always in a plane with the spectator's eye, be his elevation what it may, is necessarily familiar to most readers, and as it must have been recognised so frequently by Alpine tourists and those used to mountainous scenery, it was surely to have been expected by an aéronaut.

This law, however, apart from the present subject, is well calculated to excite the imagination, or, at any rate, the speculative faculty, and one of our most wishes it were possible to reach that point above the earth's surface (*two thousand miles?*), where should be abrogated this simple rule that governs our optical perceptions, and whence we should behold rolling through boundless space, "yea, the great globe itself!"

But we can never soar into that empyrean and contemplate, in sublime solitude, the solid ball rotating with awful precision through the black gulf of "the illimitable." No! this mortal must put on immortality before the wonders of the heavens can be revealed to anything on earth's from such a point of view.

If, however, we fancy, apart from the conditions of human life, a man standing on the fragment of an asteroid, before it had spun itself into a sphere, he would be seen standing on vast precipices—foundationless—and looking down into the starry heavens, just as we see them mirrored, while resting on our oars, on the placid surface of some silent Scottish lake. But, of course, in such a war of elements and struggle of natural forces, there might be nothing but darkness and earthquakes.

In concluding this notice of an elegant and interesting work, we cannot do better than quote the words of a noble author:

"On the earth and on the sea man has attained to powers of locomotion with which, in strength, endurance, and in velocity, no animal movement can compare. But the air is an element on which he cannot travel—an ocean which he cannot navigate. The birds of heaven are still his envy, and on the paths they tread he cannot follow. As yet!—for it is not certain that this exclusion is to be perpetual. His failure has resulted quite as much from his ignorance of natural laws as from his inability to meet the conditions which they demand. All attempts to guide bodies buoyant in the air must be fruitless. Balloons are mere toys. No flying animal has ever been formed on the principle of buoyancy. . . . When science shall have discovered some moving power greatly lighter than any we yet know, in all probability the problem will be solved. But of one thing we may be sure—that if man is ever destined to navigate the air, it will be by a strict obedience to the laws, and by a close imitation of the means which have been employed by the Creator for the same purpose in flying animals."*

* The Duke of Argyll.

THE DEMON WIFE.

I.

"DEAD! dead!" were the only words uttered in wild delirium by Harold Montgomery, but six days since so strong in his youthful manhood, so full of happiness, of every blessing that fortune and friends can give, and now, fever in its most raging, most dangerous form, threatened the life that had been so dear to him and so precious to others.

Each time the delirious cry was repeated, a groan of agony escaped the elder of two women watching over him. The striking similarity of feature proclaimed her the mother of the sufferer. She still retained much of the beauty for which she had been remarkable in early youth; and though left still young a widow, she had dedicated her whole life to this youth, her only child.

The younger lady formed a great contrast in outward appearance to the elder; there were no traces of near relationship between them, although she was the niece of Harold's mother, the daughter of a younger brother, who had early in life gone to India, and had there married the daughter of an Indian officer, whose mother had been (although carefully concealed) descended from the native race.

The tall, slight, undulating form had its marked Eastern origin, and the face, without any beauty but its dark eyes, with the blue whiteness that gives such lustre. The small head was covered with masses of that long, black, silky hair that usually accompanies that black, black eye.

This young girl, now twenty, was only nine when her father died, bequeathing her to his dear sister Montgomery, her own mother being already dead. The child was sent, with the faithful ayah who had nursed her, to England, and had remained ever since with her kind aunt, who had been a second mother to her.

And who was dead? And why this wild cry from Harold Montgomery? It was his young and beautiful betrothed, to whom he was to have been united in a few days, when a sudden attack of bronchitis had snatched her from him, without even the sorrowful consolation of one farewell. He was absent regulating some affairs on his estates in the north of England when the first news of her illness reached him. The fragile girl was so subject to these attacks that he did not at once fly to her, and the second tidings was a telegram—"She is dead!"

He had returned home in the wildest grief. This was his first sorrow, and it was uncontrollable. They even feared that in the first outburst of his agony he would have destroyed himself. Perhaps in mercy came the raging fever that rendered him unconscious of his mental suffering.

The ninth day came and the fever left him, and he became for the first time aware of his mother's presence. "How did she die?" he murmured, as he leant his pale cheek upon her breast; and she told him the short dismal tale so tenderly, so caressingly, that even in this bitter moment the maternal influence was deeply felt, and he wept upon her bosom tears that relieved his oppressed heart, and she did not try to check them, as she told him that on the first alarm of his Rosalind's illness

she and her niece Theresa had flown to her, although her state had inspired no alarm even to her own mother and loving relatives. The third morning she was said to be already better. As she was much attached to her friend Theresa, she was to remain and read to her. On that same evening her niece returned, rushed into her arms, exclaiming, "Poor Rosalind is dead!"

Here the prudent mother put the calming potion to his lips, and he soon sank into a long and deep sleep.

Each day brought strength to the body, but the mind remained absorbed in grief; there seemed to be no cure for his despair. He was soon able to sit up, and shortly to leave his room, leaning on his mother and his cousin. He took her hand affectionately one day, sitting beside his mother on the couch, and told her he had resolved upon his future life—to exchange from the Guards into a regiment on active service, throw himself into the thickest of the first battle, and end his sufferings.

With all her love for him, his mother felt indignant at his selfishness, and it was with great effort she spoke with calmness.

"And you, my son, so blessed with everything that nature can bestow—rank, wealth, friends, I might add, perhaps, a devoted mother—would sacrifice all these great benefits to impotent grief! You are rebelling against the will of Him who has given and who has taken away. Reasonable sorrow ever meets with sympathy, and that you have most fully. Time will do the rest. Do not let me think my son wanting in moral courage."

"Oh! mother, do not, for the first time in all your life, be cruel to me. I am so wretched! I so loved her! Time can have no effect on my sorrow, for it cannot give me back my Rosalind."

It was evident that no reasoning or common sense could prevail. She arranged the pillows, she bathed his temples, and left him to his sorrowful reflections.

Mrs. Montgomery was wringing her hands in despair when she met Theresa, gliding along with her noiseless step; every movement was so still, so quick, that Harold, in his childish days, used often in play to call her his "black kitten."

"Theresa!" exclaimed Mrs. Montgomery, "you love my Harold, and you must save him from himself."

A deep flush suffused the pale cheek as she replied:

"What can I do, dearest aunt?"

"You must make him love you. A new love must replace the old."

"But, aunt, he never loved me."

"That is possible. His heart was early absorbed in a strong affection for Rosalind; such frantic grief rarely lasts, but his must be checked at once, or he will abandon home, fortune, station, everything. You know how well I have administered the large estates left him by his father, that my own fortune is considerable, and if he die childless all this accumulation of wealth will go to strangers. You are portionless, Theresa, but, if you succeed in the task I entrust to you, I shall settle the half of all I possess exclusively on yourself. Of course my son is entitled to a much higher connexion, but time presses."

"And what if I succeed?"

"What? Why, you become his wife."

II.

"WHAT strange melody there is in your voice, Theresa," said Harold as she read to him every passage from his favourite authors that was calculated to win him from his fixed idea. He would frequently interrupt the reading to recur to his own projects, but, as the physician imperatively ordered mild "sea air" before he could be allowed to attempt an military change, he was conveyed down to Ventnor, Isle of Wight. The change of air and scene, where there were no reminiscences of his lost love, were highly beneficial, and Theresa saw with delight her work progressing. He even one day exclaimed, after long gazing at her, "How beautiful your eyes are, dear cousin!—so dark and lustrous! I have often heard them admired, but had never myself remarked them before."

And thus, day by day, some new perfection of form or feature dawned upon him. She had alone the power to soothe him; she played and sang divinely; in short, she became necessary to his existence. As he regained his strength, and could ride, he found her the best, the most graceful horsewoman he had ever seen. He was no longer in haste to return to town, and he spoke but rarely of his intention to leave his regiment; he even remembered there were many pleasant fellows in it whom he liked extremely.

A short time more, and he was able to speak of his adored Rosalind as something that "had been."

On their return to London, his mother proposed a tour in France. The vivifying air of Paris would complete his cure, and also afford pleasure to Theresa, who deserved some little recreation after her long confinement to a sick-room. He cheerfully acquiesced, and they started for that capital. After a short sojourn there, they extended their excursion to Italy, and on arriving in Florence they took one of those charming villas on the banks of the Arno. The lovely scene, the balmy air, the aroma of delicious flowers, that indescribable fascination that subdues the senses, and bids reason sleep, all worked upon him as he laid listlessly on an easy-chair, although perfectly restored to health, watching the graceful movements of Theresa, as she "skimmed" about the room, placing with artistic taste, bouquets of fresh flowers. She looked round at him suddenly, and said:

"You are now quite well, Harold, and no longer require a nurse." In his turn he looked fixedly at her. "My dear aunt," she continued, "has determined on not going so far as Rome. She prefers remaining here and Lady D. has kindly invited me to accompany her. With your permission I shall go."

"You leave us, Theresa! How could you have such a cruel thought. You are necessary to my life. You absent, I should sink down again into my state of listless misery. O Theresa, do not leave me! You know my heart is in the grave of Rosalind; that first fresh love can never be revived; but all my broken heart can give, all my better judgment and desire, is for you, Theresa." And starting up, he caught her to his breast exclaiming, "Stay with me, Theresa,—and be my wife!"

She told him how fondly, how deeply she had ever loved him; the sud-

fering his indifference for her and his love for another had caused her, the agony of that she could never express. Yet she watched by her rival with the tenderest solicitude, and her last words were addressed to her, to be conveyed to him.

"Stop, Theresa! Never speak of her; for once only let me again mention her and my devotion to her, my heart must ever be faithful to her memory. Impossible to love again as I loved her; but the tenderest esteem, the truest appreciation of your goodness, all that I feel for you, Theresa. The only woman I could marry is yourself; accept me as I am, and I will fulfil my debt of gratitude to you and my dear mother, who so earnestly wishes to see me married."

They went all three to Rome together, and determined to remain abroad till twelve months should have elapsed since the death of his affianced bride; there were still six to pass. They then retraced their steps homeward, and announced their intended marriage, which was solemnised, not in London, but at their principal estate in —shire; his mother feared the remembrance of the marriage that "was to have been" would cast a shadow on the present one.

If ever two women loved each other it was Theresa and the ayah, who had nursed and never left her; she was still to be always near her. The short journey to the Lakes for the "honeymoon" was their first separation, and the ayah felt it deeply; on Theresa's return to the magnificent "home" now hers, they remained locked in a tender embrace. They were alone.

"Now," said Theresa, "I can speak, and let the feelings that oppress my heavy heart escape. I am his wife; my early dream of ambition is fulfilled; and by her wish, his mother's! I have been a slave to their caprices for many years, a toy to play with. The talents her ostentation developed in me were for the amusement of their friends, and at last she wished my marriage with her son. Why? Not for love of me, but that I was the instrument at hand to cure him of his stupid grief for that insipid thing his love. His life must be spared at any cost, and I was to be the sacrifice; he ought (she said) to have married better, but opportunity favoured me. He must marry at once; he must have an heir to his fine property. I am now mistress of this fine property, and now for my revenge. I hate them both. They shall feel it, and you must aid me."

The ayah laughed her delight, her white teeth glittering in their coral gums, and the black eyes shining with the joy she felt.

"Yes, revenge, dear lady; how sweet it is. The time has come at last."

And each of these fiend-like creatures went her way;—the one back to her loyal, unsuspecting husband. He met her with a tender smile, she twined her arms around his neck.

"You used, dear Harold, in sport to call me your 'black kitten.'"

"Because, love, your touch was so soft; soft as your cheek, Theresa, and as the beautiful arms that are now caressing me."

"But without the claws, dear husband."

"O, those I never care to feel, and never shall, I am persuaded."

III.

THE promised visit of Mrs. Montgomery was expected with unfeigned joy by Harold, and, apparently, by his wife; no one knew the tastes of her second mother, her dear benefactress, so well as she. Those many sweet attentions peculiar to women, the choice of colour, perfume, flowers, a thousand pleasing arts that are put in requisition for those they love, were now practised by Theresa, and yet she contrived with the most subtle art to make her mother-in-law feel it was no longer her home, that she was now the mistress, but the mother of her husband was ever to be welcome to their home, in whichever of their houses they might be, when she would favour them with her presence. The visit was a short one; there was an "indescribable something" that made her uneasy and uncomfortable, and yet it was impossible to fix any blame on Theresa, or accuse her of any unkindness. She was always smiling, and full of the minutest attentions to her husband and his mother, and yet the venom of the serpent was felt. It seemed to creep in at every pore, and to fix itself on the heart.

Some months had passed, and they were all looking forward with anxious hopes to the birth of an heir to the house.

"A boy, mother," Harold would often say. "The first wish of your heart will be accomplished, for I know Theresa will have a boy!"

What could Harold Montgomery do as the moment approached when he hoped to become a father? His regiment was ordered to the Crimea; he could not, dared not, stay behind when his honour and his duty called him. On this occasion, as on many, his admiration of his wife's firmness and sense of right surprised and charmed him. "She was a soldier's wife;" she should be so proud of the laurels he was sure to win. Her child would be born, it was true, when his loved father was far away, but how lovely he would be by the time he returned. With such specious arguments he spent the short time that intervened before his departure, and he went, charging her to summon his dear mother to her side.

"He is gone, thank Heaven, and his mother shall not come. We are told that we are not to take revenge. I scorn all laws but those I choose to make, and I will have mine. Every look, every word that made me feel my dependence shall be avenged."

"Right, always right, dear mistress," said the ayah.

"I will now put in execution such a scheme that will humble this proud woman and her son, and thwart them in their fondest hopes; and I hail his absence as propitious to the execution of it. They still consider me only as their tool. I must give them a 'boy,' an heir to their fine name and fortune, and they shall never have one whilst I live."

"But, my dear loved mistress, you cannot do this. You will not hurt yourself?"

"No, I will not hurt myself, be assured of that." And they both laughed merrily.

Theresa then wrote to her mother-in-law thus:

"DEAREST MOTHER,—Do not come to me yet. The first violence of my grief at this cruel separation from my Harold must pass away before

bear to see you. I suppose the nervous excitement under which I suffering is attributable to my situation.

To look on your dear face, so like his, would increase my sorrow. I still more than two months to wait the arrival of our 'boy,' and, I said on it, dear mother, you shall be summoned in time. There is a woman in the village in whom I take a great interest. You remember Susan Cook? Poor girl! she married a sergeant in some regiment going also to the Crimea. She is in great grief, and the similarity of situations interests me extremely. She is also soon to become a nurse. She is very poor, and I have taken her into the house. Should I be a successful nurse myself, Susan will perform that envied office for me.

Bless you, dear mother of my beloved husband, and pray for

"Your devoted

"THERESA."

I send this letter to the post," giving it to the ayah. "And now, I am tired of both mother and son, you and I will act together unmolested. I must be well cared for; she is already much attached to me. I deceived that tiresome old woman, Mrs. Montgomery; that is my error, and I can do it well. I have told her I do not expect the 'heir' for two months. Within one, however, I hope for the opportunity of carrying out my plan."

But the plan, dear lady; if not confided to me, how am I to play my part for no other than myself shall have your confidence? You know, my prevailing passion to be jealousy. I have been your foster-mother, your friend, your confidante. Did I not forego 'caste' in my own country and come with you to England, and have remained, bearing, for my sake, the insulting jeers of the household? They thought, and they still think, that I neither understand nor speak their language. You know how well I can write, as well as speak, you having taught me for our own purposes. Your purposes are mine, whatever they may be. It is your scheme? It is evident it respects the child. But mark how perverted as I am in most things, I will not lend myself to that—no, not to kill, the child."

You are raving, foolish woman! Could you suppose I would endanger my own safety, or entrust my secret to another than yourself? No, dear nurse, are you not sure of my affection, the only being in this wide world whom I have ever loved?" And she embraced the woman warmly.

She was appeased; but this burst of jealous feeling gave Theresa much uneasiness, and yet she feared to show the disgust she now felt for her. She determined on taking the mother of Susan as the monthly nurse, of course in opposition to her husband's mother, who had intended sending to London a woman of great experience.

IV.

EVERYTHING seemed to favour the hideous plot of this fiendish woman. Her plan had arrived at the culminating point of her revenge. Every precaution had been so well devised between herself and her confidante, that

success must attend whichever plan it might be necessary to resort to. Fortune served them better even than their most sanguine hopes, for the two—the lady and the poor woman—were almost simultaneously delivered, and both had boys. One was dead—but not the right one, for it was Susan's. The event, on the part of Theresa, was so entirely unexpected, that no one was there to assist her but Susan's mother, the village midwife.

"Take this away," she said to the ayah, "and bring the dead child here. It shall be registered and buried with all the pomp due to the heir of the Montgomerys."

"And yours, dear mistress—must it go? Must I do your cruel bidding, and take it to the Foundling?"

"You are taking advantage of my weakness, woman. Take it away, and be mindful of the directions I have already given."

"Dear lady, the midwife continues in fainting-fits worse than those of yesterday. Have you not the same smelling-bottle used before?"

"Yes; but—Give it to her, for there must be no witness to this deed."

It is wonderful how the power of "will" can get the better of human frailty and bodily suffering. While other women would have been prostrated by the situation, Theresa with firm voice was dictating her hideous plot to her accomplice. However, Nature demands her rights, and the exertion was too much for her. She fell into a fit that looked so like death, that all the ayah's love returned for her twofold. She long remained inanimate, and awoke to consciousness to find the doctor, a new nurse, and her mother-in-law by her side. She would not commit herself by speaking. The agonised tears of Mrs. Montgomery soon told the depth of her sorrow, and of her disappointment for the dead child.

"Where is the ayah?" asked Theresa, faintly. Poor Susan was extremely ill, and the ayah, kind soul, had taken the child to a wet-nurse for her. "And the midwife who attended me?"

"Do not ask, my child; it is like a visitation on the woman for not calling the doctor in time. When the village doctor was hastily summoned to attend you, fearing the delay of sending for the London physician, he found the midwife in one of the fits to which she was subject, and—pray, Theresa, ask no more."

"You have said enough, dear mother." The poor woman was dead.

These contending emotions were too much for her; the doctor ordered the most perfect quiet. There were no bad symptoms; nothing but excess of weakness. As they left her to the much-needed repose, she smiled, and could have laughed aloud, but for the fear of being heard.

Refreshed by a long sleep, she opened her eyes and met the dark gaze of the ayah bent upon her.

"Dear, dear mistress, you are safe, and your wishes are all accomplished."

"Relate."

"Susan was delirious, and did not know her child was dead. I waited until the telegraph had brought your mother and the doctor that they might see the living child by Susan's side and the dead with you. I then offered to take baby to a good woman, a friend of mine, who nursed

an, who was in a very precarious state, and I set out accordingly, w and great difficulty arose. If Susan recovered she would wish to know where I had placed her child. Musing seriously I arrived at the Foundling Hospital. Fate still favoured our or there was a wretched, squalid creature at the door with a infant in her arms, and I bought it. I shall not easily forget f agony at parting with her child, but she must hide her shame. suppose the rest. I left your child in the Foundling, and ack the other to figure as Susan's child."

lid you see him properly registered, and can I never see him?" s, dear lady; do you think I would neglect your child?" he strong, was he handsome, was he like——?" ad your eyes, and I so loved him for it, that I would have lds to keep him here to be our pride and joy, but I dared not ou."

oy! my boy! I never thought my heart would yearn towards y child! I must see him, an unknown feeling beats within me. is this thy retribution? Is my revenge to fall back upon I was a mother, and I have sacrificed my child. Had he been ow I would have pressed him to my breast, my whole existence ve changed to good, but now—vengeance for this sacrifice, for ble suffering, shall be added to the rest."

yah tenderly pressed her hand upon her breast and bedewed it ral tears, for she had had a child, and lost it. She was a bad but she had deeply mourned her dead son. She gave her mis-calmng draught, and anxiously watched her broken slumbers, medicine could calm that guilty mind? Days, weeks passed l Theresa was restored to health.

ngth returned, her hatred for her husband's mother increased. r lady had watched by her with increased tenderness, striving to her anguish for her dead child. She entered the room one day ter in her hand.

is from Harold, dear Theresa; he has behaved bravely, poor is honourably mentioned in all the papers. I am sure his letter le you. He writes to me that his grief was great, but his joy eresa's safety was much greater."

ok the letter and perused it. There was a fierceness in her eye read it that quite surprised the mother, but her own artless uld only allow her to suppose that some words of regret, perhaps tly expressed, had revived the fierce sorrow she had often re- her since her confinement.

. returned: he would have wished to find his mother near his she had been gone some time. Her dear husband must feel . have kept her near her had it been possible; he knew that his ad always been the only one since early childhood she had ever she was her father's sister, and as such was inexpressibly dear to ie must be sure of this, he would not misconstrue her words told him how much his mother was changed towards her; her , her temper were quite altered. She could only ascribe it to her ppointment, but it was scarcely just to add this punishment to rtune she had suffered in losing her child.

Harold did not, as was his custom, fly to his mother. His wife's words had prevailed, and he thought his mother cruel! She who had fostered him with such tenderness!—*she* cruel! A month elapsed before he visited her, and he returned to his home without her. She found him neglectful and cold, and he had found her changed. She had been unkind to Theresa. Thus the seeds of mutual estrangement were sown between the mother and her only son—she who had “as her own life loved him.”

Harold had a frank, cheerful nature. There was no great strength of character, perhaps, or it might never have been developed. He was the child of Fortune: happiness had always surrounded him from his birth in every form; every wish was gratified as soon as expressed. What, then, could now cause such a manifest change in him? He had a devoted wife, so much so that she seemed to throw a net around him, to envelop him so entirely with herself, that her tastes insensibly overreached and then took the place of his. He dearly prized his horses and manly sports, but she loved him so devotedly that she was jealous of occupation she could not share. Her health, she said, was so delicate, he must always accompany her in her quiet rides. “And yet, Theresa,” he would mildly urge, “you used to love a scamper on a high-blooded horse, and even to follow the hounds.” Yes, that was before the fatal blow her feelings had sustained. His favourite charger, that had borne him so bravely at Inkermann, and was dear to him as a friend, made her nervous whenever he mounted him; but he must make no sacrifice for her; she who had failed in giving him an heir, she deserved no consideration. The horse was sold.

He would take his gun, he was proud of his preserves, but in the act of starting for a few days' sport she would be taken ill. Could he leave her? And he remained.

Had he not been assured this thralldom arose from excess of love, it would have been unbearable; yet, even with that conviction, it was often irksome.

“Only think, Theresa,” he said one day. “Beaumont of ours, your old admirer, who I sometimes think you jilted for me, is going to marry that pretty-looking fair-haired girl who was your favourite at school, and used to come to spend the day with you occasionally. If not disagreeable to you, love, I should like to invite him here, and it would be easy to renew former acquaintance with this young girl and her mother.”

“Certainly,” she replied, “and I will invite them also; and with a few others we can have a cheerful party for the Easter holidays.”

He was delighted at the prospect of this gay change, and so was she, each in the other's own fashion; he for the pleasure of offering hospitality to a comrade who he liked much, and she that she might mar the happiness of both, and prevent the marriage—for Theresa herself had almost loved that man, and he had certainly loved her, but there was no fortune on either side; but that he should now prefer another was gall and wormwood to her, and she resolved it should not be.

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MARSHAL SAXE.*

FOURNAY was besieged by the united forces of Marlborough and of Prince Eugène. This was in 1709. Among the Saxon troops of the garrison was a volunteer, still a mere boy, with blue eyes, an open and resolute countenance, and a sharp, decisive bearing. This boy-volunteer was the natural son of Augustus II., King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, his name was Maurice, he was barely thirteen years of age, and he had come on foot from Dresden to Flanders.

There was much that was romantic in the birth of this boy-soldier, destined to be one of the great captains of his age. A tragic event occurred on a night of July, 1694, at the palace of the electors of Hanover, which history has never cleared up. Philip of Königsmark was foully assassinated, if we are to believe certain modern investigators, as M. Charles de Chasles and M. Henri Blaze de Bury, at the instigation of the Countess de Platen, who was jealous of the preference shown by Königsmark to Sophia Dorothea, afterwards wife of George I. of England.

Philip had a sister, young, beautiful, and full of spirit; she remembered that the Elector of Saxony had been her brother's friend, and she went to him to appeal against the conspiracy to which Königsmark had been a victim. Frederic Augustus received her with the utmost sympathy and kindness; the beauty and the tears of the fair Aurora, indeed, soon awakened a deeper passion. Frederic exercised all the seductions of mind and all the magnificences of his sovereignty, to win over the young countess, and he was irresistible. Two years after the disappearance of Philip, on the 19th of October, 1696, Aurora of Königsmark gave birth to a son, whom Augustus called Maurice, from the château of Mauritzburg, where he first met the countess. At a subsequent period he recognised him as his son, and gave him the title of Count de Saxe. But his mother was expiating the errors of youth in the convent of Quedlinburg.

Maurice displayed military tendencies from his tenderest years. Otherwise, there was nothing tender in him, for armed with a cudgel he disciplined other boys and engaged them in combat. Madame de Königsmark had strong French predilections, with which she imbued her son.

* Maurice de Saxe. Etude Historique d'après des Documents Inédits. Par le Comte René Taillandier. Paris: Michel Levy Frères.

Les Bâtards des Rois. Le Maréchal de Saxe. Par Le Comte de Seilhac. Paris: L'Éclaireur.

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He was even taught to use no other language, and his orthography was as rude as his nature. Yet testimonies are not wanting to show that he progressed wondrously in his studies, and was at seven years of age a little phenomenon of precocity. He took, even at that early age, the deepest interest in the wars of Augustus against Charles XII., and it is probably owing to the excitement thus induced that his future career became more distinctly marked. Voltaire has narrated the part played by the Countess of Königsmark in these disastrous wars, and how, repudiated in the hour of success, she became the cherished companion of the ex-king in times of reverse.

It has been hitherto generally supposed that Maurice's initiation in military life occurred before the walls of Lille, when twelve years of age, but both the writers now before us attest to this being an error, and it would perhaps have been as well also to have dismissed some of the details of the prodigious progress made by so young a boy in various branches of science, including mathematics and fortification, as also languages, as well as in horsemanship, sword-exercise, and other manly accomplishments. It is even said, for example, that he would dispute the palm, when at the Hague, with the most skilful masters of arms.

Maurice was, however, but little over twelve when he obtained a commission under the celebrated Schulenbourg, and it was with his father's consent that he started on foot, and was subjected to the usual military discipline. The strangest inconsistencies confront the reader, however, at almost every page of this romantic history. His own correspondence shows that Maurice was always in want of money, and ever pestering his mother for supplies, yet ere he reached Tournay he is spoken of as feasting his brother-officers and participating at Brussels in the festivals given by the Prince d'Egmont. Again we are told that he had a horse killed under him in the trenches at Tournay, and that a ball went through his hat; but was it customary, even in those remote times, for an ensign to be mounted, or for a mounted officer to be in the trenches? Certain it is, however, that the boy-officer distinguished himself so as to attract the notice of Marlborough and Eugène.

Tournay having fallen, Marshal Villars attempted to prevent the investment of Mons by giving battle. The boy-ensign is said on this occasion to have swum his horse across the Scheldt, with a foot soldier behind him, and to have shot a French soldier with his pistol. The night after the great battle of Malplaquet, he is also described as saying, "I am satisfied with the day's work." M. Taillandier avers, however, that Schulenbourg "placed him that day with the reserve, and that the impetuous child participated only at a distance in the dangers of the day." Count de Seilhac, preferring the more commonly received traditions, depicts young De Saxe as rivalling the Chevalier de Saint George—as James II. was called—in feats of arms, and "intrepid as indefatigable, he was one of the first to scale the breach at Mons on the night of the 25-26th of September!" The reduction of Mons followed upon the defeat of the French at Malplaquet, and brought this first campaign to an abrupt termination. Maurice announced the capitulation of Mons in a letter to his mother, in which he said, "I write to you in German, although I know you do not like it, in obedience to the wishes of General Schulenbourg."

Maurice had been brought up in the Protestant religion—that of his mother—his tutor, M. de Stoterogen, was of the same persuasion, and when General Schulenburg proposed, on the termination of the campaign, to entrust his education to the Jesuits of Brussels, the project was not countenanced by Madame de Königsmark, and he was left to pursue his studies in Holland, under the direction of M. de Stoterogen.

The young Count de Saxe joined the allies in the campaign of 1710 at Douai, just as that stronghold fell into the hands of Marlborough and Eugène. De Villars, however, defended the approaches to Paris at Arras, and thus obliged the allies to turn aside to Bethune, which was defended by Vauban, but capitulated on the 27th of August. The delay occasioned, however, by this change of tactics brought the campaign once more to a close without any decisive blow having been struck, and the troops withdrew to their winter-quarters. De Saxe so signalised himself as to have been upbraided with too much rashness, and he was, in consequence, well received at Dresden, where the king publicly acknowledged him, and granted him an allowance of 16,000 crowns. He accompanied his father in the diversion made in favour of Russia, at that moment at war with Turkey, in Swedish Pomerania, and so distinguished himself at Tromptow and Stralsund, that the king gave him the colonelcy of a regiment of cavalry, called that of Beust, but afterwards De Saxe. The young colonel was, however, defeated with Danes and Saxons alike by Steinbock at Gadebesk, and his regiment having been guilty of some irregularities, it was punished in the person of its colonel, who was condemned to walk for four days in the rear of the army among the sutlers and attendants. The lesson was not lost upon him, and he devoted the next two years (1713-1714) to reorganising and disciplining his regiment. He is said, indeed, by the difficulties which he had to overcome, to have imbued himself in doing this with those principles of military organisation which enabled him afterwards to reform the whole cavalry of France.

Amidst these military duties, it is admitted on all sides that the young count was as rash and impetuous in his private conduct as he was on the field of battle. The king his father, and the countess his mother, both came to the salutary conclusion, that the best way to curb these excesses would be to give him a wife. There was at that time in Saxony a heiress of such great wealth—Mademoiselle de Loeben—that her hand was sought for by a whole host of suitors. She had even been betrothed, when very young, to the Count de Friesen, and then to a M. de Gersdorff. It is further said that, to secure her property, a religious marriage was solemnised with the latter, when Johanna Victoria, as she was christened, was only nine years of age. The king was appealed to by De Friesen to annul this unnatural alliance, and the young lady was sent for to court, to be brought up under the surveillance of Madame de Trützschler. It would appear that the Countess of Königsmark soon singled her out as a fit wife for the Count de Saxe, but the latter declined at first even to see her. She was, however, thrown in his way, she herself not being unfavourable to the king's son; and whether by caprice—that he became really charmed with her person—that, as some say, he was pleased with the name of Victoria—or that he simply allowed himself to be guided in the matter by the king and countess, De Saxe

and Mademoiselle de Loeben were wedded on the 12th of March, 1714, he being at that time eighteen years of age and the lady fifteen. M. de Friesen was consoled for the loss by a pecuniary indemnification, whilst M. de Gersdorff was glad to be forgiven his act of abduction by resigning all claims to the heiress.

Count de Saxe, although only a few months married, did not hesitate to join the army, assembled in alliance with the Prussians for the campaign of 1715 against Charles XII. To avoid a painful separation, he quitted Dresden without bidding farewell to his wife or mother. Surrounded by a body of Polish cavalry at Crachnitz, he twice repelled the assault with the aid of only twenty followers, and made his escape with only a slight wound. On the 1st of August he was engaged in besieging the island of Usedom. The resistance of Stralsund was more heroic. The forces of Prussia, Denmark, and Saxony were united to overthrow the most valiant captain of his day—Charles XII. De Saxe headed a company of grenadiers at the assault, where he saw the Swedish king with a musket in his hand fighting like a private soldier. The son of Augustus was filled with admiration at so much courage, united to so much simplicity, and he ever after held Charles in the utmost veneration.

There are some doubts as to whether the young count was or was not engaged in the campaign on the Danube in 1717. Weber and other German writers decide in the negative; Saint-René Taillandier and the Count de Seilhac in the affirmative. Certain it is, that the Countess of Königsmark and her son had an inveterate enemy at court in the person of the Count Flemming. The latter even succeeded so far in his enmity as to obtain the disbandment of De Saxe's regiment. The young count resisted, but the king held firm.

"It was resistance," observed Augustus, "that sent the countess your mother to Quedlimbourg."

"Sire," replied Maurice, "the countess my mother is a woman; she could not punish traitors, and there are no monasteries in which to excommunicate colonels of cavalry."

"No, count," the king coolly rejoined, "but there is a prison in the castle of Königstein."

Maurice had to give way, and he joined his wife at her country residence, some twenty leagues from Dresden. But a domestic life was unendurable to a youth of his restless and ambitious disposition. He sought to be reconciled with the king, declared that he had been sufficiently punished by living with his wife, and said that he even preferred a prison. He was once more received in favour at one of the most licentious courts in Europe, and 1718 being an epoch of peace, the young count was carried away by the turmoil, and soon became deeply embarrassed in his affairs.

De Saxe is said to have become united in the bonds of friendship with the young French count De Charolais during the campaign on the Danube. The count returned to Paris in May, 1720. De Saxe, crippled by debts and opposed by the minister Flemming, followed him shortly afterwards. He was well received at the French capital. The renown of his dashing bravery had preceded him, and even the reputation he enjoyed for less creditable adventures was rather in his favour with the "Regency" than otherwise. De Saxe was not only befriended by the

Duke of Orleans, but he became one of the intimates who were admitted to the "petits soupers" of the Palais Royal. It was through the medium of this friendship that he obtained an appointment from Louis XV., on the 7th of August, 1720, as *maréchal de camp* in the French army. His fondest hopes and most ambitious desires are said to have been almost surpassed by this act of condescension on the part of the king.

Augustus in vain opposed his authority as father and sovereign to the stubborn determination of De Saxe. Neither the consideration of ties, of country, father, king, mother, or wife, had the slightest influence with him. He was, in fact, glad to get rid of one and all at the same time. This was the epoch (1726) when the frenzy of speculation in the Rue Quincampoix was at its height. De Saxe was carried away with others, and he not only sought to make his fortune forthwith, but he at the same time commenced proceedings to obtain a divorce from his wife. A certain Countess Pociey is said to have won thus early that place in his affections which belonged legitimately to the Countess of Saxe. And yet Maurice was not without enemies in the country of his adoption. There were not wanting in a court devoted to intrigues many who envied and openly complained of the favours shown to the young adventurer, who was called "the Saxon." This, too, at a time when the Duke of Berwick was commander-in-chief, and the Scotchman Law at the head of the finances.

De Saxe persevered, however, steadily in his projects. He lived, after a fashion so sumptuous, on the quay then called *Des Theâtres*, now *Malaquais*, as to astonish even the Parisians. He sold his domain of *Shæhlen* in order to purchase the regiment of *Sparre*, which became thenceforward known as the regiment of Saxe. It is said to have been twelve companies strong, and to have had twenty-four colours. The men wore blue coats with yellow facings, white waistcoats, and buttons and hats with silver braiding. The count drilled and disciplined his regiment to the utmost perfection. It had, curiously enough, fought against him at *Malplaquet*, although up to 1670 it had been a German regiment. The *Chevalier de Folard*, author of a "History of Polybius," predicted at the time great results from the system introduced by De Saxe. Nor did he lose favour at the death of the Regent, but, on the contrary, was well received at court, and was with the king, *M. de Seilhac* says, at that famous hunt at *Chantilly*, which was attended by seventeen ladies. Two different versions are given as to how the count obtained his divorce. One is to the effect that, in order to meet the exigencies of the Saxon law, he allowed himself to be surprised in the room of a lady's-maid, and six witnesses having testified to the fact, a divorce was pronounced, but the count was at the same time condemned to death. From which extreme penalty he was delivered by the intercession of the king. Another version is, that he himself, with the aid of witnesses, established guilty transactions on the part of his wife at the convent of *Quedlimbourg*! The countess does not appear, from preponderating testimony, to have been free from imputations, which in those licentious times were common to all, but it also appears that she wished to behave well to her husband, and, after her divorce, she married a Captain *Runkle*, with whom she was much happier than she ever could have been with the overbearing, extravagant, and profligate De Saxe, and to whom she bore several children.

De Saxe returned to the court of Augustus at Warsaw in 1726. The

succession of the duchy of Courland and Semigallia was at that epoch disputed by Poland, Russia, and Prussia. The reigning Duke Ferdinand was infirm, and had no heirs, and the minister Brakel, who was at the court of Augustus at Warsaw, foreseeing that the duke's death would be the signal for the dismemberment of the principality, sought to anticipate such a disaster by obtaining the nomination of a successor. The abilities and renown of the Count de Saxe pointed him out as a fit and proper person, and this view of the subject met with the concurrence of Lefort, the French ambassador at St. Petersburg, who sought further to bring about an alliance between De Saxe and the Princess Elizabeth—a union which would have assured to him the principality of Courland, and which was favoured by the empress and the princess herself. King Augustus was, however, opposed to this arrangement. De Saxe, as usual with him when opposed in his projects, adopted an independent line of action. He went to Mittau, the capital of Courland, and there laid siege so effectually to Anna Ivanowa, the dowager-duchess, that she publicly declared her intention of giving her hand to the son of Augustus, and the future Duke of Courland. The States were convoked, and the Count of Saxe was unanimously elected. Russia, however, at once opposed the election, as carried out in a sense opposed to the interests of that country, and the policy of Lefort, the French ambassador, as also of Brakel, the Courland minister, and declared through the person of a Prince Mentzikoff, that unless a new election was proceeded with, the duchies should be invaded by twenty thousand Russians. De Saxe sought for assistance under these adverse circumstances from King Augustus, but, as we have seen, he acted at the onset in defiance of the king, so the latter did not feel inclined to support him in such a conjuncture with his men and means. The Duchess Anna Ivanowa went, on her side, to St. Petersburg to endeavour to reconcile parties—not a pleasant undertaking, when we consider the views previously entertained by the empress and her daughter, Princess Elizabeth. The hostility of Russia was for the time being averted. The Diet of Poland, assembled at Grodno, did not, however, desist from its hostile attitude. De Saxe, who was busy organising an army in his duchy, was supported at the court of Augustus by his mother (and that notwithstanding his outrageous conduct towards her and his wife), in opposition to the enmity of the minister Flemming. By one of those turns peculiar to political imbroglions, Russia, at first opposed to the pretensions of De Saxe, was still more opposed to the supremacy of Poland in Courland, and now supported the count against his father. The Diet, however, proceeded with the action taken, condemned the election, and pronounced for the union of Courland with the republic. The king at the same time recalled the count from his principality.

De Saxe wrote no end of letters (remarkable for good sense and bathography) at this crisis. He pretended respectful obedience to the king, but wrote defiant letters to others. He exerted himself in enlisting auxiliaries in France and in Sweden. The fair sex laboured unanimously in his cause; he was always a favourite with them. The Countess c Königsmark sent the price of her diamonds, Countess Biéłinska of her plate, and the renowned tragic actress—Adrienne Lecouvreur—pawning her jewellery, and sent him 40,000 francs. In a brief space of time, De Saxe found himself in possession of an army and of a treasury. Russia also came forward and promised an army of eighty thousand men, but De

Saxe does not appear to have placed much confidence in their promises, for he wrote to his mother, "Greeks are always Greeks."

The death of the Empress Catherine was, however, a fatal blow to the would-be prince; he was obliged to withdraw from Mittau, where he was exposed any day to the assault of the Poles or the Russians, and he went to Königsberg and Libau, taking refuge afterwards in the island of Usmaïen, where he fortified himself. He had only a few hundred men under his command, but he expected a rupture between Russia and Poland, and in case of war breaking out he had decided upon siding with the republic. This was a line of policy which proved fatal to him. The nobles of Courland withdrew their support, and the Dowager-Duchess Anna Ivanowa, wearied by his open infidelities at Mittau, having withdrawn her affection from him, the Russians were left, without a hand being raised in his favour, to expel the count from his islanded retreat. Thus ended an enterprise which, supported by France and England, and at first by the duchess and by the people of Courland themselves, presented every element of success, but which appears to have been at once lost and sacrificed by the count's ill-regulated passion for the fair sex. Lefort called it indeed *une guerre de quenouille* in reference to the holders of distaffs who played so important a part in this imbroglio.

On his return to Paris, De Saxe is said to have gone at once to the house of the actress who had so nobly aided him in the hour of distress. Adrienne Lecouvreur was out, and a letter left by accident on the mantel-piece is said to have revealed to the count the certainty of intimate relations with a *nephew* of the Abbé de Tencin. Going to the house of the young man in question, he is said to have returned in his company to Lecouvreur's, and after a profound bow, to have withdrawn, saying,

"I withdraw, lady fair. I know that the conquered ought to give way to the conqueror."

But M. de Seilhac justly remarks that this anecdote, long current, and often repeated, is totally opposed to the well-known jealous and violent temper of De Saxe.

The return of the count to Paris was quite a triumph. The drama enacted in Courland had invested him with heroic proportions, and there was nothing he was not deemed equal to. Paris protested against Russia and Poland alike, and persisted in attributing to the *maréchal de camp* the titles of Highness and Duke of Courland and Semigallia. The count, on his side, sought for consolation from the rigours of fortune in the pleasures of the capital. The scandal of the day has left on record that one of his favourites was no less a person than the Princess de Sens, whose mother was a duchess and the legitimised daughter of Louis XIV. and of Madame de Montespan. It is certain, however, that amid all his dissipation the count held by Mademoiselle Lecouvreur with sincere affection, which was more than returned. She is said to have been the only person who could soften his natural coarseness of disposition. This beautiful and unfortunate actress died on the stage when performing in "*Phèdre*," "in the arms of Voltaire, her eyes fixed on a bust of the Count of Saxe," says M. de Seilhac. There were not wanting those who attributed the sudden decease of the tragedian to the machinations of the Duchess of Bouillon, who is said to have been passionately enamoured with the Count of Saxe. Mademoiselle Aissé, in her "*Letters*," published by Ravenal, gives a detailed account of a previous attempt made

by the duchess to poison her rival by means of lozenges to be presented by a certain abbé, who avowed the commission, and was sent to the Bastille. De Saxe himself is also said to have placed a veiled bust of the actress in his room, and by its side a cup turned upside down, and inscribed "The Duchess of Bouillon, 1730." A note signed by Voltaire annihilates these suspicions, according to M. de Seilhac. "She died," Voltaire relates, "in my arms of inflammation of the bowels." But inflammation of the bowels does not run its course with such rapidity as to allow a person to go through an arduous performance, yet perish in the midst of it.

A reconciliation between De Saxe and King Augustus, brought about by Frederick II., King of Prussia, led to frequent visits to the court of Dresden. De Saxe even made an attempt to induce the Dowager-Princess of Courland to overlook his infidelities, but the lady told him distinctly that he must renounce all hopes of marriage in that quarter. Count Flemming having died on the 30th April, 1728, the king wished De Saxe to wed the widow of his greatest opponent, but this project, as might have been anticipated, came to nought. His mother, the Countess Königsmark, had died in the convent of Quedlimbourg in the preceding February. Neither mother nor son had wherewithal to pay the expenses of the funeral. The French ambassador, Lefort, was also still intriguing to bring about a marriage between De Saxe and the Princess Elizabeth of Russia, and the count was preparing to go to St. Petersburg, when a faux-pas on the part of the princess put a sudden end to the negotiation. In 1730, Anna Ivanowa was proclaimed Empress of Russia—a circumstance which must have made the count feel sensibly the folly of his conduct. He feigned the deepest repentance, and sent messengers to bring about a reconciliation, but it was in vain. Anna Ivanowa had taken a certain Biron, who pretended to be a descendant of the Birones of France, into favour, and ultimately appointed him Duke of Courland.

Baffled in his ambitious projects, De Saxe returned to France, the country of his adoption, and where he was an immense favourite. "Paris," says M. de Seilhac, "has from all times taken a pleasure in conferring distinction on certain original individuals, they become the idols of the multitude, who applaud their eccentricities, their ridiculous points, and even their vices." The count returned to Paris in September, 1731, and proceeded at once to give his regiment a new uniform, and to review it in public. But he did not abandon his claims on Courland; he intrigued as actively as ever, and whilst in September, 1731, he was in Paris, two months after he was at Dresden with a little court of French followers, who profited by his extravagance and prodigality. On the 1st of January, 1733, he was at Versailles, on the 12th of the same month he was again at Dresden. There is every reason to believe that De Saxe had won over Augustus II. to measures which would have involved the North in war, but they were put an end to by the death of the king, who perished from a fall on the 1st of February, 1733. De Saxe was henceforth reduced to the condition of any other soldier of fortune, to make his way by his sword and his genius. The king left two other illegitimate sons in the same position, the Chevalier de Saxe, son of the Countess Teschen, who distinguished himself under Prince Eugène, and Count Rutowski, son of Madame de Spiegel, who served

under Victor Amadeus and the King of Prussia. The elector is said to have offered to De Saxe the command of the Saxon army, but for some reason or other he is also said to have declined the offer, and to have preferred being a French *maréchal de camp*.

Civil wars followed upon the death of Augustus II. One party elected his son, Frederic Augustus, Elector of Saxony, King of Poland; another, Stanislas Leczinski. Russia interfered in favour of the elector. Stanislas took refuge in France, and Louis XV. taking up his cause, declared war against the emperor on the 10th of October, 1733. The French army assembled in Alsatia under the Duke of Berwick. De Saxe, a Lutheran and a German, was appointed to the command of the advance guard, to act against his compatriots and co-religionaries. But De Saxe was not troubled with conscientious scruples. On the 12th of October he crossed the Rhine at Ognat, to the left of Kehl, and was followed by Berwick on the 14th. Kehl capitulated on the 28th, and the campaign of 1733 ended with this indecisive result. De Saxe won, however, the good opinions of Marshal Duke of Noailles, one of the few of Louis XV.'s generals who recognised the count's abilities without jealousy. It was to the duke, in consequence, that he first showed the manuscript of what he termed his "Reveries," and such, indeed, they were, for with much that was practical and ingenious, there was also much that was chimerical and impossible in these theoretical essays on military art.

The Duke of Berwick once more led the French army across the Rhine in April, 1734. De Saxe was employed in the episcopacies on the Moselle, and led the assaulting party at Traubach, as usual exposing himself as much, if not more, than any private in the service. On the advance to Ettlingen, he discovered a defile in the mountains which turned the position of the Imperialists, and he contributed signally to their defeat. This affair led to the investment of Philipsbourg on the 3rd of June. On the 12th the Duke of Berwick had his head carried off by a cannon-ball, and was succeeded by the Marquis d'Asfeld in the command of the army. Prince Eugène having come to relieve the siege, De Saxe, who acted in the division under the Duke of Noailles, was deputed to defend the river approaches. His progress was one continued series of successes. Philipsbourg surrendered on the 17th of July, the French army re-crossed the Rhine, and De Saxe, now a lieutenant-general, was received with every demonstration of satisfaction by the king at Fontainebleau.

In April, 1734, England and Holland interfered conjointly to put an end to these prolonged and disastrous hostilities, which had no real or legitimate basis. Although negotiations proceeded slowly, the recommencement of hostilities was suspended. Marshal de Coigni was appointed to the chief command at Veinolshein, and De Saxe was instructed to take up a position in front of Mannheim. Prince Eugène having received reinforcements from Russia, ultimately took the field in September. De Saxe attacked the village of Rusnich and the bridge on the Solm, but, being unsupported, had to give way before superior forces. The Imperialists then took up a position on the river, and awaited the attack of the French. De Saxe had the command of the right wing, and is credited with having saved the French army, by acting simply on the defensive, when Belle-Isle was nearly cut off. The campaign concluded,

however, without the French being able to achieve anything further than these purely defensive operations.

De Saxe is said on his return to Paris to have recommenced his usual career of unbridled dissipation, diversified by occasional military studies under Folard, who was much addicted to the study of the ancients. Even Madame de Pompadour was disgusted at his delinquencies. "Il poussait," that lady said, "la bassesse jusqu'à la crapule. Il ne connaissait point l'amour délicat, et ne prenait d'autres plaisirs dans la société des femmes que celui de la débauche. Il traînait après lui un sérail de filles de joie."

Amidst all these dissipations, De Saxe still kept his eye on Courland, and he went to Dresden in the month of May, 1735, where he was but coldly received. His refusal to accept the command of the Saxon army was very naturally held in remembrance. The Marquis of Livry managed to reconcile him with King Augustus III., who, however, declined to act in his favour in Courland, where the influence of Russia was paramount. He returned disappointed to Paris, and lived for three years in obscurity. "His hotel," M. de Seilhac says, "was the rendezvous of a mixed society. A few gentlemen, who were attached to him for his personal qualities, like the Duke of Noailles; a few great ladies, who were not *la fleur des pois des vertus*, of Versailles, like Mademoiselle de Sens, of the House of Condé; some military men who disliked constraint, and were partial to good living; actresses of alluring manners, and certain dramatic authors protected by these ladies, constituted the circle of his ordinary relations." As Madame de Pompadour tersely expressed it: "Everything in his private life was characteristic of an ordinary man; he was only great in action." In 1739 he went once more to Saxony, and broke his knee-pan when hunting at Mauritzbourg. He had been previously wounded in the thigh at Crachnitz, and the old wound breaking out at the same time, laid him up, so that he was not able to leave Dresden till 1740, when he went to the waters of Balaruc, in Languedoc. He visited on this occasion Toulon, where the Spanish fleet was blockaded by the English under Matthews, and he was received on board the English flag-ship with distinguished honours.

Charles VI. of Austria died on the 20th of October, 1740, and was succeeded by Maria Theresa. There were, however, other claimants to the throne, and France and Spain supported the claims of the Elector of Bavaria, not so much in the principle of legitimate right, as with the view of embarrassing and weakening the empire. A treaty of alliance was concluded in May, 1741, to which the King of Prussia and the King of Poland also became parties. Hostilities were commenced in July, by the Elector of Bavaria seizing upon Passau and Oberhaus. De Saxe, who the previous year had by some strange phantasy offered his services to Saxony, was appointed as lieutenant-general, to act with the French division, which was to co-operate with the elector. He crossed the Rhine at the head of the second column on the 10th of August, and the Ens at the head of the advance-guard on the 4th of October. The enemy awaited him in front of Waldsée. De Saxe attacked him, and cleared the way for the allies.

The courage and magnanimity of Maria Theresa not only begat her friends in her own states at such a crisis, but the English also raised an

army in Hanover to baffle the operations of Prussia. The elector retreated, in consequence, to the Ens, while the allies sought to concentrate themselves at Prague. It was upon this occasion that De Saxe accomplished his first really great feat of arms, surprising and capturing the best-named city with a mere handful of troops.

By the reduction of Prague, the Elector of Bavaria became nominally overlord of Bohemia, the allies were provided with winter-quarters, and De Saxe, at the head of a flying column, kept the Austrians on the other side of the Zsava. The enemy only retained possession of the stronghold of Egra, and De Saxe was sent to besiege the place. He employed peasants to open the trenches, in order to spare his troops, and in five days began to open a breach. The commandant of the place, seeing that resistance was vain, capitulated. A few days after this signal act of valour, De Saxe obtained leave of absence to go back to St. Petersburg in order ostensibly to establish his claims to a domain in Livonia which had belonged to his mother, but which had been confiscated by the Dowager-Empress Anna Ivanowa.

He was presented to the Empress Elizabeth, who received him all the more graciously as it had been at one time a question of marriage between herself as Princess Elizabeth and De Saxe. His requests were granted, and he took advantage of the same opportunity to press his claims upon Courland, but without effect. The policy of Russia was to widen the distance between that country and Poland and Saxony, not to cement a closer alliance.

De Saxe, on his return to the army, took the command of the Bavarian contingent. The allies were at that epoch blockaded in Prague, and were reduced to the utmost extremities. Marshal de Maillebois in Westphalia, and De Saxe at Nider-Altaich, were ordered to their succour, but both were stopped and thrown back at the defiles of Bramahoff. It was in vain that De Saxe, with his usual gallantry, captured the fort of Elenbogen; De Maillebois persisted in withdrawing the army of relief, for which act of cowardice he was himself relieved of the chief command, which was transferred to Marshal de Broglio.

The new commander advanced along the Danube himself on the right bank, De Saxe, who had to drive the Austrians from Deckendorff, on the left. Here De Saxe obtained provisions, which the troops had been so deficient in, that in a letter to Folard he declares having fed on snakes; and he strengthened the place, the keeping of which was essential to holding the frontiers of High Austria. It was, however, impossible to relieve Prague, and Belle-Isle had to withdraw his troops, and to effect his retreat to France, amidst all kinds of difficulties, perils, and losses.

De Saxe returned to Paris in February, 1743, and was well received by the king, who authorised his raising a new regiment, half dragoons, half hulans. A regiment, as then constituted, might, indeed, have been emblematically represented by a hybrid. The public were more amused by his appearing in a box, a few days after his arrival, in company with Mademoiselle Dangeville, to whom he was proffering *des liqueurs fraîches*. It was De Saxe all over. In March he went to recruit in Alsatia, the traditional land for dragoons and cuirassiers—the ordinary Frank cannot carry a cuirass, nor often a helmet—and he established his head-quarters at Haguenau. He also obtained horses and recruits from Germany and

Poland, but not without difficulties, to overcome which necessitated a journey to Dresden, by which he lost the opportunity of going to the relief of Egra.

De Saxe returned to Deckendorff on the 23rd of April, but the fate of the army of Bavaria was decided, and it was beyond the power of either valour or genius to save it. De Saxe had to withdraw by way of Stat-Amhoff, closely followed by the Austrians. The army under De Broglie had to retreat in like manner before Prince Charles, and the two united in the rear of Ratisbon. Thence they withdrew to Wimpfen, above Spire, harassed by the Austrians on their retreat, and where De Broglie handed over the command to De Saxe. The latter hastened to defend the passage of the Rhine, and he had no sooner accomplished this arduous undertaking, than he found himself superseded in the command of Upper Alsatia by Marshal de Coigny. The king, admiring as he did the exceeding valour and military genius of De Saxe, had still no confidence in him as a Huguenot and a Saxon, who might any day, on the slightest offence, go over to the enemy. He would not, therefore, trust him with the sole defence of the frontiers, and De Saxe, on his side, refusing to act under De Coigny, he was allowed to join the army under the Duke of Noailles.

He accordingly joined De Noailles at Landau on the 31st of August. The duke-marshal was engaged in defending the line of the Queich against the English, who were acting with the Dutch at Worms. De Saxe was appointed to cover the approaches of Alsatia and Lorraine. Winter brought an end to the two campaigns, and it was characteristic of De Saxe, that he wrote to his sister, the Princess of Holstein, on that occasion: "I confessed Prince Charles on the High Rhine, and then the King of England on the Loutre; I absolved them, and sent them back to their own homes!"

It was not enough for Louis XV. that he had engaged so powerful a state as Prussia in hostilities against the Empress Maria Theresa; he resolved upon breaking up the coalition that had been established in her favour, by carrying the war into the heart of England under pretence of re-establishing the Stuarts. De Saxe was, strange to say, selected for this bold adventure, and he assembled with that view a force of nine thousand six hundred and ninety-five men at Dunkirk. The departure of this handful of troops destined to humiliate Great Britain was delayed by bad weather. "The winds," as De Saxe said, "were not Jacobite;" and in the mean time Admiral Norris arrived off the port, and put all further attempts at departure utterly out of the question. The failure of the French expedition did not, however, as is well known, prevent Charles Edward landing in Scotland, where he found plenty of partisans, to whom De Saxe and his handful of troops would have been no mean reinforcement.

De Saxe returned to Paris upon the failure of this signal project, and on the 26th of March he was, through the influence of the Duke of Noailles, named *maréchal de France*. He was the first Protestant raised to that dignity since the Edict of Nantes. He was much urged on this occasion to abjure, but, irregular as his life had been, he was still firm in his religious principles, and he preferred sacrificing rank rather than become an apostate.

War with England had been declared on the 15th of March, 1744. An army of one hundred thousand men was raised, and placed under Marshal de Noailles, who himself acted under the king in person. This force was divided into two—one, under De Noailles, was to besiege the strong places, the other, under De Saxe, was to cover the besiegers. The two leaders co-operated with the most perfect friendship and devotion. This unanimity contributed largely to the success of the campaign. The first place invested was Menin, which capitulated after six days of trench-work. De Saxe took up a position then in front of the place between the Lys and the Scheldt. In the mean time, news arrived that Prince Charles had crossed the Rhine. Louis XV. and De Noailles both hurried away to defend the frontiers of the kingdom, leaving De Saxe alone with his division in Flanders. He was thus left to operate, as it is termed, solely on the defensive—that is to say, to do nothing—and, after withdrawing to a stronger position near Courtrai, and thence to Lille, he found himself once more in Paris in the month of December.

On the ensuing spring (April 15, 1745), De Saxe started for Valenciennes, this time invested with the chief command of the army of Flanders. Unfortunately, just at this great crisis in his life, the marshal was attacked with dropsy, which deprived him of all power of independent movement. He was tapped on the 18th, and worked five hours afterwards with the staff-officers. The next day he went with his staff to Maubeuge, and, passing Peruwel, turned towards Tournay. His manoeuvres were directed with the view of drawing the allies towards Fontenoy.

The king was at Douai, and arrived at Tournay on the 8th of May. The next day the troops moved to the right of the Scheldt. They are said to have been only forty thousand strong, whilst the allies, fifty-five thousand strong, were moving on the Scheldt by Fontenoy and Anthoin. De Saxe was reduced to superintend the operations in a little wicker carriage, some say a litter. On the 9th of May the allies appeared at Vezon, under the command of the Duke of Cumberland. On the 11th, at about six in the morning, great guns boomed forth the signal of an attack, the allies sought to obtain possession of the wood of Barry to their right, and of the village of Anthoin to the left, in which operation they were not successful. The two wings are then described as having wheeled round to the centre, and thus strengthened the central column, which was advancing on Fontenoy. If success had attended upon this second movement, the French army would have been cut in twain, but a brisk cannonade is said to have arrested the advance of the column, under which the leading ranks fell victims to their gallantry. The rear of the column formed not the less, and attained the village of Fontenoy, where it found itself face to face with the French guard.

In such a position the English officers, it is further said, stopped to salute the enemy. Courtesy could certainly have been carried no further. The French officers responded to the salutation. A captain of the English guard then advanced and said: "Gentlemen of the French guard, fire!" But a lieutenant of the French guard, Count d'Auteroche, not to be outdone in politeness, replied: "Gentlemen, we never fire first; fire yourselves!"

The English fired accordingly, and two hundred and forty men laid

dead, and upwards of eleven hundred fell wounded. The French guard, shaken by this disastrous fire, dispersed themselves, and could not be reformed. Regiments were brought up from the reserve, and sent against the English column, but they were just as badly treated (*aussi mal-traités*). Their devotion delayed the progress of the column, but could not arrest it. The English had gained Fontenoy, and they sought to envelop it.

De Noailles, alarmed at the dangerous position in which the king and the dauphin were placed, entreated them to retire beyond the Scheldt. The king appealed to De Saxe, who declared that his presence was necessary and essential to upholding the confidence of the troops.

A happy inspiration suddenly changed the aspect of affairs. The Duke of Richelieu returned from an unsuccessful charge. But he had observed that the enemy were grievously punished by the fire from the French batteries. He proposed that four guns should be brought to bear upon the head of the column, whilst the whole of the disposable forces should be hurled at once at the mass of the enemy. The suggestion was acted upon. The guns opened their fire, and cavalry and infantry rushed upon the enemy, infantry with their bayonets fixed, cavalry with their sabres unsheathed; the well-trimmed column broke, and finally utterly disorganised, sought refuge in the wood of Vezon. There was no pursuit, but the field of battle remained to the French, who are said to have lost only four thousand men, whilst the allies lost fifteen thousand killed and wounded.

So much for M. de Seilhac's version of the only decisive victory which the French ever won over the English. M. Saint-René Taillandier's account differs materially. According to the latter historian, the English formed the right, the Dutch the left wing of the allied army. After half an hour's cannonading, the English threw themselves on the redoubts of Fontenoy with loud shouts, and were "saluted" in such wise that the hollow in front of the village was filled with their dead bodies. The Duke of Cumberland sought to turn the left of the French position by crossing the wood of Barry. How far this movement was nigh being effectual is proved by both authorities, who admit alike that De Saxe reproved himself for not having sufficiently strengthened that part of his position. "I ought," he is reported to have said to Louis XV., "to have placed one more redoubt between Fontenoy and the wood of Barry. I did not think that there was a general sufficiently bold to have approached that way."

Defeated in this project, the duke formed his troops in column, by, M. Taillandier would have us believe, "mere chance," or haphazard, which advancing direct on Fontenoy, overthrew all that was opposed to it, and nearly cut the French army in two. De Saxe conceived at that supreme moment a new plan. He allowed the column to advance, in order that he might the better destroy it with one blow! How could the marshal have allowed that to advance which was already there? De Saxe, too, according to M. Taillandier, instead of opposing the king's departure, pressed it, "not wishing his presence to stand between him and the plans which he had conceived." M. Taillandier also denies that the final and decisive attack upon the victorious English column was due to an inspiration of the Duke of Richelieu. This erroneous statement, so long handed down, he says, had its origin with M. d'Argenson, minister of

affairs, who wrote to Voltaire that every one present, masters, officers, cavalry and infantry, all by the duke's advice rushed pell-on the English column, discomfited it, and beat it off the ground. added to this that the Duke of Biron alone prevented the troops, as they had been bidden to do by De Saxe, and by disobeying shal's orders converted, with De Richelieu, a defeat into a signal

M. Taillandier, following M. d'Espagnac, author of a history urice, Comte de Saxe," argues that the retreat ordered by the l only applied to a certain number of troops whom he wished to rate for the decisive assault. Both historians alike omit to notice e cavalry, which several times charged the English column, were Poles, Germans, and Alsatians, and that many historians have ed to the Irish and Jacobite regiments, organised under the Duke rick, the honour of the final and decisive assault. M. de Bonne- ums up conflicting testimonies thus: the English occupied the the Austrians on the right, and the Dutch on the left. The two consisted of about forty-five thousand men each. The English, he lvanced in quick time, to endeavour to carry the village of Fon- Ill seconded by their auxiliaries, they changed their direction, and d alone against the French lines in that formidable column which, arrying all before it, was ultimately, being unsupported, over- d by numbers and defeated.

state of De Saxe's health obliged his withdrawal from active d after the battle of Fontenoy. The king at the same time loaded ith honours and emoluments. He was appointed governor of ord for life, was given the command of Alsatia, and had a princely ice made to him in money. Never was a victory more exalted in ian Fontenoy, probably all the more so because it was unexpected, re Marengo, had nearly slipped through the victor's fingers. Had Königsberg and Prince Waldeck given proper support to the column, it must inevitably have concluded after a quite different

campaign of 1745 may be said to have ended with the battle of oy, for Tournay, Bruges, and all the strong places in Flanders surd to the victors one after another. The withdrawal of the British necessitated by the landing of the Pretender, enabled De Saxe to obtain possession of Brussels by a stratagem, which has been de- as a "chef-d'œuvre d'art," but which cannot be described as a piece of integrity. Remaining at Gand after the suspension of ies, under pretence of sickness, he amused himself with cock-fight- til winter had set in, when he suddenly marched upon Brussels, unprepared for such a movement, had no other alternative but to ler.

the 5th of March the marshal returned triumphant to Paris. He eived at Versailles on the 13th. On the 26th of April letters of lisation were conferred upon him. He was at the same time the the public. A crown of laurels was placed upon his head at a nance of "Armide" at the Opéra, Mademoiselle Metz, who pre- this crown to De Saxe, being niece to Mademoiselle Antier, who owned Villars in a similar manner in 1712.

the 2nd of April, De Saxe went to take possession of Chambord,

but he was soon back again in Paris to reassume the command of the army of Flanders with the early spring. He was at Gand by the 22nd of April. Unfortunately, jealousies and misunderstandings had arisen between De Saxe and the Prince de Conti. Not only was the prince envious of the Saxon's successes in war, but the scandal of the day insinuates that he had also reason to be annoyed at his successes in his own domestic circle. De Conti was left to invest Mons, whilst De Saxe took possession of Louvain, Malines, and Antwerp. The approach of Prince Charles with reinforcements necessitated the presence of De Conti's division, but the prince declined to move from Charleroi. De Saxe was thus obliged to resist the enemy unaided at Cinq Etoiles, which he did successfully. He was in consequence of this named "generalissimo," and the Prince of Conti took his departure out of spite. Thus strengthened, De Saxe was enabled to take Namur and give the enemy battle, which he did with his usual success at Rocoux. This engagement won to the marshal as much applause and as many honours as Fontenoy. Even the Academy ventured to offer him a *fauteuil*, but he had the good sense to decline it. His very remarkable orthography would, indeed, alone have proved that literature was not his forte. "Cela," he wrote on this occasion, "m'iré come une bage à un cha. Je crains le ridicule et celui-ci en serét'un."

On the 13th of November he returned to Versailles, where he was admitted to the "petits soupers" of the king and Madame de Pompadour. He, on his side, although captivated for the moment by Madame de la Popelinière, wife of a celebrated financier, and Mademoiselle Gélén, of the Comédie Française, did not prosper as in former times. "Ma santé est bonne," he wrote; "mais je ne sais comment cela se fait, mes maîtresses me deviennent toutes infidèles." The orthography must have been corrected here.

On the 12th of January, 1747, De Saxe was named "maréchal général des camps et armées Françaises"—a dignity instituted by Louis XIV. for Turenne, and which Villars alone had enjoyed after him. On the 30th of March he was at Brussels. The Duke of Cumberland arrived at Maestricht, however, before he was expected by De Saxe. The two armies met to the south of that city on the 2nd of July. The village of Lanfeld was between the two, and the fate of the day depended upon its occupation. Three several times the French were repulsed. De Saxe saw that the battle was lost, unless his forces obtained possession before Cumberland's troops came up. A fourth attempt was successful, and the allies were driven from the field. They withdrew, however, into Maestricht, and the results of this sanguinary and well-contested combat were null. Unable to carry the last-named stronghold, De Saxe turned his arms against Bergen-op-Zoom, where he was more successful. The allies then withdrew to Breda for winter quarters, whilst De Saxe, appointed governor-general of the Low Countries, inaugurated a kind of vice-regal court at Brussels.

De Saxe opened the campaign of 1748 with the investment of Maestricht. He was determined that this last stronghold should fall into his hands, and even the appearance of the Duke of Cumberland at Mayseck could not withdraw him from his purpose. An armistice was concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle, but a few days' delay in the ratification of the treaty enabled the marshal to make a last effort, and the French

having obtained possession of some of the outworks, the place was made over to them. The fall of this last stronghold was followed by a peace far too prolonged for the marshal's desires. He was never satisfied, and the new bauble he set his ambition upon was to be Constable of France, but Louis XV. declined to revive a title in his favour which had not been conferred upon Turenne, Luxembourg, or Villars. He withdrew, therefore, to Chambord, where he could cherish his chimeras and dream of imaginary grandeurs in almost regal state and luxury. He had troops, barracks, hospital, and stables in his park. Above all, he had his private theatricals and his favourite actresses—a thing that he never dispensed with even when on campaign. Madame de Chauvigny-Blot was, however, the ornament of the little court of Chambord, and under her auspices a society of amiable ladies was gathered together to charm away the leisure hours of the marshal and the officers of state and of the garrison. Madame Favart refused to quit Paris and her afflicted husband to join the little court of Chambord, and De Saxe is accused with having in consequence aided and abetted in persecutions which entailed the ruin of M. Favart. This is a question, however, of dubious scandal. Madame Favart enjoys the reputation, such as it is, of having held the indomitable Saxon in her chains for a longer period of time than any other of her sex.

The time, however, was coming when the hand of one injured husband was about to revenge the injuries done by the irresistible Saxon to many. The Prince of Conti is said to have sought him out in his own park, and to have inflicted upon him a fatal wound, from which he expired shortly afterwards. The incident is narrated at length by M. de Seilhac. M. D'Argenson declared, however, that De Saxe perished of congestion of the lungs and consequent fever. The "Biographical Dictionary" says that he died of fever, and that "on his death-bed he was very penitent for his lewd practices, and reviewed the errors of his life with extreme remorse." (Ed. of 1762, vol. x. p. 279.) M. Saint René Taillandier observes that, two years previously, Count de Coigny had been killed by the Prince of Dombes in a duel on the road to Versailles, and M. D'Argenson insisted that he had been killed by being thrown out of his carriage. The marquis might just as easily have been misled, or have purposely misrepresented the cause of De Saxe's death. M. Taillandier does not, however, decide for one form of death or the other, so that, in reality, the actual truth of the case remains buried in the same doubts that envelop so many incidents of the marshal's life—even to who won the battle of Fontenoy. It is not a little curious that, although so popular and so generally beloved as the hero-marshal was by all classes, no little dread was entertained towards him at Chambord. He was looked upon as a cruel man, and the peasants of the neighbourhood even believed that he threw those who displeased him into the fosses of the château. He had also a Tartar captain of Hulans, called Babache, in his suite, of such terrific aspect as to be reserved expressly to frighten persons whose curiosity or impertinence carried them too far. De Saxe died in the faith of his mother, and one of the chief regrets felt throughout France, after that of losing one of the greatest captains of the age, was that a *De Profundis* could not be chanted over a man who had himself caused so many *Te Deums* to be sung. Such have been at all times the exigencies of religious differences.

WOODBURY.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART THE FIFTEENTH.

I.

DETERMINED TO BE MARRIED.

MR. BABINGTON'S visit to Woodbury was prolonged much beyond the period for which he had been originally invited, but Alfred made him very welcome, as he hoped that worthy would take his sister-in-law off his hands. She had become a bore to him, for she was very exacting, and was never done teasing him to remove her from the stupid monotony of the country, and to take a house in London or Paris, and let her go into gay society. She was also troublesome in her demands for money, for Madeleine was not restrained by any delicacy of feeling, and had no scruples about asking whatever she wished from Alfred.

Mr. Percival was tired of the pretty Madeleine and her caprices, and was anxious to get rid of her; this could only be done by her marrying—but who was to marry her? That was the important question which he often asked himself. In his selfishness he had prevented her from accepting either Lord Eskdale or Edgar Howard, but his sentiments towards the wretched girl had very much changed, and he looked upon her now in the same way that he looked upon the poor “Rose of Woodbury”—as a burden which he would be glad to cast off.

Mr. Babington's taking a fancy to Madeleine was the only chance that he saw for her, and, though Mr. Babington was coarse in mind, and not at all refined in manners, Alfred believed him to be rich, consequently a good match for his penniless sister-in-law. But day after day passed on, and Mr. Babington did not propose. This was no small disappointment both to the vain girl, who thought she had nothing to do but to exert a little of her coquetry to fascinate any male being that came in her way, and to the calculating master of the house; and he racked his brains to find out what could be the cause of such dilatoriness, for it was evident Mr. Babington admired little Miss Stuart.

At last, a remark of Mr. Babington's respecting Agnes—how nicely though plainly she dressed, always looking so neat and tidy, without wearing very expensive dresses—suggested to Alfred the idea that Madeleine's admirer might fear *she* was inclined to be extravagant, for Madeleine dressed much more showily than Agnes did, and was always laden with ornaments. She seemed to have no end of bonnets and shawls of every description. Alfred had perceived that his guest and destined victim in a matrimonial point of view, was rather chary about parting with his money, and well knowing how the love of money, or rather the dread of disbursing it freely, governs some natures, he took an opportunity of advising Madeleine to seem, at least, more economical.

That young lady replied to his strictures :

"Oh, if he is stingy, I won't have him. In France, married women spend what they like and do what they like. There would be no use in marrying a stupid blockhead one does not care a straw about, except to have plenty of money at one's command. Love in a cottage—a cottage ornée—might be all very well with such a man as Captain St. George"—Madeleine coloured violently when she mentioned his name, and Alfred snorted angrily as he heard it—"might do very well upon the whole, but if I condescend to take that Mr. Babington, it would only be for his money——"

"*Condescend*, Madeleine!" exclaimed Alfred, interrupting her abruptly; "faith, if all that has happened were known, the condescension would be on the other side. As Mrs. Percy would say, you had better mind your p's and q's, my dear girl, or you may not get a husband at all."

"Then it will be your fault and that tiresome, disagreeable Agnes's," replied Madeleine, sharply. "If you keep me locked up in this out of the way Bastille, of course I won't; there's nobody to marry here, unless I were to go off with one of the footmen, or with your pet groom, Master Lawrence. But if you and that stupid sister of mine, who sits brooding like a melancholy owl among these horrid old trees, did your duty, lived like reasonable beings, and took me to London, or Bath, or Cheltenham, or Paris, or Brussels, I dare say I should have plenty of offers."

"You have a pleasant opinion of your own attractions, my pretty pet, and it is not for *me* to gainsay it. I quite admit their potency; but you know Agnes is as immovable now as the steep rock called 'the Maiden's Leap.' She is no longer at all inclined to oblige either you or me; and I cannot exactly drag her by force from this place. You and I can't well go alone—we might for an excursion, but not for any length of time—and I could not chaperone you. I don't know a single lady whom I could ask to take you to parties in town."

"Then why should I not go to mamma?"

"Because, as you know very well, she won't have you. And, by-the-by, I heard just before I left town that Lord Darlington is speaking of returning to England; he has ordered his castle in Yorkshire to be put to rights; I should think he will hardly bring your mother with him. At least, he may bring her to London, and take a villa for her at Richmond, or Twickenham, or some of those places, but he will not introduce her at his ancestral home, to affront all the neighbouring gentry. However, whether your mother comes with Lord Darlington or remains behind, she can be of no use to you. Nobody would marry you if you lived with *her*. You had better make up your mind to Mr. Babington, if you can get him, and it would be prudent to humour his whims at present."

"I won't marry him if he's going to stint me in money."

"I will take care that he shall make good settlements upon you, Madeleine, and after you have secured him, and are his wife, you may dip into his purse as often as you please," replied Mr. Percival.

Madeleine laughed, and with the agreeable prospect before her of making ample use of Mr. Babington's gold, she promised her co-conspirator against that gentleman's peace of mind, to do her best to delude him into the idea that she was very economical.

Mr. Babington, on his part, had some serious thoughts of marrying Miss Stuart. He admired her beauty, and he imagined, from her coquettish manners, that she had taken a fancy to him. He had come to England with the determination of bringing a wife back with him to the West Indies. Not that he cared at all for the society of ladies, or valued refined females, nor that he longed for domestic life and domestic affection; no, he would in reality have been more at his ease, and happier, with a coloured woman for his housekeeper and *chère amie*, but he was ambitious. Mulatto and mustee-women were easily got; he might have had his choice among that class, from which, of course, he would never have thought of selecting a wife, only a girl for a temporary liaison, but to marry a white lady was not so facile of accomplishment.

After poor Coralie's death he had found himself still more effectually sent to Coventry than before he had aspired to an alliance with the favourite belle and beauty of the island in which he resided. His shabby, faithless conduct to the FitzHugh family had increased the number of his enemies, and it was only because he was the factotum of the influential London mercantile firm, who had so many of the planters in their clutches, that he was tolerated by any one.

Deeming himself an important personage, he thought that any young lady in the colony might be glad to marry him, and accordingly he paid his devoirs to the pretty daughter of one of the leading gentlemen in the island. But he only brought upon himself the mortification of a decided and somewhat contemptuous refusal, the young lady being an intimate friend of poor Coralie's sister, Malvina FitzHugh, and consequently prejudiced against him. He made a short trip to America to recover his spirits, and having by chance met in New York a very lovely girl from the Southern States, a member of an influential family belonging to North Carolina, he had the presumption to offer himself to her; of course he was refused, and returning in high dudgeon to the West Indies, he gave up the idea of matrimony for a considerable time.

At length, however, he was piqued into it again, by having been laughed at by some of his male associates for not being able to obtain a second wife. It was one of Mr. Babington's weaknesses to be very susceptible of ridicule, and he was determined to show his friends that he *could* marry if he pleased. This time he selected a damsel from among the families who were not of the highest grade in the island. Her father was the manager of an estate, and her mother had been a governess. She was a very nice girl, however, who had been carefully educated by her mother, and was too good for such a man as the agent of the rich London mercantile firm. To Mr. Babington's great surprise and indignation he was rejected even by this young woman, who had no right, from her position in the society of the place, to look down upon him.

Angry and disgusted, the unlucky candidate for matrimony fled from the scene of his discomfiture, which had soon become generally known, and on account of which he was "*put into a song*," as the negroes call it, for the blacks are sometimes very satirically inclined, and exercise their genius in composing *verses*, laughing at various individuals, which they sing—i.e. roar—with all their might, whenever they have an opportunity of annoying the subject of their not very harmonious rhymes.

The song on Mr. Babington commenced thus :

Massa Babbletongue bery fine man,
 And plenty ob money hab he,
 But neber a leady he can
 Find his wedded wife to be.
 Poor Mass' Babbletongue oh !
 How bery hard it is so !
 Cha—cha—cha !
 Ha—ha—ha !

Each verse ended with a chorus of laughter, and the whole effusion—including the "*cha*," which is a negro exclamation of contempt—was gall and wormwood to "poor Mass' Babbletongue," a name which, however, was not quite applicable to him, seeing that he was a remarkably taciturn person. He could not prevent "these insolent negro scoundrels," as he called them, from singing their song, and he could not get them punished for annoying him. So to escape the song and the sneers of his associates, for nobody else considered him worth even a remark, he took himself off to England by the first packet, registering in his own mind a vow not to return in single blessedness to the island.

Arrived in his native country, he found himself very much at a loss how to proceed to carry out the especial object of his voyage across the Atlantic. He soon perceived that he had not the most distant chance of obtaining a wife among any of the daughters, nieces, or other relatives of the merchants by whom he was employed. His own connexions were rather low in the scale of society, his uncle and aunt kept an inn, or rather a public-house, in a small town in one of the midland counties; his sister was married to a commercial traveller, and he had no other relations on the face of the earth, except a brother in Australia. He had been to Brighton, Ryde, and Scarborough, without any success. There was no one to introduce him to ladies, and, quite in despair, he was upon the point of advertising for a wife, when chance threw Alfred Percival in his way. The acquaintance resulted, as we have seen, in Alfred's inviting Mr. Babington to Woodbury, and there he found a young lady, far surpassing his most sanguine ideas, who, he thought, would willingly accept him.

But, as Alfred had shrewdly guessed, he had some fears on the score of her extravagance, and as there did not seem to be any one paying her attention, he was not in a feverish hurry to close the affair; on the contrary, he said to himself, "Look before you leap," and so the "leap" was postponed, until Alfred Percival and Madeleine were almost out of patience. Agnes, meanwhile, though most anxious to get rid of her unprincipled sister, both on her own account and that of her daughters, particularly of Cecil, who must return home every winter and summer for the holidays, and who Agnes did not desire should come in contact with her aunt, was too conscientious to wish Madeleine, bad as she was, to make a marriage which might probably be an unhappy one. Mrs. Percival had ascertained that the Mr. Babington who was their guest at Woodbury was the same person who was held in such abhorrence by Edgar Howard, and she had consequently no opinion of his character, nor any confidence in his good feelings. He might be unkind to her unfor-

tunate sister; he might use her ill. This was a painful idea to poor Agnes. But, on the other hand, Madeleine had no heart, and her temper would make it difficult for any one to keep her down much. After debating the matter over and over in her own mind, Agnes came to the conclusion that she would do nothing either to encourage the marriage or to throw any obstacle in its way. She trembled at the idea of her sister's future career, whether married or unmarried.

"Oh!" she exclaimed to herself, "so young, and yet so steeped in vice! What will become of her? I can only pray for her—fervently pray that the Almighty may have mercy upon her, may awaken her to a sense of her own past guilt, may inspire her with sincere repentance, and may graciously pardon her for her terrible sins!"

In pursuance of the economical line determined on by Alfred and herself for her adoption, Madeleine brought forth from the recesses of her wardrobes some of her simplest dresses, she put away the most elaborate of the jewellery she generally wore, and desired her maid to trim prettily, but plainly, a straw hat which she had thrown aside as only fit for a garden bonnet.

Mr. Babington was not a little surprised at her change of costume, and ventured one day to remark it to her.

"Don't you perceive," said Madeleine, with one of her brightest smiles, "that I no longer look upon you as a stranger? I wore my best things when first you came, of course, but now that you are quite like one of ourselves, I resume my usual very homely attire. I know I must look horribly ugly in this rustic hat, but one must think a little of economy, and I was afraid that my blue silk bonnet would get quite faded, and my white one shabby from the dust of the roads."

Mr. Babington naturally protested that she looked charming in that straw hat, and that everything became her; that her beauty required no fine dresses to set it off; and wound up by assuring her that she was a second Venus, for he had by some chance heard of that heathen goddess, and the name was impressed on his memory, seeing that it was the cognomen of his negro cook in the West Indies.

But still he said nothing *to the point*, and young ladies, and old ones too, if they are rich, otherwise there is not much chance of *their* receiving offers, sometimes find this mode of proceeding on the part of their apparent admirers very tiresome and tantalising; and certainly it is not right—a man should know his own mind before his attentions to any lady are so marked as to excite the notice of her acquaintances, or any strong amount of partiality in her mind.

But Mr. Babington went "*sans rien dire*," as the disappointed Madeleine confessed to Alfred, who gave her a little crumb of comfort, however, by telling her that her departed admirer had signified his intention of returning soon, after making some necessary money arrangements in London.

II.

A QUARREL AND ITS RESULT.

THE reception of unpleasant letters seemed to be the order of the day at Woodbury. Alfred was still endeavouring to digest the epistle from New York, which had fallen like a thunderbolt upon him, when Agnes received a letter from the Countess de Mauriac, and the same post brought one to Madeleine from Mademoiselle le Grand. Both of these contained startling intelligence.

Octavie wrote Agnes that there had been a violent quarrel between Lord Darlington and Mrs. Stuart, in consequence of which a separation had ensued. His lordship had left Berlin and Mrs. Stuart, and was in Paris for a few weeks before his return to England. So far the information in Octavie's letter was rather satisfactory than otherwise, and Agnes felt thankful that the vicious English nobleman who had caused so much misery in her family, and had been her father's murderer, had at length left his unfortunate victim, who, she hoped, would now lead a more respectable life. But on reading on further, she found how delusive this hope was. Octavie added, that Mrs. Stuart had placed herself under the protection of a German baron, who was known to be an exceedingly immoral man. She did not suppose he would care for her society long, and what might not her future career be! Lord Darlington had behaved liberally in regard to money matters, but Octavie feared that what he had given Mrs. Stuart would soon fly, as her new friend, the baron, was a decided gambler, and would probably persuade her, or oblige her, to give up all she had to be squandered by him at the gaming-table.

This communication added considerably to the affliction under which poor Mrs. Percival was bowed down.

"Sin—sin!" she exclaimed. "How terrible are its consequences—how widely spread its dominion! It is shocking that my miserable mother should go to live with another man—that she should thus degrade herself still further! What a sad example to the unhappy daughter, whose soul is already so laden with guilt! I must only hope that *she* may marry, and in a distant country lead a better life."

Madeleine was also much annoyed at the information contained in the despatch from her former governess.

Mademoiselle le Grand bewailed the "unfortunate event" which had taken place, in consequence of her poor friend, Madame Stuart's, jealousy and want of temper. Milord Darlington, she said, was very rich, and very generous. Madame Stuart had everything she could desire, and, as far as money could go, every caprice of hers was gratified. But she was too exigeante. She would not allow Lord Darlington the smallest liberty; she was angry if he even remarked that any other woman was pretty. No man liked to be kept in such leading-strings, mademoiselle very truly said, more especially by a woman who was no longer young, and had, in some measure, lost her beauty. Jealousy might flatter a man for a little time, but it was inexpedient to show it often. It fatigued your male friend—be he "*mari ou amant*." On this head Mademoiselle le Grand was eloquent, and she strongly advised her former pupil to avoid the rock

on which so many liaisons had unfortunately been wrecked. Her dear mother had been somewhat unreasonable; she had been provoked at Lord Darlington for admiring her own daughter, Mrs. Percival, whom he had seen at the Opera in Paris, and she was the more out of humour because he and the Count de Villeneuve praised Mrs. Percival's beauty "à l'envie l'un l'autre."

Madeleine read this part of mademoiselle's letter with feelings quite in unison with those of her mother. What! the Count de Villeneuve admired Agnes, and called *her* beautiful! How was it possible that he could have ever looked at her stupid sister, when *she* was with her? She could not believe it; mademoiselle was mistaken, or she was exaggerating, or telling a downright story. She glanced hastily through the letter to see if there was anything more about the French count, but he was not again alluded to. Mademoiselle le Grand went on to say that the fashionable opera-dancer, Stephanie, was the cause of the fracas, which had ended in a separation. Madame Stuart was very jealous of Lord Darlington's attentions to that much-admired danseuse, and so enraged at his having presented the charming Stephanie with a splendid bracelet of diamonds and sapphires—a gift which was not intended to come to her knowledge, but of which she had heard through a system of espionage she kept up on all Lord Darlington's doings—that she actually wrote to Mademoiselle Stephanie to upbraid her for receiving it.

Stephanie thereupon returned the bracelet to the aristocratic donor, with the request that he would not allow Mrs. Stuart to annoy her with any further billets.

Lord Darlington was much vexed at the bracelet having been returned, and exceedingly disgusted at Mrs. Stuart's conduct on the occasion, which had exposed him to the mortification of being ridiculed by Stephanie and her immediate coterie. A violent quarrel took place in consequence. Not that Lord Darlington was a quarrelsome person, Mademoiselle le Grand wrote; on the contrary, he had an excellent temper, and was generally too indolent to be excited to anger. But Madame Stuart was too much out of humour to remember that she was treading on dangerous ground, and her fury was increased by Lord Darlington saying, and maintaining, that Stephanie's foot was prettier, if not smaller, than hers. "You know, my très chère," added the ex-governess, "that your dear mamma was very vain of her small foot—an attack upon it was not to be borne, so she threatened the English milord with a dissolution of their intimacy, and he took her at her word." It was a great pity, Mademoiselle le Grand continued, for the German baron, to whose house Madame Stuart had removed, was not rich, and had the reputation of being a selfish, bad man. She feared her poor friend would lament her folly when too late.

Madeleine showed Mademoiselle le Grand's letter to her sister, and also to Alfred Percival. Agnes expressed the greatest sorrow on reading it, but the cause of her sorrow was, of course, mistaken by Madeleine. It was for her mother's further degradation, for her indulging in such fits of passion, and for her pitiable frivolity, that Agnes grieved. Madeleine only regretted that her dear mamma had been so foolish as to leave such a rich and generous man as Lord Darlington for a poor German. He belonged to the court circle, to be sure; but what of that, he could not

introduce her to it. She expected that Agnes would have been delighted at the mention of the Count de Villeneuve's admiration of her, but she did not take the least notice of it, and as the flattering communication did not seem to make the slightest impression on her, Madeleine did not deliver the speech she intended to have made, touching Mademoiselle's inflated way of writing, and habit of making false assertions.

Alfred was very much annoyed by the contents of the letter.

"This is really dreadful!" he exclaimed to Madeleine. "Now that your wretched mother has quarrelled, like an idiot, with Lord Darlington, and gone to live with a beggarly German, who, I dare say, has hardly a thaler at his command, how is she going to find means for all her extravagant whims? That fellow will rob her of everything she has, and then turn her off without the least compunction. And who will maintain her then? She won't find such another ass as Darlington to throw away his money upon her. She will be down upon *me*, I suppose. People seem to think that I am as rich as Croesus, and have hoards of money, which I have nothing to do but to shovel out. You must marry Babington as fast as you can, Madeleine; then when your fool of a mother becomes a pauper, which will soon be, you can take her to live with you. 'Birds of a feather,' you know; and as you and she are such in some respects, you can very well live together."

"If Mr. Babington is as stingy as you seem to fancy he is, do you think he would take mamma? Not he, indeed! Agnes is her eldest daughter, therefore she is more bound to provide for her than *I* am."

Alfred Percival cast a look of angry contempt upon the selfish girl, as he muttered:

"Agnes will always do her duty, and that is more than you will ever do."

III.

HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

THE window-shutters at Woodbury Hall were all closed—at least those which could be seen from the road that led to and past the mansion; there was an air of gloom around the usually quiet and undemonstrative house. Why was this? Because death was there—the corpse of a child was lying there—the corpse of the son and heir of the owner of Woodbury!

And there were weeping and wailing within its walls, and words were spoken in bitterness, which, but for the wise forbearance, the prudent self-command of *one*, might have disclosed secrets too dreadful to be published to the world.

Little Charles Stuart Percival was no more! He had been drowned in the stream which ran through a portion of the grounds of Woodbury, and Madeleine, frantic with grief, was accusing her sister, in her hysterical ravings, of having purposely drowned the boy.

Alfred, too, was in the deepest distress, for Charlie had been his favourite child, and he felt inclined to believe that Agnes's dislike to the boy, and jealousy of him as standing in the way of her daughters, and his prospect of depriving them in future of the large fortunes to which their mother thought they were entitled, and which, but for this child, might

have been theirs, had induced her, in a moment of temptation, to push him into the water. "She must have been labouring under temporary insanity if she did it," he said to himself. "How do I know that her late melancholy, her repugnance to me, wrapt up in me as she used to be, her avoiding society, have not all been caused by this malady breaking out in her? Her great-grandmother was partially deranged, when she fancied she could prophesy the future. But if she is becoming a lunatic, I must take steps to have her put under proper control, or she might attempt even my own life!"

Such were Alfred Percival's thoughts, but he did not give them expression. He remained sad and silent, whilst Madeleine, amidst shrieks and groans, poured out reproaches and wicked charges against her sister.

"She did it—she hated him—she drowned him!" screamed Madeleine from time to time, as she half sat, half lay, propped up by sofa pillows and cushions on one of the sofas in the back drawing-room, the shutters of which were not quite closed.

"You know you hated him—and your favourite Cecil hated him—the darling boy!"

"Hush, Madeleine, hush!" said Mrs. Percival, gently, "you do not know what you are saying."

There came a volley of shrill screams; then Madeleine, with hysterical sobs, began again:

"She hated him—she did. Alfred, she drowned poor, poor Charlie! But she will be hanged for it. Yes, you will, you jealous, unfeeling creature!"

"Be quiet, Madeleine!" whispered Alfred.

"Yes, be quiet!" repeated Agnes. "You speak wildly, and but add to the misery of those around you."

The children's head-nurse and Madeleine's French maid happened to be both in the room.

Agnes was anxious to get rid of them, lest her sister should, in her excitement, make any statement which would tell against herself and Alfred, so she requested the nurse to go and despatch a groom on horse-back after the doctor, who had not long left the house, to beg that he would send, as speedily as possible, a composing draught for Miss Stuart, who had gone off into violent hysterics. And she desired Madeleine's maid to call one of the housemaids, and have her mistress's room arranged for her going to bed immediately, for the sooner she could be undressed and got to lie down in the quiet of her own apartment the better.

When the two servants had left the room, Agnes went up to Alfred and asked him, in a voice that trembled with emotion, if he could possibly believe that *she* had been in any way instrumental to the death of his poor child.

Alfred hesitated, and then said that he thought, in a moment of irritation, she might have pushed the boy into the river. Some one must have done so, for it was not likely the poor little fellow would drown himself. And no one at Woodbury had any cause for enmity to the unfortunate child but her.

"She did it—she did it!" shrieked Madeleine again.

Mrs. Percival's pale face flushed, and her chest heaved almost convulsively, but, mastering her agitation by a great effort, she said:

"Alfred Percival, has there been anything in my conduct since first you knew me to lead you to believe that I would be guilty of the crime of murder—that I would take that innocent child's life to gratify the evil passions of revenge, hatred, and jealousy? Speak!" she said; and he spoke:

"No—no—nothing ever!"

"When I saved him, a helpless infant, from strangulation by *your* hands, did I not promise to protect him and to conceal his parentage? Have I ever broken that promise?"

"No," said Alfred, whose eyes fell before hers, and who looked exceedingly embarrassed and uneasy.

"But you did not love him. You *never* loved him!" cried Madeleine.

"Love him! No. How could I love him? The child who came into this world to blast my happiness—to prove the fearful guilt of those nearest and dearest to me—to teach me how cruelly I had been deceived where I had so implicitly trusted—to rob my children of their rights, and to make my life a lie? I did not love him, but I pitied him, and I would not have harmed a hair of his head. Poor unfortunate child! Sad as his death is, however, better for him it is that he has been taken in his innocent infancy, than to have lived to be, perhaps, the inheritor of shameful depravity, and to be the scorn of the world, as he would have become had you, his mother, ever given way to your violent temper as now you are doing, and betrayed your early vice."

"Stop her, Alfred!" cried Madeleine. "Tell her that you know she drowned that darling Charlie, and that she will be hanged for it."

"For his own sake and yours, he had better stop your ravings if he can," said Mrs. Percival, almost sternly, to her sister; then, turning to Alfred, she said, calmly:

"The inquest will be held the day after to-morrow. *You* do not in your heart believe that I drowned the poor child. But to please her"—she pointed to Madeleine—"you may say so. If a single word accusing me of so shocking a crime fall from your or her lips, or you make the slightest insinuation to that effect, I will place myself in the hands of the police, and demand a public trial to prove my guilt or innocence. I will not live as a suspected murderer. My conscience is clear of any such crime, and the Almighty will enable me to prove my innocence. But if there be a trial, your and Madeleine's conduct will be published to the world, the unfortunate child's parentage and its illegitimacy will be declared, and you two must bear the ignominy which will fall upon you as best you may."

Alfred stood as one petrified—perhaps he was thinking of another evil which was hanging over him—and he felt that he would be crushed beneath the weight of his guilt.

Agnes left the room and retired to her own apartment, there to give vent to her tears, and to pray for strength to support the trials and sufferings by which she was surrounded.

After a little time her maid knocked at her door to announce the return of the doctor with a composing draught for Miss Stuart, and Mrs. Percival went down with her.

No one was surprised to see her eyes swollen and red from weeping—had she not lost her only son? And, notwithstanding the aunt, Miss

Madeleine, had made a greater noise, she could not feel, in reality, the servants opined, as their poor mistress did, though she did not screech and annoy everybody like her sister. No creature in the establishment suspected Madeleine's relationship to the departed Charlie, except the head-nurse; and she had never breathed her suspicions to any one except to Mrs. Winslow, and happily that worthy woman was too discreet to let the idea be promulgated. She locked it up in her own mind, and cautioned the nurse to do the same.

How had poor little Charlie Stuart been drowned? That remained a mystery.

Mrs. Percival was in the habit of taking a walk, generally alone, for about an hour after breakfast—at least after she had seen the housekeeper and given any orders that might have been necessary, and before commencing the lessons which Sophy took from her every day. During this morning walk she often strolled towards the little river, sauntering on its banks, or lounging on a rustic seat under the shade of a tiny grove, or rather clump of trees, whose green branches drooped over the side of the stream. Here, sometimes, she read, but more frequently remained wrapped in her own sad thoughts, while her eyes rested on the water gaily glancing in the sun, or darkening beneath the overhanging trees, and borrowing from their tints a greenish hue.

On the morning that poor Charlie was drowned, Agnes was sitting listlessly under these drooping trees; she was looking at, though not thinking of the stream, which was a good deal swollen by heavy rains a day or two before. Suddenly her attention was attracted by seeing a boy's straw hat floating down the river, and almost immediately after it something like a foot sticking up out of the water, while a dark substance was just visible under its surface. She stooped and tried to catch the foot, but it was too far off, and she had nearly lost her balance in stretching out her hands and bending over the water. The river was too deep at that spot, she knew, for her to jump in, and in another moment both the hat and the dark mass in the water had floated past.

Could any child have fallen in? Her thoughts never for a moment reverted to little Charlie, but she screamed as loudly as she could for assistance, and ran with her utmost speed to a spot not far off, where she thought the gardener was working, training some vines round a little summer-house. The moment she told him what she had seen in the river, he ran to the boat-house, followed by her, and unmooring the boat and jumping in, he began to ply the oars with vigour. Mrs. Percival had proposed to get into the boat with him, but he very sensibly objected to her doing so, as even her light weight in addition to his own would retard the progress of the boat.

The boat shot rapidly down the stream, and Agnes, in a state of great anxiety, hastened to a smaller landing-place farther down on its banks. There she awaited with feverish impatience the return of the gardener.

The boat was coming back! She strained her eyes to see who was in it. Were there two figures? She could not discern, but she saw that the gardener was rowing very slowly. At length he and the boat approached the spot where she was standing, bending eagerly forward. The man shook his head, and she perceived that there was consternation in his face; she saw, too, something lying in the bottom of the boat.

"My dear mistress!" exclaimed the gardener, as the boat came near,

"this is no sight for you. Pray do go home, and send one of the men-servants here."

"Is it a child?" asked Agnes, hurriedly. "Is it living, poor little thing?"

"It is a child," replied the gardener, with tears rolling down his weather-beaten cheeks. "I fear he's drowned. The body got entangled in the reeds down yonder, or he would have been out to sea by this, the current is running so strong in the river."

The gardener had taken off his coat, and wrapped the dripping child in it. He dexterously managed, on lifting it out of the boat, to conceal its face from Mrs. Percival.

"He should be put before a fire as soon as possible," said the man, "to try and get some heat into him."

"Carry him to the kitchen fire at the Hall," replied Agnes, while she took off her shawl and covered the little feet with it.

The gardener begged her to fasten the boat, lest it should drift down the river, and while she was doing this he set off with his inanimate burden towards the house. Mrs. Percival followed him as quickly as she could, though her trembling limbs almost refused to carry her. The gardener went in by the back way, and proceeded at once to the kitchen. A mattress was immediately brought by the kitchen-maid from the nearest bedroom, and laid down before the fire, and the gardener had just deposited his senseless charge upon it, and a loud scream had just been uttered by the terrified cook, when Mrs. Percival came running in, quite out of breath.

The moment her eye fell upon the now uncovered face of the child she cried, clasping her hands in despair:

"My God! my God! Charlie! Can it be possible? Poor, poor Charlie!"

And, almost fainting, she sank on her knees by the body of the child.

The kitchen-maid had run with the sad tidings first to the house-keeper's room, then up to the nursery, and leaving Sophy by herself, both the upper and the under-nurse had flown down stairs. The French nurse had been sent back to her own country when no longer wanted, and an English girl had been engaged as under-nurse.

There was a rushing to and fro, there were sobs from some of the female servants and exclamations from the men, while most of them were busy warming blankets wherein to envelop the still cold, though no longer dripping, body of the unfortunate child.

Mrs. Percival was the first to recover her presence of mind, and she instantly despatched a messenger on horseback to the village doctor to tell him what had happened, and to beg him to come immediately to Woodbury Hall, with all the restoratives he could bring.

Madeleine, meanwhile, whose apartments were situated in the front of the house, and at some distance from the wing in which were the kitchen and servants' offices, had not heard anything that was going on—and Mrs. Percival, always kind and considerate, had given orders that no one should convey the terrible intelligence to her until the doctor had arrived, and it had been ascertained if life were really extinct.

"She loves that poor innocent little one dearly," said Mrs. Percival, "and why give her the agony of this suspense? If he is gone, she will know the fatal truth too soon."

The servants could not repress their ejaculations and their wonder, and in whispers each asked the other how it was possible that Master Charlie could have fallen into the stream, he never being allowed to stroll about alone. One person could have told if she had chosen, but she was afraid of incurring blame for carelessness, and thought it best to hold her tongue. This person was Madeleine's French maid, with whom the poor child had gone out for a walk.

It so happened that Mr. Percival, who had been taking a ride on horse-back, and the doctor arrived at the same time at the Hall. Mr. Percival, who was quietly alighting from his horse, was surprised to see the village doctor drive up in hot haste, and asked what was the matter—had he been sent for? The doctor replied that he *had* been sent for—did Mr. Percival not know that an accident had happened?

"What accident?" asked Mr. Percival. But the doctor could not waste a moment in speaking to him, and hastily followed a servant to the kitchen, where the poor child's body was still lying.

Mr. Percival looked into the dining-room—there was no one there; he knew that his study, as it was called, was always deserted; he took a peep into the breakfast-parlour, and then ascended to the drawing-rooms—they were also empty. He then rang the bell, and, after a short delay, one of the servants, looking pale and terror-stricken, came up.

"Why was the doctor sent for?" asked Mr. Percival, abruptly. "Has anything happened to any one?"

The man hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Yes, sir, to Master Charlie."

"To Master Charlie! Where is he?"

"Down stairs in the kitchen, sir."

"In the kitchen! Why on earth should he be there!" exclaimed Alfred, in wrath, as he rose, and, passing the servant, strode down stairs.

But when he reached the kitchen, the spectacle that met his eyes calmed his anger in a moment. The doctor was in vain endeavouring to restore animation to the lifeless body of poor little Charlie, which the head-nurse, who was sitting on the floor, was holding in her arms, while Mrs. Percival was kneeling by its side. Almost the whole household were gathered in the kitchen—even the head-gardener was there, and the coachman—every one looking on with the utmost concern.

"What is this? How did this happen?" gasped Mr. Percival, addressing himself to no one in particular.

There was no reply, for, in truth, none could answer the question. There were only sobs from the women-servants, and something very like groans from the men.

"How did this happen?" again demanded Alfred Percival.

"The poor dear child must have fallen into the stream that runs through your grounds," said the doctor.

"Fallen in! How could he have fallen in? Who saw him fall in? Who took him out of it?"

"I did, sir," said the head-gardener, advancing from the corner of the kitchen, where he had ensconced himself. "My mistress saw something in the river that she fancied *might* be a child, and she ran to me, and I went after it in the boat as fast as I could. I found the poor young gentleman entangled among the reeds. The poor little master was

wet; I took off my coat, and put it round him, and mistress hid him also in her shawl. I carried him home, and mistress sent the doctor directly. That is all I know, sir," said the gardener, shyly.

"Did he get into the river?" asked Alfred, sternly.

"One can tell that, sir," replied the gardener, who appeared to be a person inclined to speak.

"Child! my darling child!" exclaimed Alfred, bursting into tears. "s, indeed, a sad sight—the pretty little fair-haired boy lying downed! There was scarcely a dry eye in the kitchen.

The doctor rose, and, taking Mrs. Percival's hand, he said, soothingly: "the Almighty support you under this great trial, my dear lady! very much fear, that all our efforts are in vain. I fear that life

But take comfort, for the pure young spirit has returned to us, gave it!"

Tears were rolling down Agnes's pale cheeks. She clasped her hand and raised her eyes towards heaven, but she did not utter a single

"*wages of sin is death*," she said, in her own mind. "This poor child's death is the punishment of *their* great sin! May it be laid to them, and touch and turn their hearts!"

He looked with deep sorrow at Alfred Percival. He glanced at her and he felt, at that moment, that there was still some sympathy between them—she was weeping for the death of *his* child. He thanked her and his softened heart for her tears.

IV.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

A lifeless body was removed to a room, seldom used, on the dining-room. The doctor promised to send a person from the village academy to perform the last offices for the dead, to do what was necessary for the little corpse; and he told Mr. Percival that, as the poor child's death had been accidental, an inquest must be held on the body, and he undertook to write to the coroner, would make all the proper arrangements, and, if possible, have the inquest fixed for an early day. Nothing more could be said or done, and the sympathising village left the house of mourning.

For all this time Madeleine had never made her appearance; she was very busy concocting a letter to Mademoiselle le Grand. Letter-writing was a great task to her, and every now and then she threw herself on her sofa and rested. She had not heard the bustle in the house, for the rooms appropriated to her use were in a part of the mansion at a distance from that portion of it wherein the whole household was assembled.

While strolling to her window, she caught a glimpse of the doctor passing away.

"It has been here for, I wonder?" she thought. "I suppose my father has got a thorn in her finger, or some such great misfortune happened to her, and that wise Agnes has sent for a medical man.

My Charlie might be at death's door before she would trouble herself about him."

She rang for her maid; twice, three times she had to ring before Hortense answered the summons. At length she came, looking frightened and wobegone.

"What was the doctor doing here?" asked Madeleine. "Is any one ill?"

"Oui, mademoiselle."

"But who—who, then?" demanded the young lady, impatiently, in French.

"Mademoiselle!" half sobbed Hortense.

"Why don't you answer me? Parlez donc."

"It is—it was—an accident, ma'amselle!"

"It is—it was—an accident," repeated Madeleine, mimicking the woman. "What do you mean to say by that?"

"He fell into the water."

"Galematias! Who fell into the water, stupide?"

"Monsieur——" Hortense could say no more for her sobs.

"Monsieur! Mais comment?"

Madeleine wondered how Alfred could have fallen into any water, but perceiving that she could get nothing out of her waiting-maid, she rushed past her, and ran towards Alfred's room. He was not there; she then went down to his study, it was also empty; she was about ascending the stairs again to make inquiries in the day-nursery, where she knew she would find some one, when she beheld Alfred emerging from the room on the ground floor, which was seldom used. He looked very pale and very much agitated.

"Oh, so you are not drowned, Mr. Alfred!" cried Madeleine, laughing. "Hortense said you had fallen into *the water*, though whether she meant the water in the bath-room or the duck-pond I don't know."

"I wish to Heaven I had fallen into the water instead of—instead of——"

"Instead of whom? You are as great a fool as Hortense, I think."

Alfred was angry at her jeering tone, and without any regard to the poor girl's feelings he replied, abruptly,

"Instead of my darling boy! My poor Charlie—my dearest Charlie!"

Madeleine seized his arm, she became serious in a moment, and asked, almost in a whisper,

"Has anything happened to Charlie?"

"Yes, Madeleine—it is dreadful—dreadful—he is gone—gone for ever!"

"Gone! Where?"

"You must know the truth sooner or later—he is drowned—drowned, Madeleine!" And Alfred struck his forehead with his hand, and groaned from his inmost soul.

Madeleine refused to believe this catastrophe, and insisted on seeing the child. When she did see the body she went off into violent hysterics. Agnes, the head-nurse, and the French maid Hortense, all came to her assistance, and she was carried up to the back drawing-room, and everything done to quiet her, but in vain. It was then that her accusations of her sister, in her wild ravings, rendered it necessary for Agnes to get

of the servants, who might have heard what no explanations or denials could eradicate from their minds.

The village doctor brought with him a composing draught, which Malaine was prevailed on to take, and it was not long before she fell under the influence of that soothing power, sleep—sleep, which, as a Danish poet beautifully expresses it, is the only one among the blessings of Eden that is descended to the subsequent inhabitants of this world.

All was quiet in the house of mourning; even Sophy's gay laugh was hushed, for she was told that her dear little brother was dead—dead like a pretty bird which had been given to Cecil, and of which all the children had been very fond.

"And must he go into the ground?" asked Sophy, anxiously and solemnly. She remembered that the canary had been buried under a rose-tree in the garden.

Yes, she was told, his body would be put into the ground, not under a rose-bush, but in the churchyard, yet his spirit would go up to heaven, and be happy there with little angels.

Sophy was anxious to know what the little angels were like, but no one could satisfy her curiosity, of course, except by assuring her that they were very good and very beautiful. The child pondered upon the subject of "the little angels," and at length became quite sad because she could not go up with Charlie to heaven to be with them.

The tedious gloomy morning was passing heavily on, stillness reigned within the house and without it, at least in its immediate vicinity, when about five o'clock in the afternoon a carriage from the railway dashed up the avenue, and stopped at the front door of Woodbury Hall. A common-looking man jumped out of it, and ascending the steps by two at a time, rang the bell loudly.

"The door closed—it used formerly to stand open—and the windows shut! I hope they have not started for foreign parts again. I want to catch my gentleman at home."

The individual who had just arrived impatiently rang again, and this time a loud peal.

The front door was opened by a tall footman, who looked rather disdainfully on the person standing outside of it.

"Is Mr. Percival at home? I want to see him," said the stranger.

"He is at home," replied the servant, "but you cannot see him. He can receive no one to-day."

"Oh! don't you be so sure of that," said the visitor, with a wink and a grin. "He'll see me, if he's above ground, that's certain."

And he made a movement forward, as if to force his way in.

"You can't be admitted to-day, sir, I tell you," said the servant, waxing wrath. "My master can see *no one* to-day."

"And pray why not?" asked the intruder, making a dash towards the inner door.

The footman closed the inner door, and put his back against it, as he replied:

"Because his little son is lying dead. He was drowned this morning."

For a moment the person seeking admittance looked aghast, but presently he began again:

"I'm sorry, but I have business with Mr. Percival; take this card to him."

The servant received the card, but still sturdily refused to trouble his master.

"Then tell Winslow I want to see him; he knows me very well."

"The Winslows don't live here any longer, sir; they have a house in the village."

"Is Miss Madeleine here? I should like to see *her*, then."

"Miss Stuart is ill in bed."

Finding it impossible to make good his entrance, the visitor had nothing for it but to return to his carriage, after having told the servant that he would write to Mr. Percival, and probably call again next day, and having been assured by the said servant that it would be quite useless for him to take the trouble of returning until after the inquest.

When the unadmitted visitor's card was handed to Mr. Alfred Percival, and he beheld on it the hated and dreaded name of "Mr. Daniel O'Flynn," he nearly fell into a fit.

It was observed by those who were present at the inquest on the body of the poor little boy, and even by the servants of the family, that Mr. Percival looked ten years older since the fatal day on which his son and heir was drowned. But only HE above could see what was passing in the mind of the wretched father of poor little Charlie Stuart.

A WALK IN KENSAL-GREEN CEMETERY.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

SUN, pause thou 'mid the western clouds awhile,
And from thy throne of amber, flame, and gold,
Look not in sorrow, but with gentlest smile,
On this wide field where Death has penn'd his fold.

Yes, the sweet beams are shining from calm skies,
And painting all the flowers, in that rich light,
With hues they might have worn in Paradise,
When angels kissed them into bloom more bright.

There is a solemn hush, a beauty here,
Which seem in holiest thoughts the soul to steep,
Depriving death of darkness and of fear;
In this still place we should not dread to sleep.

A city of the dead around me lies,
The living city near—O life! O life!
There art thou wrestling for some longed-for prize,
Lured on by hope, 'mid smiles, and tears, and strife.

And soon the living, snatched from all away,
Will fold their hands in silence 'neath these flowers,
Fair monuments their proud, their last display,
Whitening, like angels' wings, in these still bowers.

Walking from tomb to tomb, how many a tale
We seem to read! The merchant here is laid
'Neath marble grandeur; nothing now avail
His ships, his gold—these will not soothe his shade.

An actor lieth here ; his lip no more
Shall drop our Shakspeare's precious pearls around,
Or the full tide of swelling passion pour !
His stage—how narrow now beneath the ground !
The statesman, in yon vault, is deaf to praise ;
Here fate's sharp shears the poet's harp-strings sever,
The dancer trips no more the graceful maze,
And the sweet singer's notes are hushed for ever.
The husband hangs immortelles on the tomb
Of her whose memory faithful love will keep ;
The poor man bids his little laurel bloom,
Where, lowly laid, his honoured parents sleep.
What simple flowers are breathing sweets apart,
The white-ruffed daisy, and the spotless rose !
Oh, these are tended by some loving heart,
Which thus makes beautiful its silent woes.
A mother here—I read it on the stone—
Gave from her sheltering breast to cold, cold earth,
Her little one, that like a star had shone,
And filled her home with light, and joy, and mirth.
Methinks I see that home—how mournful now,
How desolate, the fairy ever fled !
I hear the sigh, I see the knees that bow ;
But sighs and prayers will not bring back the dead.
One little chair is empty ; on the floor
The playthings lie untouched ; at evening hour
The low-lipped prayer to God is heard no more ;
She cannot kiss the soft curls' auburn shower :
Therefore she comes to sorrow, and to keep,
Fresh blooming o'er the dead, these flowrets mild,
To ponder on the past, and pray, and weep,
And clasp again in fancy that lost child.
Yet, sadness, flee away ! thou shalt not spread,
O'er this kind resting-place, thy wings of gloom,
Where bodies press awhile death's painless bed,
To wake again, and spurn the conquered tomb.
Nature is joyous—see ! the westering ray
Nowhere than here drops brighter, richer gold ;
Nowhere the flowers more lovely hues display,
Gracing, while making fragrant, death's chill mould.
Hark ! by the sepulchre the throstle sings,
His voice, though tender, hath no touch of sadness ;
E'en the lone robin folds his russet wings,
And pipes upon the stone his notes of gladness.
O'er the calm spot a form, though viewless, bends ;
'Tis meek Religion, in her robes of white ;
A benediction from the sky descends—
No darkness here, but light, soul's endless light.
Beauty, and peace, and hope, have fixed their dwelling
Among these graves, and sanctified the sod ;
Far-seeing Faith, of brighter regions telling,
Breathes from this turf, and lifts the soul to God.

DOCTOR SANGRADO:

TYPICALLY CONSIDERED.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

THE medical has come in for at least its share, among the learned professions, of determined, bitter, and vehement satire. Montaigne's countrymen are perhaps foremost in the attack, and most formidable in both number and weight: the *Sieur Michel* himself, and *Molière*, to name no other assailant, being each a host in himself. The severest thing Paris could find to say of that wholesale poisoner extraordinary, the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, was, that no young physician, in getting himself into practice, had ever so speedily filled a churchyard as *Madame la Comtesse*. But this sort of jest at the expense of the faculty is as classical as old-world classics can make it. Juvenal takes for one among other satirical examples of the numerous (*Hippia's* lovers, for instance, and *Basilus's* partners, and *Hirrus's* wards, and his own ex-barber's landed estates), the quotient of patients killed off by Doctor Themison in a single season:

Quot Themison ægros autumnò occiderit uno.*

Dryden treated poor Sir Richard Blackmore as equal to Themison in homicidal powers:

But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, and peoples every grave;
And no more mercy to mankind will use,
Than when he robbed and murdered Maro's muse.
Would'st thou be soon despatched, and perish whole,
Trust Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with thy soul.†

Molière's dead set against the profession is a speciality. Whatever can *Sganarelle* want with four physicians, *Lisette* asks: is not one enough to kill a body? *Est-ce que les médecins font mourir?* *monsieur's* indignant query, is promptly resolved by her *Sans doute*. She knew somebody who proved, by excellent reasons too, that you should never say, Such and such a person is dead of a fever or of inflammation on the chest, but, He or she, as the case may be, is dead of four physicians and two apothecaries. *Ma foi, monsieur*, *Lisette* goes on to say, Our cat is just getting the better of a fall she had from the top of the house into the street; she went for three days without eating, and could neither stir *ni pied ni patte*: well for her there are no cat doctors; it had been all over with her if there were; for they would infallibly have purged and bled her‡—and we know what comes of that.—In "*M. de Pourceaugnac*," the apothecary grounds his recommendation of a particular doctor, upon this among other pre-eminent merits, that he has such an off-hand way in disposing of you—"c'est un homme expéditif, expéditif, qui aime à dépêcher ses malades; et quand on a à mourir, cela

* Juvenal, Sat. x.

† Epistle to John Driden, Esq.

‡ *L'Amour Médecin*, Acte II. Sc. 1.

se fait avec lui le plus vite du monde." What's the good of shilly-shallying? There now, exclaims our enthusiastic apothecary, bethinking him pat of a case in point,—there were three of my own children whose illness he did me the honour of attending, and all three of them died within four days: whereas, in the hands of an ordinary practitioner they might have languished for three months and more.* Two children remain to this grateful creature, and he wants words to express his thankfulness to the same expeditious doctor for the zeal he shows in bleeding and purging *them*, unasked. The same comedy teems with grotesque and elaborate illustrations of the homicidal tendency of the faculty, luxuriating in every diversity of manslaughter *secundum artem*. Still more notable in the same line is the "Malade Imaginaire," as a satire against doctors, —though the purging and blood-shedding are here comparatively in the shade. Again, in the "Médecin malgré lui," that mock doctor congratulates himself on the immunity of the profession from unpleasant proceedings on the part of their deceased victims: dead men tell no tales, and conduct no lawsuits; they are obligingly discreet in this respect, and never come back to say who killed them; *jamais on n'en voit se plaindre du médecin qui l'a tué*.† When Dr. Mead disarmed Dr. Woodward in the celebrated duel they fought, and ordered his discomfited rival to beg for his life, "Never, till I am your patient," was the smart rejoinder. Molière had prefigured the spirit of it, however, in the scene where Lisette provokes M. Tomès, premier médecin, to menace her with "Ecoutez, vous faites la railleuse; mais vous passerez par nos mains quelque jour." A sombre forewarning which Lisette answers by the fresh defiance, "Je vous permets de me tuer lorsque j'aurai recours à vous."‡

Ben Jonson's Volpone has no faith in physic—thinks most of your doctors are the greater danger, and worse disease, to escape.

—Nor their fees

He cannot brook: he says, they flay a man,
Before they kill him. . . .

And then they do it by experiment;
For which the law not only doth absolve them,
But gives them great reward: and he is loth
To hire his death, so.

Corb. It is true, they kill
With as much license as a judge.

Mosca. Nay, more;
For he but kills, sir, where the law condemns,
And these can kill him too.

Corb. Ay, or me;
Or any man.§

John Oldham, in his imitation of Boileau's eighth satire, supposes an ass to be surveying the full tide of existence as it surges up Fleet-street and the Strand, and wonders what that sapient spectator would say, could

* M. de Pourceaugnac, Acte I. Sc. 7.

† Le Médecin malgré lui, Acte III. Sc. 1.

‡ L'Amour Médecin, Acte III. Sc. 2.

§ Volpone; or, The Fox, Act I. Sc. 1.

Doctor Sangrado.

 speak, on seeing among other passengers the homicidal Sangrados
at day :

What would he say to see a velvet quack
Walk with the price of forty kill'd on's back ?*

for was it in favour of orthodox practitioners that this skit at the quack
can be supposed to have been written ; for Oldham was the man to say
alitto to the couplet of an eighteenth-century satirist, at the special
expense

Of doctors regularly bred
To fill the mansions of the dead.†

Swift wrote a tractate,‡ in his trenchant style, on the interest of
undertakers in the doings of apothecaries—embodying a supposed peti-
tion from the former trade against parliamentary interference with the
drug-dispensing freedom of the latter: one clause of which petition runs
thus: "And we further hope that frequent funerals will not be dis-
couraged, as it is by this bill proposed, it being the only method left
of carrying some people to church." If only burying alive were not judged
repugnant to the known laws of this kingdom, said petitioners would not
mind, and so would *not* ever pray.—Addison devotes a *Spectator* to the
over-peopling of three learned professions, and sees in that of physic "a
most formidable body of men," the mere sight of whom is enough to
make a man serious ; for "we may lay it down as a maxim, that when a
nation abounds in physicians, it grows thin of people." This body of
men, in our own country, he adds, "may be described like the British
army in Cæsar's time: some of them slay in chariots, and some on foot.
If the infantry do less execution than the charioteers, it is because they
cannot be carried so soon into all quarters of the town, and despatch so
much business in so short a time."§ Death's Ramble, as detailed by
Thomas Hood, included, of course, a glimpse of the doctor doing his
work for him :

Death saw a patient that pulled out his purse,
And a doctor that took the sum ;
But he let them be—for he knew that the "fee"
Was a prelude to "faw" and "fum."||

And as with practice, so with theory. Sydney Smith, in the introduc-
tory lecture to his course on Moral Philosophy, gravely affirmed that
Zinzis Khan, when he was most crimsoned with blood, never slaughtered
the human race as they have been slaughtered by rash and erroneous
theories of medicine.¶

Physicians "commit more deaths than soldiers," asserts Horace W.
pole,** who was seldom long out of their hands, though he lived to
fourscore, and was always having his fling at them. Voltaire denour
them as *encor plus dangereux* to life than the ills they profess to cure

La fièvre, le catarre, et cent maux plus affreux.††

* Satires of John Oldham, 1682.

† Churchill, *The Ghost*, book iii.

‡ Reasons humbly offered by the Company of Upholders, &c. 173

§ *The Spectator*, No. xxi.

¶ Hood's *Poems of Wit and Humour*, *Death's Ramble*.

¶ Lectures at the Royal Institution, 1804-6.

** To Sir H. Mann, *Letters*, No. 2208.

†† Satires, *La Tactik*

on of Athens bids the rascal thieves he gives gold to,

—trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob.*

Byron, when unwell at Venice, and reluctant to see a physician, consulted himself on the fact that, if see one he must, "very luckily some of Italy are the worst in the world, so that I should still have a chance."† Sir Walter Scott once required medical advice suddenly at a small country town, and recognised in the "grave, sagacious-looking man, attired in black, with a shovel hat," a Scotch blacksmith, who had formerly practised as a veterinary operator in the neighbourhood of Westmelton. John Lundie was examined by his astonished friend as to how he got on, and replied, "Ou, just extraordinary weel; for your honour to ken my practice is vera sure and orthodox. I depend entirely upon simples."—"And what may their names be? Perhaps it is a set?"—"I'll tell your honour," in a low tone; "my twa simples are laudamy and calamy."—"Simples with a vengeance! But, John, do never happen to *kill* any of your patients?"—"Kill? Ou ay, may be. Whiles they die, and whiles no:—but it's the will o' Providence. For how, your honour, it wad be lang before it makes up for Flodden!"‡ Of course, therefore, the small country-town in question must have been north of the Tweed.

It has been said that there is only one joke which it is possible to make on the profession of medicine in the abstract, as there is but one which is not made with propriety on that of the cure of souls: of the one, it is long traditionally humorous to remark that the medicines kill—of the other, that the sermons send to sleep. Whatever foundation there may be for the ordinary joke about sermons, a Saturday Reviewer ironically questions whether the attack so often made on the doctors is altogether justified. It would require statistics, he objects, as to how many people drink at their medical attendants' provide, and how many dispose of the poisons in clandestine ways. "If the latter class are to the former in proportion of three to one, it would be just to draw the inference that drugs are not always fatal."§

But let us proceed to a closer view of that particular leech who by no means is accepted as the type of a very extensive and most fatal brotherhood.

In Gil Blas's time, as we all know, there was not in all Valladolid a physician in higher repute and more general esteem than Doctor Sangrado.

The Doctor's method, that by which he made his name and his money, was, like that of most great men, very simple. He bled his patients wholesale, and made them swallow huge draughts of warm water. It is the former, the wholesale bleeding process, that he is known to possess; and his name is itself a patent indicator to that effect.

When Sangrado, *un grand homme sec et pâle*, is called in to prescribe to Canon Sédillo,|| he forthwith summons a surgeon to make a beginning

* Timon of Athens, Act IV. Sc. 3.

† Byron's Letters to Murray, March 3, 1817.

‡ Reminiscences of Sir W. Scott, by R. P. Gillies, p. 56.

§ Saturday Review, X. 805.

|| Gil Blas de Santillane, livre ii. ch. ii. iii.

in the draining system, by bleeding the reverend patient to the extent of six good porringers-full—*six bonnes palettes de sang*. And he further enjoins the surgeon to come again in three hours' time, and repeat the drain. To-morrow, ditto, da capo.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and—but no, there was no third term in the series. By the third day, thanks to such *fréquentes et copieuses saignées*, the sick man was a dead man. And although Doctor Sangrado was accounted a very Hippocrates in Valladolid, yet was his summary process of hurrying a patient through death's door (outside of it) so notorious, that when Gil Blas went for a notary, and the notary heard what doctor was attending the canon, that legal functionary snatched up hat and cloak in hottest haste, and cried out that then every moment was precious—it not being Doctor Sangrado's custom to allow his patients time to send for a notary at all.

This Spanish medico stands forth in satire the accepted type of a sanguinary brotherhood, with whom lancet and leeches are a specific in all disorders, an antidote for every disease, a panacea almost without exception, held to be and put into practice as valid against every ill that flesh is heir to, be that flesh as exuberant as Daniel Lambert's and Mr. Banting's, or as negative a quantity as in the stage apothecary who obliges Romeo with poison, for a consideration.

Or, say, as in that other stage apothecary, Tobin's, not Shakspeare's, who, being told he "looks half-starved," exclaims in hungry protest, "Half-starved! I wish you'd tell me which half of me is fed. I show more points than an old horse, that has been three weeks pounded." And this apothecary, by the way, this Lampedo, is strictly of the Sangrado or bloodthirsty school. "We must phlebotomise," is his first dictum, when old Signor Balthazar falls into his hands :

We must phlebotomise.

Balt. You won't! Already
There is too little blood in these old veins.

Nothing really ails the senior and signor. But Lampedo has no mind to lose a job :

However, for a week I'll manage him.
Though he has the constitution of a horse—
A farrier should prescribe for him.

* * * * *

To-morrow we phlebotomise again ;
Next day my new-invented patent draught :—
I've tried it on a dog.*

That is worse than Sangrado's hot water cure, in gallon doses, inwardly exhibited ; but as regards the phlebotomy, Sangrado would have welcomed in Lampedo an advanced scholar after his own heart.

Observant readers of Parson Ward's Diary—ranging from the year 1648 to 1678—will have been amused, perhaps, at the frequency of such entries as "Have a care of too much phlebotomie." "Since the fumes of the disease in feavour does not consist in plethorie but in cacochymia, what reason cann there be why blood should be lett, unless itt can bee supposed that only the corrupt blood comes forth ; for if an equal part of

* The Honeymoon, Acts III., IV., *passim*.

ne comes forth with the other, it will not hold for phlebotomie." Again: "Physicians make blood-letting but as a prologue to the play." In another place the Stratford Vicar prescribes, for phlebotomy, when indis-
 ensable, a fair and clear day, not at new or full moon; but "all such
 : have weak stomachs, or who are wrought uppon or opprest by a
 iarrhea, . . . or who have undergon some indigestion, ought not to bee
 looded, nor . . . such as live in too hot or too cold a climate, and are
 f a cold phlegmatick constitution." Again: "In the year 1632, such
 : were let blood generally died; such as had cordials generally did well."
 gain: "Some will in the small-pox let blood . . . but I daily see itt is
 ith ill success; nature is disturbed and debilitated in itt's operations, and
 ie patient dying," &c.*

A reviewer of the Physiological Studies of Dr. Graves† thinks it will
 obably come to be considered as a curiosity of literature that many
 ninent medical men of the present day, astounded at the extent to which
 eeding was formerly employed, have found solace in an absurd theory
 at there has recently occurred a *change in type* of disease; which is
 much as if a teetotal barrister were to attribute the modern sobriety of
 ie bar-mess to an alteration in the legal bearing of cases brought before
 ie courts."‡

It was recently observed of the elk, in Sweden, by "the leading
 urnal's" special correspondent in that country, that he, the elk—that
 object of such high consideration and princely attention—is "certainly
 skilful physician, though his knowledge of medical treatment does not
 extend beyond the old Sangrado remedy." That is to say, the elk, the
 instant that illness makes itself felt, takes to scratching his ear with his
 hind foot, and keeps on scraping till the blood flows freely, which, in
 ordinary cases, instinct tells him, according to this authority,§ will work
 a recovery. Presumably, however, the elk has the advantage over the
 human, or inhuman, Sangrado, in knowing just when to stop.

The same journal's Own Correspondent at Naples, more recently ad-
 verted to an anti-cholera society there, with five medical men on the staff,
 and two bleeders; and described his visit to a cholera patient (Sept., 1865)
 with the black riband tied over his hand. "Now if a low pulse is one of
 the indications of cholera, and bleeding be resorted to, no better method
 could be adopted of encouraging the malady."||

In claiming for Dr. Cullen one immense merit, which will always
 secure to him a conspicuous place in the history of pathology,—by in-
 sisting, namely, on the importance of the solids, and thereby, one-sided

* Diary of the Rev. John Ward, A.M.; edit. Severn, pp. 243, 251, 252, 253-4, 257, 264.

† Of whose many contributions towards the alleviation of human suffering, the
 most notable is considered to have been the great change he first introduced in
 the treatment, by sustenance and stimulants, of fevers and allied disorders, which,
 on the old and orthodox plan, were submitted to a regular course of close rooms,
 bleeding, lowering medicines, and starvation. It is related of him that, when
 passing through a ward full of convalescents from typhus fever, he remarked to
 his class, "Leat, when I am gone, you may be at a loss for an epitaph for me, let
 me give you one in three words—'He fed fevers.'"

‡ *Sat. Rev.*, XVI. 297.

§ *Times*, Oct. 11, 1864. Letters from Stockholm.

|| *Ibid.*, Sept. 15, 1865. Art.: The Cholera in Italy.

though he was, correcting the equal one-sidedness of his predecessors ("for, with extremely few exceptions, all the best pathologists, from Galen downwards, had erred in ascribing too much to the fluids, and had upheld a purely humoral pathology,")—in praising Dr. Cullen for turning the minds of men the other way, Mr. Buckle contends, in passing, that the old humoral pathology, prevalent for so many centuries, was practically pernicious, because, assuming that all diseases are in the blood, it produced that constant and indiscriminate venesection, which destroyed innumerable lives, besides the irreparable injury it often inflicted both on body and mind; weakening those whom it was unable to slay. "Against this merciless onslaught, which made medicine the curse of mankind, the Solid Pathology was the first effective barrier."*

In the "good old times," as a popular contributor to medical literature observes, when every village had its barber-surgeon, one of the most lucrative branches of his profession was bleeding, at one shilling per arm; nearly all the pains and aches and unpleasant feelings to which poor human nature is liable being then attributed to an over-quantity, or bad quality, of the blood, and people seemed to consider it a kind of duty to have a vein opened at least once a year. Dr. Lettsom's motto was

I physics 'em, I bleeds 'em, I sweats 'em,
And if they *will* die, I lets 'em. (J. LETTSOM.)

And the profession largely followed the same rule of faith and practice. The theory of some moderns is, that John Bull is physically so degenerate now-a-days, that he can't stand the depletion that once he required.

Not that John Bull's native practitioners were more addicted than their brethren in foreign parts to the use of the lancet. Rather the other way. Spain and Italy in particular seem to have been the most prolific in the Sangrado species. And they retain, perhaps, that bad eminence to this day.

Mr. Froude, in his account of Elizabeth's ambassador, Sir T. Chaloner's, personal experiences in Spain, remarks upon the "frightful evidence" he there had of the danger of trusting to Spanish physicians. In August, 1564, Philip's Queen (Elizabeth of France) miscarried of twins. Fever followed. "They bled her in both arms; they bled her in both feet; and when spasms and paroxysms came on, they cupped her, and then gave her up and left her to die." Nature eventually proved too strong even for Spanish doctors. The Queen "rallied; and they flew at her once more."† Happily Nature balked the Sangrado sages after all, and foiled them of their prey.

Miss Cornelia Knight records in her Diary, during her sojourn in Italy, that when Spinelli was very ill, a physician was sent for from Naples—the Governor saying he wanted a man who was not afraid to deal with the Roman doctors. When the Neapolitan came, his Roman brethren began, as usual, to give him an account of all the bleedings and purgings with which they had treated their patient. The Neapolitan, without waiting to hear the end of their story, ran up to the sufferer, caught Monseigneur Spinelli by the hand, and exclaimed, "*Sei viva ancora!* And

* Buckle, *History of Civilisation*, vol. ii. ch. vi.

† Froude, *History of England*, vol. viii. p. 461.

you're alive still!"* Monseigneur and his friends ascribed his eventual recovery entirely to the interposition, just in time, of this anti-Sangrado.

The French surgeon Chirac is said to have hastened the end of the Duke of Orleans, ex-Regent, by copious bleedings.

Van Helmont, who was created Doctor of Medicine in the Medical College of Louvain, at the age of twenty-two, records his contrition at what experience taught him was a hasty step. "I saw that there was neither truth nor knowledge in my putative learning; and thought it cruel to desire money from the sufferings of others," &c. These reflections are said to have been promoted, if not induced, by the doctor's treatment of a disorder he had caught, which, as it is not, says *The Doctor*, mentionable in polite society, may be described (as Southey in *The Doctor* describes it) by intimating that the symptom from which it derives its name, is alleviated by what Johnson defines tearing or rubbing with the nails. Both the disorder and the alleviation (monosyllables) are spelt with a Muscovite-looking juxtaposition of the letters tch. Now the physicians, we read, treated Van Helmont, *secundum artem*, in entire ignorance of the disease; "they bled him to cool the liver, and they purged him to carry off the torrid choler and the salt phlegm; they repeated this clearance again and again, till from a hale, strong, and active man, they had reduced him to extreme leanness and debility, without in the slightest degree abating the cutaneous disease."† Some one—a mere nameless nobody, so far as the record shows—cured him easily by brimstone; which set Van Helmont upon meditating many things.

The beginning of that state of bodily suffering and mental excitation in which the celebrated Seeress of Prevost passed the last seven years of her life, is said to have been the consequence (*post hoc*, at any rate, and very *paulo-post*, if not demonstrably *propter hoc*) of a fever, in the first stages of which she seems to have been very injudiciously treated. "Bleeding was resorted to," writes the Marchioness Ossoli (Margaret Fuller), "as usual in extreme cases where the nurses know not what to do, and, as usual, the momentary relief was paid for by an increased nervousness and capacity for suffering."‡

Freiherr von Barnim, the son of Prince Adalbert of Prussia, was struck down by fever at Rosères, during his travels in the north-east of Africa, in 1860, and would almost seem to have been bled to death, with the best intentions, by his medical attendant and biographer, § Dr. Hartmann—who, though almost delirious with fever himself, appears, as an English reviewer observes, to have spared no pains, according to his own views of art, to save the poor young prince. It is suggested as quite possible that the reader, fresh from a recollection of the havoc which blood-letting and other exhaustive treatment had caused among the great men of the last few years, may read of the frequent bleedings which Dr. Hartmann details with a mournful sympathy for the princely patient. "As the Baron was always subjected to a very violent attack of the fever just before sunset, and the present one was singularly violent, I tried another

* Autobiography, &c. of Miss Knight, vol. ii. p. 337.

† Southey, *The Doctor*, ch. clxxxvii.

‡ Summer on the Lakes, by Margaret Fuller Ossoli, ch. v.

§ Reise des Freiherrn Adalbert, u. s. w., von B. Hartmann. Berlin. 1863.

bleeding, in doing which I had to be held up by two persons. I pierced the vein successfully, but scarcely any blood came; and in my despair I tried at the other arm, and very little blood came from it. The unfortunate patient could scarcely move for weakness, and refused all nourishment." This result, however, appears in no way to have staggered the doctor in his attachment to the lancet, and he persevered in it till the Prince was safely laid under the palm-trees in Rosères. It was a sad destiny to be despatched by a doctor in pure affection, who was so ill that he was obliged to be held up by two men to operate properly. The doctor was himself more fortunate. He tried to persuade an attendant to cup him, but the attendant absolutely declined; and the doctor recovered.*

The *opera (necnon opuscula) omnia* almost of the author of "Hard Cash," constitute what old writers would call a Complete Armoury of offence and defence against leech-prescribers and lancet-bearers. Doctor Sampson, Mr. Charles Reade's fictional presentment of a sufficiently actual personage, known to all readers of the *Times* in its advertisement columns alone, if in no other way, denounces the "antiphlogistics" as radically at fault in theory, as well as murderous in practice. *His* theory is, that exhaustion is not a cooler, but a "feverer," or inflamer. Why, he argues, are we all more or less feverish at night? because we are weaker. Starvation is no cooler, it is an inflamer: "burning fever rages in every town, street, camp, where Famine is. As for blood-letting, their prime cooler, it is inflammatory; . . . for the thumping heart, and bounding pulse, of pashints blid by butchers in black, and bullocks blid by butchers in blue, prove it; and they have recorded this in all their books: yet stabbed, and bit, and starved, and mercuried, and murdered, on." This, he asserts, is how the Doctors for thirty centuries have burned the human candle at both ends—opening every known channel of expense with one hand, and with the other, stopped the supplies—yet wondered the light of life expired under their hands. "Look—see! A pashint falls sick. What happens directly? Why, the balance is troubled, and exhaustion exceeds repair. For proof, observe the buddy when disease is fresh,

And you will always find a loss of flesh.

To put it economikly: . . .

Whatever the Disease, its form, or essence,
Expinditure goes on, and income lessens.

To the sick and therefore weak man, enter a Docker purblind with centuries of Cant, Pricidint, Blood and Goose Greece; imagines him a fiery pervalid, though the common sense of mankind, through its interpreter common language, pronounces him, what he is and looks, an 'invalid,' gashes him with a lancet, spills out the great liquid material of all repair by the gallon, and fells this weak man, wounded now, and pale, and fainting, with Dith stamped on his face, to th' earth, like a bayoneted soldier or a slaughtered ox." If the weak man, wounded thus, and weakened, survives, then, continues Dr. Sampson, "the chartered Thugs, who have drained him by the bung-hole, turn to and drain him by the spigot =

* *Sat. Review.* XVI. 101.

they rake him, and then blister him, and then calomel him; and lest Nature should have the ghost of a chance to counterbalance these frightful outgoings, they keep strong meat and drink out of his system emptied by their stabs, bites, purges, mercury, and blisters.”*

Later in the story, Captain Dodd, being stricken with apoplexy, is, of course, duly “blooded” and cupped by the regular practitioners, though against the will of his wife, who has faith in Sampson. “I advise venesection, or cupping,” says Dr. Short, after ascertaining that Mr. Osmond had said the patient must be bled at once, and that other remedy there is none. “Oh, Dr. Short,” pleads Mrs. Dodd, “pray order something less terrible. Dr. Sampson is so averse to bleeding.” Sampson? Sampson? Never heard of him. It is the chronothermal man, suggests Osmond. Oh, ah! resumes Dr. Short, “but this is too serious a case to be quacked. Coma, with stertor, and a full, bounding pulse, indicates [*sic*] liberal blood-letting. I would try venesection; then cup, if necessary, or leech the temple: I need not say, sir, calomel must complete the cure.” And so the physician goes out, with a compliment to the surgeon, about leaving the case in competent hands. Mr. Osmond accordingly goes to work,—after just remarking to the lady that however crotchety Dr. Sampson might be, he was an able man, and had very properly resisted the indiscriminate use of the lancet: the profession owed him much. “But in apoplexy the leech and the lancet are still our sheet-anchors.”—At the first prick of the lancet Dodd shivers, and, as the blood escapes, his eye unfixes, and the pupils contract and dilate, and once he sighs. “Good sign that,” says Osmond.—Anon he cups the patient on the nape of the neck, and, on the glasses drawing, the latter shows signs of consciousness, and his breathing is relieved: these favourable symptoms being either diminished nor increased by the subsequent application of the cupping-needles. “We have turned the corner,” says Mr. Osmond, cheerfully. Then, rap, rap, rap! comes a telegraphic message from Dr. Sampson, brought up to the sick-room. It announces him coming down train: meanwhile his general directions are these: if apoplexy with a full face and stertorous breathing, put the feet in mustard bath, and dash much cold water on the head from above; and on revival give emetic; if with sulphate of quinine:—in apoplexy with a white face, treat as in a simple faint: here emetic dangerous. *In neither apoplexy bleed.* “Not bleed in apoplexy!” says the surgeon, superciliously, when Mrs. Dodd has faltered her misgivings at the contrast between Dr. Sampson’s general orders and Mr. Osmond’s actual treatment—a now accomplished feat: why, it is the universal practice. “Judge for yourself. You see an improvement.” Mrs. Dodd admits that. And finally Mr. Osmond takes his leave—and the family all feel grateful to him, and form a high opinion of his judgment and skill. On his way home he passes the undertaker’s shop, and is pleasantly saluted with a “little commission” of four sovereigns, for recommending that functionary in the obsequies of a late patient, old Mrs. Jephson. “Osmond smiled benignly at their contact with his palm, and said in a grateful spirit: ‘There is an apoplexy at Albion Villa [Captain Dodd’s].’ ‘Oh, indeed, sir!’ and Munday’s eyes sparkled.—‘But I have bled and cupped him.’—‘All right, sir;

* Hard Cash, vol. i. pp. 88 sq.

I'll be on the look-out, and thank you.' " A pungent item in the author's bill of charges against Sangrado and his tribe.

After a while, their arch-assailant, Doctor Sampson, arrives at Albion Villa, and finds the patient pale and muttering. Why, what is this? he has been cupped? and "Sampson changed colour, and his countenance fell."—It only remains, after a scene of expostulation and explanation, to make the best of what is done. "Hartshorn! brandy! and caution! For those two assassins have tied my hands." The school they belong to, he complains, know nothing about the paroxysms and remissions of disease. They have bled and cupped his patient for a *passing fit*. It has passed into the cold stage, but no sooner (affirms Sampson) than it would have done without stealing a drop of blood. "To-morrow, by Disease's nature, he will have another hot fit in spite of their bleeding. Then those iijits would leech his temples; and on that paroxysm remitting by the nature of Disease, would fancy their leeches had cured it."

Mania ensues; and mania baffles the efforts of even a Doctor Sampson, in a case where two regular practitioners have thus had the start of him. How can he work a great cure, he asks, after those assassins (he emphasises the first two syllables) Short and Osmond? Captain Dodd had lost blood previous to his attack, when wounded abroad. And now, forsooth, "instid of recruiting the buddy thus exhausted of the great liquid material of all repair, the professional ass-ass-in came and exhausted him worse; stabbed him while he slept; stabbed him unconscious, stabbed him in a vein: and stole more blood from him. Wasn't that enough? No! the routine of professional ass-ass-ination had but begun; nixt they stabbed him with cupping-needles, and so stole more of his blood. And they were goen from their stabs to their bites, goen to leech his temples, and so hand him over to the sixton." But you came in and saved him, exclaims a believer. Saved his life, Sampson assents, sorrowfully, but life is not the only good thing a man may be robbed of by those who steal his life-blood, and so impoverish and water the contents of his brain. Captain Dodd survives the bleeding; but is a maniac.

As for the mania, Mr. Osmond attributes that to "an insufficient evacuation of blood while under the apoplectic coma." Not bled enough! Why, Sampson says it is because he was bled too much. Osmond is amused at this; and can only repeat that the mania came of not being bled enough.†

By the way, is it by a slip of the pen, or some graver lapse, that in some other part of the story Mr. Reade indicates Cervantes, not *Lease*, as the creator of Doctor Sangrado?

In an earlier and less popular, but not less note-worthy or meritorious work than "Hard Cash," Mr. C. Reade had already dealt a shower of raps on the Sangrado and Sangsue faculty. There is in "The Cloister and the Hearth" a Dusseldorf doctor of medicine, who, finding Gerard feverish from a flesh-wound (wrought by the paw of a bear), orders "flebotomy, and on the instant." The man of art explains to his patient that in disease the blood becomes hot and distempered and more or less poisonous: but, a portion of this unhealthy liquid removed, Nature, he argues, is fain to create a purer fluid to fill its place. Bleeding, therefore,

* Hard Cash, vol. ii. pp. 55 sq., 60 sq.

† Cf. pp. 99 sq., 107.

g both a cooler and a purifier, was a specific in all diseases, for all ases were febrile, whatever empirics might say. The common-sense practical observation of the unlettered soldier, Denys, serve to check sanguinary designs of this leech on Gerard. When a soldier bleeds a wound in battle, these leeches say, complains Denys, "Fever. ed him!" and so they burn the wick at t'other end too. They bleed bled. Now at fever's heels comes desperate weakness; then the man ds all his blood to live; but these prickers and burners, having no fore- ught, recking nought of what is sure to come in a few hours, and ng like brute beasts only what is under their noses—thus Denys con- ies his indictment—"have meantime robbed him of the very blood his t had spared him to battle that weakness withal; and so he dies ex- isted: hundreds have I seen so scratched, and pricked, out of the world, ard, and tall fellows too: but lo! if they have the luck to be wounded ere no doctor can be had, then they live; this too have I seen." Let ard *experto credat Dionysio*, who would never, he is persuaded, have lived that field in Brabant, but for his most lucky mischance, lack of surgery. The frost choked all his bleeding wounds, and so he lived. A surgeon would have pricked yet one more hole in Denys's body with lance, and drained his last drop out, and his spirit with it.—The doctor ightway falls to shouting at Denys, and abusing him as a soldier, ose business is to kill men, not cure them; and he warns Gerard against ming to that man of blood. But Denys is more than a match for the tor, and goes on to say, "I do somewhat in the way of blood, but not th mention in this presence. For one I slay, you slay a score, and for spoonful of blood I draw, you spill a tubful. . . Go to! He was no l who first called you 'leeches.' Sang-sues! va!"*

in resuming their travels, Gerard and his military comrade put up at convent, where a "monastic leech" rather sides with Denys upon bleed-

. We Dominicans, quoth he, seldom let blood now-a-days; the lay shes say 'tis from timidity and lack of skill; but, in sooth, we have s found that simples will cure most of the ills that can be cured at

As for the blood, the Vulgate saith expressly it is "the life of a n."†

There is a liberal infusion of history in this same tale of Mr. Reade's, a chapter in the fourth volume is concerned with the last illness and death of Philip Duke of Burgundy. Now paupers, we there read, got and got well as Nature pleased: but woe betided the rich in an age en, "for one Mr. Malady killed, three fell by Dr. Remedy.

* The duke's complaint, nameless then, is now diphtheria. It is, and is, a very weakening malady, and the duke was old; so altogether Dr. remedy bled him.

* The duke turned very cold: wonderful!† To remedy which result, doctor ordered an ape to be flayed forthwith and clapped to the duke's ast; and officers of state ran "septemvius," as the author cha- racteristically words it, seeking an ape to counteract what he calls the odthirsty tomfoolery of the human species.

Again, in one of his early tales of life bucolical, Mr. Charles Reade

* The Cloister and the Hearth, vol. i. ch. xxvi.

† Ibid., vol. ii. ch. iii.

‡ Vol. iv. ch. iv.

thus makes the sudden illness of an old soldier the occasion for another onslaught on Sangrado. "Corporal Patrick lived. But it was a near thing, a very near thing—he was saved by one of those accidents we call luck. When Mrs. Mayfield's Tom rode for the doctor, the doctor was providentially out." For, had he been in, Mr. Reade declares that Corporal Patrick would then and there have vanished from his story—this doctor being one of the pig-sticking sort, one who loved to stab men and women with a tool that "has slain far more than the sword in modern days,"—the lancet. "Had he found a man insensible, he would have stabbed him; he always stabbed a fellow-creature whom he found insensible." "Now had he drawn from those old veins one table-spoonful of that red fluid which is the life of a man, the aged man would have come to his senses only to sink the next hour, and die for want of that vital stream stolen from him by rule."* If the same author's George Fielding gets the better of his illness in the bush, it is partly because "no assassin had been there with his lancet."†

George Eliot pictures the opposite modern schools of practitioners in the two "medical men" who flourished at Milby, to wit Mr. Pilgrim and Mr. Pratt. Pratt, we are told, elegantly referred all diseases to debility, and, with a proper contempt for symptomatic treatment, went to the root of the matter with port wine and bark; while Pilgrim was persuaded that the evil principle in the human system was plethora, and he made war against it with cupping, blistering, and cathartics. By their respective patients, as we may very well conceive, these two distinguished men were pitted against each other with great virulence. "Mrs. Lowme could not conceal her amazement that Mrs. Phipps should trust her life in the hands of Pratt, who let her feed herself up to that degree, it was really shocking to hear how short her breath was; and Mrs. Phipps had no patience with Mrs. Lowme, living, as she did, on tea and broth, and looking as yellow as any crow-flower, and yet letting Pilgrim bleed and blister her and give her lowering medicine till her clothes hung on her like a scare-crow's."‡

There is a rather amusing passage in the invalid experiences of poor suffering Weber, who once fell into what his son and biographer describes as a singular condition, in which a yearning for meat and drink seemed to have mastered every intellectual faculty. Old Doctor Hedenus was the Sangrado who, not bled him much perhaps, but lowered him, severely and systematically. The doctor's panacea was reduction of the system, and he therefore enjoined on Weber the most scanty and stingy possible diet. As Weber was getting well again, the pangs of hunger seized him, without mercy and without intermission; and eating and drinking, we are assured, became the only objects of his thoughts. "He would stand by the half hour at a time, watch in hand, on the kitchen stairs, and burst into fits of rage if his soup was not ready to the prescribed moment, or if the cup was not full to the brim. When his favourite cat had upset the bowl of sour milk which was the only dainty accorded him, he pummed the culprit all over the house with a stick, like one in a state of frenzy, in order to chastise the very creature he had loved to fondle.

"The arrangement of his food, such as his Sangrado allowed him, for

* Clouds and Sunshine, ch. iiii.

† Never Too Late to Mend, ch. li.

‡ Scenes of Clerical Life: Janet's Repentance, ch. ii.

following day was a matter of such deep and all-absorbing anxiety to that it would have excited a smile in Caroline, had not this strange normal condition of her dear husband excited her liveliest fears."* It not until this singular curse was removed from his brain that Weber more began to bestir himself in the sphere of Euryanthe, Der ischütz, and Oberon.

How far the most intelligent and influential of the profession have been, for long years past, from cherishing the Pilgrim bleed-and-purge them, may be seen—to leave practice aside—in the writings of almost every real medical authority who has touched on the subject. Take Sir Henry Holland, for instance. In his *Medical Notes and Reflections*, a posthumous volume published in 1839, the cautions are frequent and the tests are unambiguous against the Sangrado school. One chapter, for example, begins with the query, Is not depletion by bleeding a practice too general and indiscriminate in affections of the brain, and especially in the different forms of paralysis? "Theory might suggest that, in various of these cases [enumerated], the loss of blood would lead to mischief.—Experience undoubtedly proves it; and there is cause to believe that this mischief, though abated of late years, is still neither infrequent nor small in amount." Dr. Holland refers to cases of brain disease within his knowledge where bleeding has immediately been followed by convulsions of epileptic character, occasionally by amaurosis or madness, more frequently still by rambling delirium; and where wine or other cordials have as speedily abated these tendencies. "I have known many instances where bleeding has been repeated to remove the very symptoms which it was next to certain it had been the means of bringing

Even in those cases of cerebral disorder where the tendency to bleed may give presumption of pressure, "I have sometimes had the direct cause to believe that large bleeding induced paralytic attacks, which might otherwise have been spared." Elsewhere Sir H. Holland mentions several of these observations as to bleeding (especially in advanced cases) to apply equally to the use of purgatives: "The frequent employment of drastic medicines of this kind is injurious to the general powers of life, as well as to the particular organs on which their impression is made."

Once more: "Those singular disturbances to the nervous system which occasionally occur from great deficiency or sudden loss of blood, and which have reflected action in disturbing the heart, are often wrongly interpreted, and made a motive for additional depletion."†

Take as an incidental illustration, to the like effect, a case occurring in the practice of the late Dr. Andrew Combe,—his patient being a physician, suffering from a severe rheumatic affection, with great fever, nervous restlessness, and an apparently full bounding pulse. "In my younger days I should have bled him as an act of necessity; but even as it was, I had some anxious doubts in refraining." Certain circumstances, however, not of a prominent kind, led Dr. Combe to suspect that the excitement was much more of a nervous than inflammatory character; and he abstained from bleeding, and refused even leeches, which the patient wished for. "The event showed I was correct; and, I bled him, I have reason to believe that his recovery would have

Life of Weber, vol. ii. ch. v.

Medical Notes and Reflections, by Sir H. Holland, M.D., cf. pp. 38 sq., 279, 282 sq., 528; edit. 1839.

been greatly retarded, and his stamina much impaired, instead of being, as he now is, better than for many previous months.”*

Poor Thomas Hood, the elder, often and often, in his familiar correspondence, bewails the Sangrado system in general, and deprecates in particular its application or applicability to himself. Writing from Coblenz in 1835, he says: “I have at last reluctantly called in medical aid; the whole system here seems based on Sangrado’s practice, bleeding, blistering, and drastica. I had the prudence to mitigate his prescriptions, which in the proportion of two-thirds almost made me faint away.” Again, to another friend, some six months later: “Verily, I have no faith in the doctors here—we are sure to see a funeral every day—the population being only 20,000, including troops. I heard the other day of a man having *fifty-five* leeches on his thigh! My wig! why they out-Sangrado Sangrado! One of their blisters would draw a waggon. If I should be ill again I will prescribe for myself.” Next year, he has a fit of spitting blood: the doctor sent for, bleeds him, and though with success, the patient plaintively protests: “Now I cannot believe that such a poor crow as I can have too much blood.” In a later epistle (April, 1837), still from Coblenz, he tells how there are standing advertisements in the town papers where leeches are to be had cheap. “I *know* of three barber-surgeons who bleed; there may be more. The one who bled me in February is only just set up, and he told me he had bled eighty that month; one may say two hundred and fifty, between the three operators, with safety.” It is touching, however, to find him, three years later, when prostrate with a more alarming seizure, congratulating himself on having had no fresh attack since the bleeding in the arm, and writing to his wife, his “own dearest love,” from Stratford (April, 1840), “I suspect had I been bled at Ostend instead of lingering on for fourteen days, it would have averted all this.” But his English doctor told him they probably thought he had no blood to spare, and that he, the doctor, only bled him now to save blood in the end.†

Sangrado saviours, as a class, might have their system worse defined than in the words of Gibbon, when concluding that, upon the whole, the great Mogul emperor was rather the scourge than the benefit of mankind. If, says he,‡ some partial disorders, some local oppressions, were healed by the sword of Timour, the remedy was far more pernicious than the disease.

It was remarked the other day by a reviewer of Dr. Barclay’s recent work on Medical Errors,§ that many of us can recollect the time when it was universally believed that the first step to be taken in any serious case was to bleed the patient, and now so completely has opinion changed, and so high does the prejudice against blood-letting run, that few physicians, even if they believe that under certain circumstances it would be beneficial, will dare to employ it. The physician in such a case knows, it is added, that should it terminate fatally he will be charged with the death of his patient, and he therefore “quietly and prudently submits to the rule which fashion or current opinion prescribes for him.”

* Letter from Madeira, dated Jan. 30, 1844.—See Life of Dr. A. Combe, p. 470.

† Memorials of Thomas Hood, vol. i. pp. 82, 102, 231, 267; ii. 67.

‡ History of the Decline and Fall, &c., ch. lxxv.

§ Fallacies connected with the Application of the Inductive Method of Reasoning to the Science of Medicine.

WIDOW DALLAS.

AN IRISH TALE.

V.

MRS. DALLAS felt the dread that such a situation naturally must make her feel, but fully trusted that in a little time the man would come back according to his promise. But she could not keep from weeping. The awful doubt of how she was to reach her home—the way was wholly unknown to her—the extreme darkness and wildness of the night—the loneliness of the scene—all this might have appalled a much sturdier temper, and been too much for even a strong man's nerves. She had not waited more than a few minutes after Thady had gone, when she heard the sound of horses galloping down from the mountain-side, and the man who rode them, pulling up, soon approached at a foot's pace. One of them got off his horse, and, giving the bridle to his companion, approached the car she was sitting on, and said, "Who's here?" Mrs. Dallas was afraid almost to speak; but the speaker, who was Phelim O'Sil, did not wait for an answer to approach near her, and when he knew who it was, he said:

"I'm sorry that you have met with such a sad accident, Mrs. Dallas, but I think I can tell you what you had best do, so as to get into shelter and afterwards get a conveyance to reach your home. We have just been out shooting on the mountains, and I waited in one of the tenants' huts for the rain to be over, but seeing no sign of it I came off with my dog-keeper, who is now riding the other horse; he has two large hampers on each side, and I think I shall be able to put your cushions, and make you as comfortable as it is possible to be under the circumstances, and in a little time we shall reach Rocheville by the short way." Having said this, Mrs. Dallas did not, in her fearful and forlorn state, know what to make, but allowed him to remove the cushions, and put them, with the other man's help, across the two hampers, which were on each side of the horse that Darby Ryan was on. He then said, "Now, Darby, get on my horse, and gallop to M'Gourks's cabin for a hand-barrow to take this lady's trunk."

The man instantly obeyed, and all this preparation was effected in the course of two or three minutes. When he was gone, Mrs. Dallas

"I am waiting here, sir, for the person that drove this car with me to Churchtown, and I expect him here shortly."

"It is much better for you to seat yourself on the cushions, and I will answer for your being taken to a place of shelter," Phelim replied. Mrs. Dallas thought that she could better trust the person who at least appeared in the guise of a gentleman than the man who had driven her, so she allowed herself to be lifted up on the car, and the horse, which was a powerful, and very quiet one, stood quite still as she stepped from the place on the side of the car upon the cushion which was fixed on its

As soon as she had taken her seat, and as Phelim held the

reins, standing at the horse's head, Darby returned with a small hand-barrow and two small boys, which, as usual, they called gossoons.

"Now, Darby," said Phelim, "you put the lady's trunk on the barrow. Stay with this gossoon, and let him wheel it after us. Let the other, who rides well, get on the horse's back in front of the baskets, and I will ride my own horse, and show them the way."

This was done, and the little fellow bestriding the horse kept pace with Phelim, who took them right across the mountain, through the brushwood, by the paths, all in the dark, the lady not knowing which way he was going, but trembling, weeping, and half dead with anxiety. The horses climbed up the eminences like goats, the wild broom and heath brushed the baskets as the lady sat between them, the little boy lashed the horse and seemed to enjoy his mettle as he sprang forward through the brushwood, by the tangled rushes, through the frowning chasms of rocks, over the furze-dotted patch of green turf, still following in the wake of Phelim's horse, till it came to a halt at the vault-way at the back of his ancestral abode, Castleogh. He dismounted and stooped to his horse, and the lady, guided by the urchin, came up. He waited till the boy whom he had left with Darby Ryan in charge of the barrow and lady's trunk came up also, which happened in a few minutes, and then desired the gossoon who rode to get off, and to help the other in taking charge of it. He then gave his horse to Darby Ryan, and they all, under Darby's care, went away, and left him with the lady. When she was thus left alone with him, she began to be sensible of her situation, and to suspect that she had been drawn into a sort of trap, and she was filled with consternation. She implored him to have pity on her. He continued asking her to alight, and she still refused. He informed her that the door led to a house of shelter.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "if it were a regular access to any house, why should you send your servants away? Have pity on my deserted, miserable condition, and let me take the way to Rocheville; let one of the boys lead me there; I do not care if it should be ever so far. I fear to go this silent, intricate way; I fear to leave the open ground, even. Oh, have mercy upon me, and let me go!"

"I would sooner die than injure you," replied Phelim. "I love you better than my life itself. I will indeed take care of you if you will trust me."

"Take care of me, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Dallas. "I do not want any further care than to allow me to go to my home." It had been raining until then, but the weather cleared at last. "Oh, sir," she added, "even allow me to dismount, and I will find my way over the mountain; but only let me go."

"Indeed the way is difficult to find, and there are marshes and bogs which you could never get through," he answered. "But can you not step in for a moment, and listen to what I say? I swear to you I love you dearer than it is possible for me to say, and have loved you so since I saw you."

She did not wish to enter into any explanation regarding those feelings, and much less did she wish to accede to his urgent request of going inside the passage, and she felt the situation most irksome and terrifying. She screamed to him to have pity on her. Her sobs were so unceasing,

that it seemed as if she would be seized with a convulsive fit. But still he approached nearer, and knelt to her to beg of her to allow him to take her down, and he was on the point of seizing her in his brawny arms and lifting her down, when, as it were overwhelmed with the sense of her danger, she gave a wild, fearful scream, and sank back lifeless on the cushion which lay at her back. Phelim, who all this time had never let go the bridle of the horse, now felt that the case was becoming alarming. He was by no means a hard-hearted man, and he really thought that when she had agreed to enter with him, been pacified, and had come in and seen his house, that he would have had an opportunity of persuading her to think better of the prospect which he was enabled to lay before her, and the good fortune which he should be certain to offer to her, all would have been well; she would probably have relented, and listened to his advances. But now he almost apprehended something serious from her state of mind, and would have given much that he had pursued a different course, and that he had taken her to Rocheville at once. Soon after her last most shrieking cry, the door which was inside the passage, at whose entrance they stood, opened, and Darby Ryan ran out, and going up to his master, whispered something to him. Although both master and man supposed that she was totally unconscious, such was not really the case, but though she felt momentarily faint, she recovered herself, and even heard the words which Darby said to Phelim O'Neil. They were: "The sodgers is out still-hunting on the mountain, and if she cries out so they'll be here shortly." She felt a sort of supernatural strength given to her by the necessity of the occasion, and raising herself up from the cushion, exclaimed, "I adjure you, sir, by all the feelings which belong to a man, that you let me leave this." She then called out very loudly for help, and though it did not succeed in bringing any soldiers to the place, yet it reached the ear of two horsemen who were at some distance from the spot, but who galloped up to see what was the matter. The fact was, that the magistrates' requisition for a still-hunting party had arrived at the barracks at Churchtown. Though only a subaltern's party was required, such was the anxiety felt by Major Hargrave, who was a very zealous officer, on the occasion of his men being employed for the first time on this somewhat troublesome duty, that he was determined to go after the party at some distance. Accordingly, telling one of his captains the state of the case, the other asked to accompany him in his night ride, and Major Hargrave consenting, they both got on their horses and followed at some little distance.

When Darby, who was the adviser and instigator in the whole of the nefarious business, saw the issue that it was likely to come to, he urged his master to go by the secret way into his house, and before the horsemen had reached the place where Mrs. Dallas was seated, Phelim had thrown the reins on the horse's neck, and he and his exemplary servant both absconded. Phelim saw that if he had been unable to urge her to come along with him down the passage when she was alone, it would have been still more impossible for him to effect such a purpose when such assistance was at hand, and though he was not at all unwilling to contend the point with the horsemen, yet the circumstance of the lady's reluctance would make the contention useless. Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all, and he feared more the ridiculous disclosure which would follow her

being questioned by her rescuers, than anything that could have ensued from their coming into collision with him.

When Major Hargrave and his companion rode up, their astonishment was very great indeed, but did not equal the tumult of feelings with which Mrs. Dallas was seized at being found in such a situation. The boy who had wheeled the barrow away also returned at that instant, and leaving it near her horse, having evidently been ordered to do so by those inside, he ran off as fast as he could go. When Mrs. Dallas had come to herself, she briefly explained under what circumstances she had arrived, and how she had been led along through the unknown mountain-paths, and gave, in short, the recital of her journey from Churchtown, adding, that the mysterious disappearance of the driver who took her in the car from thence made her almost suspect that a trap had been laid for her.

"Come what may," said Major Hargrave, "I hope you will allow me to stay with you, Mrs. Dallas, till I have taken you home, or to some place of safety."

Mrs. Dallas felt more than she dared to express the sense of thankfulness that she experienced in having found an escape from the dreadful predicament, and replied: "You see how the matter stands, and I shall be obliged to you for your escort to my home."

Then Major Hargrave asked his companion to go to where the revenuers men who had brought the still-hunting party out were standing with the soldiers, and tell them to send two men to come and take charge of the barrow, and to let them all follow him in the direction of Mrs. Dallas's house. Then he was left alone with her, and a host of contending emotions succeeded in her mind to the frightful despair which had possessed her before. She thought it was as a raising from the dead this sudden apparition. The security was nothing in itself compared with the gratitude she felt to the noble being who had been the means of bringing it to her. Though the meeting him was indeed casual, it seemed as if it were a decree of Providence that she should be so rescued from the imminent danger of being imprisoned, if not ill treated most shamefully. They had not time to descant long upon the circumstances, but he urged her to press onward, and taking hold of her bridle, the night being now clear and the moon breaking out, they went onwards, and his friend, who had returned with the men, rode with them. Her nerves were now so completely shocked by the severe trial which they had undergone, that Major Hargrave was almost apprehensive of her being able to remain seated, and the doubt was whether he should hurry her on quickly until they got to her journey's end, or allow of her feeling more easy by proceeding at a slower pace. They did not talk much during the way of any but the most indifferent subjects—of her late journey, of the state of the country, and of the families in the neighbourhood. She never ceased to think what a wonderful mercy it would be if she were able to reach her home in safety. His manner, his look, his words, his every gesture, showed the utmost respect and kind solicitude for her. She felt much reassured, and gathering courage from the kind way in which he spoke, and the demeanour which he had habitually observed, she sustained herself through the dreary ride, and at last reached the cottage, they having made a circuit of the mountain.

When they arrived, he assumed to himself the authority of letting the revenue men go back with the horse and the barrow to Castleogh, and he stayed at the door until the maids in the house had been roused, and had opened it to their mistress. When he saw her at last safely housed, he and his friend wished her good night, and saying that he could not go in, but hoped to do himself the pleasure of calling again on her the next day, he and his companion rode back to where the revenue party were with the soldiers. It was nearly daylight before they had finished their search of the different places pointed out to them by the revenue men as likely to be the haunts of the illicit distillers, and after a fruitless patrol they all returned to their barracks at Churchtown.

When Major Hargrave left Mrs. Dallas, he began pondering in his own mind as to the course he should pursue with regard to the conduct that had been shown her by Mr. O'Neil. The more he dwelt upon the whole detail, the more he became convinced that she was quite right in supposing that a foul and deep-laid design had been at work for the purpose of drawing her into O'Neil's power, but he also was at a loss to see how the culpability could be brought home to him. Could any one prove that the wretched man who drove the car had intentionally brought it into collision with the rock on the roadside? that O'Neil's account of his casually riding there and coming up in time to take her from off the car was not also true? Could any one fix any censure upon him for taking her away into a place of shelter? What was clear to the mind of every one was still by no means legally indictable, and now that by the most providential interposition he was enabled to bring her out safe from harm, he thought to himself that he would rather endeavour to induce her to leave a country where such things were likely to occur, than set about to take vengeance on the vile offender who could be capable of them. With such reflections he arrived at Churchtown, and resolved to take the first opportunity that presented itself of urging upon her the necessity of leaving the country. Indeed, his feelings with regard to her welfare were so strong, and his determination, if possible, to make her an offer of his hand so fixed, that he scarcely slept that morning, notwithstanding the fatigues which he had gone through during the night.

How different were the feelings of Phelim O'Neil when he found himself, with his chosen confidant and servant, inside the dining-room at Castleogh. "What on earth," he exclaimed, "shall I now do to escape the sight of man? Every acquaintance in the neighbourhood will hear this story in the course of two or three days. I must be off, Darby; soon, very soon. I'll take the first stage that goes to Dublin. I'll not wait many hours. If I had been able to get her inside the house, it would have been all right; but now that I'm balked, she'll never consent to see me again, and I cannot bear to be laughed at about it. I cannot stand becoming the by-word of the whole country."

Thus was this man, who had been born a gentleman, and with every advantage of personal appearance, and with means fully ample to enable him to live as a gentleman and to maintain that position in society, so sunk and degraded from the sphere that he ought to have moved in, from low education, low habits, low associations, that he had become the tool of a low-born creature like Darby Ryan, and had lost his respect in the

estimation both of himself and of his fellow-men. So, truly, was the converse of the saying in him verified :

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as to night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

But he prepared for his journey, and, as matters had turned out, it was perhaps the best step that he could take.

It was a beautiful morning at Charlesfort the day after that eventful evening on which Mrs. Dallas met with her mishaps, and Mrs. Moore resolved to take the children a drive into the country, saying that she would go to the cottage and inquire of the maids as to what time they expected their mistress back. The days were getting much shorter now, and she would go soon after breakfast, so the carriage was ready at eleven, and the two little girls and Mrs. Moore got in and drove to the cottage. They were two charming little children, and every day Mrs. Moore was becoming more attached to little Georgiana. She told her that she thought her mamma would very soon return, and that she need not grieve about her, for she heard that she was quite well in the last letter she had from Mr. Moore. Always making mention of her, and dwelling upon the pleasure that they would have in meeting her again, they conversed together the whole time that they were driving from Charlesfort to the cottage. She told them of the beautiful sights that her mamma had seen in London, and what a wonderful place it was. She said that she would be soon sure to return, as it would not take long to establish little Frederick at his school, as Woolwich was but a very short distance from London. She told them how charmed she was to find that they had behaved so well and been so friendly together, and that she hoped they would always love one another as true little sisters. Little Georgiana was so pleased at her kind looks, her beaming countenance, her smiling dark eyes, which spoke the very soul of amiability, and let you into the secret of her heart, which actually only felt pleasure in acts of affectionate regard, that she almost thought she had met with a second mother, and said, "I love you nearly as much as mamma." They were not long in driving to the cottage, but were certainly little prepared to meet with what they saw there.

Although it was late at night before Mrs. Dallas had been able to get to her bed after all her troubles, yet she determined to rise early in the morning, as she said to herself, "My first act will be to write to Mrs. Moore and tell her of my arrival, and ask her how my little Georgiana is." She got up accordingly, though exceedingly wearied and harassed, and even trembling from the recollection of what she had gone through. She had, however, the deepest sense of gratitude to the Almighty for the wonderful way in which she had been brought out of the terrible danger that she might have fallen into. She prayed long and earnestly. After breakfasting, she sat down to write her note to Mrs. Moore, and began to think who she should send it by. It was a long time before it could reach that lady by post, but she did not know to whom she could entrust it. She even felt apprehensive of all the inhabitants of the neighbouring

cottages, so much had she been shocked by the fright of the past night. Her maids, to whom she told the story, reassured her. They said that it was only a wild freak of Mr. O'Neil's, but that they were all a wild set at Castleogh, and it was well she had got rid of him. Mrs. Dallas thought to herself that she would be glad if she could find means to leave such a neighbourhood, as only for Mrs. Moore the place would be intolerable. She fell into a reverie—the hours passed on—she heard the house-bell ring—she looked at the clock, and it was near twelve, when, to her intense delight, she saw, on looking through the window, that Mrs. Moore's carriage was at the gate, with the two little children and herself in it. They very soon alighted, and she felt transports of joy both at seeing little Georgiana again, and at meeting her kind friend. She asked her to let the two little ones go away together to play in the garden, and when they were out of hearing she told her friend, in a flood of tears, the whole of the story of her adventures.

After hearing it from beginning to end, Mrs. Moore said :

"My dear, you must not think of staying here now. Come home with me for the present, and stay at Charlesfort until you have written to your brother, and I have also written to Mr. Moore, and then we shall see what best can be done. That a man should be guilty of such an insane attempt as leading away a woman against her will to his house, is what I have heard of as happening amongst the farmers in the remote parts of the country, but I do not think it has ever been attempted upon a lady before now. If there be any possibility of punishing him for such conduct, I should think he certainly ought to suffer, let the publicity be ever so great; but you should certainly come home now with me. He will not, I think, attempt anything further when you are at my house, and, under the circumstances, I really fancy he must be so ashamed of himself that he will be sure to leave the neighbourhood. I am sure that I feel exceedingly grateful to Major Hargrave for the part that he has acted on this occasion, and that you must also have the same feelings for him. After all your trials, it will be much pleasanter for you to leave this, if it be only for a time."

With such persuasions did Mrs. Moore induce her friend to consent, and she actually made her preparations for departure, and left the cottage along with Mrs. Moore and the two little girls, in the carriage which had brought them thither. When they had driven about two miles, they met Major Hargrave on horseback, who was on his way to the cottage to make inquiries as to the health of the lady to whom he had been of such material assistance, and when Mrs. Moore saw him she stopped the carriage, and beckoned to him to come to her. When he came up, and they had saluted one another, Mrs. Moore said :

"This lady, who is so much indebted to you for your kind conduct, I have prevailed upon to come and stay with me for a few days, and I hope that you will come to-morrow to us and meet her at dinner at Charlesfort."

When Major Hargrave agreed to do so, and they had some further conversation, they drove on, and he returned to his quarters at Churchtown. On their way back to Charlesfort, Mrs. Moore began an eulogium of Major Hargrave, of his appearance, his manners, of his intrepid and

noble conduct, of his good taste in the behaviour he had shown, and never ceased to comment on each particular, and though Mrs. Dallas was wholly a silent auditor on the occasion, yet, with a woman's discrimination, Mrs. Moore was able to perceive that she was by no means unmoved by the description which she gave her of her sentiments in regard to his conduct. It would have been easy for a person of cynical disposition to assert that he could not have done otherwise than what he did, but the events had turned out so effectively in his favour, that whether it was his good star that decreed him such a prize, or that his good looks and manners had captivated the lady in whom he took such an interest, it was nevertheless certain that he had now completely won her affection, although she did not wish to confess it even to herself. The next day he came a little before the dinner-hour, as Mrs. Moore told him that it was quite a private party, and she would not ask any one to meet him except the most intimate friends of the family, and hoped he would come early.

When he came up-stairs he found the ladies seated in the drawing-room, and Mrs. Moore told him that she only expected the clergyman of the parish and his wife; a little while afterwards she said she would return shortly, and left him with Mrs. Dallas. She was dressed in a light violet gauze, most exquisitely trimmed. She sat in a corner of the sofa, apparently rather languid from some late fatigue. Her eyes were beaming soft and beautiful; her colour blushed "deeper sweets" as she looked at him; her arm of purest alabaster lay on the edge of the sofa-cushion; her small hand drooped over it; her lips almost quivered with emotion as she began to speak, and to say to him, "I feel sure, sir, that I ought to thank you for your exertions the other evening." He answered that he was only casually passing, but he felt exceedingly pleased at finding that his escort was of use to her in seeing her safe to her home. He added: "It would be to me an extreme pleasure to know that I had been the means of being of service to any person in such a predicament." There was something so strikingly soft and engaging in the look that she regarded him with when he had uttered these words, that he felt as if he had inspired her with a favourable impression, and that he should not be an unsuccessful advocate if he pleaded for himself to her. He hoped sincerely that she had not suffered from the effects of the tiresome ride. She said that at first she felt it, but she had now quite recovered. He said that he had been thinking ever since it happened of what a severe trial it must have been to her, and that it had never for a moment gone out of his memory. Mrs. Dallas remarked: "Well, it is a rather remarkable passage in my life, but in yours, I suppose, it is only a transient occurrence, which will make but a faint impression, and be forgotten in a short time." "No, Mrs. Dallas," he replied, "I do not think so; there are circumstances attending the events of that evening which I know I shall never forget. It is not often in a man's life that he becomes so deeply impressed as I was." "In what way?" inquired Mrs. Dallas. He said, "I felt interested beyond all that I could express in it; but I must ask you to forgive my saying what I ought to conceal from you." "You have put me under such an obligation already," she answered, "I am ready to pardon you, if it is not a very great offence." "The offence is," said Major Hargrave, "that I feel an interest in you

greater than any words can speak, and I hope you will forgive my saying that I love you." She sunk her head on her breast, and saying "I will give you an answer some other time, sir," she left the room.

As this was by no means said angrily, but, on the contrary, in a soft tone, Major Hargrave conjectured that the reason of her departure was the apprehension of some person coming in suddenly and being witness to a scene, and that it was far from her thoughts to break off finally with him. Though it had not been his intention to speak his mind so early to her, or, indeed, to enter so seriously upon the topic, yet as his declaration was brought out by the encouraging looks which he had received from her, he was not, when he was left alone to his reflections, by any means sorry for having proceeded so far in the business.

Mrs. Dallas sought her friend Mrs. Moore, and told her she wished to speak to her very much for a few minutes; and Mrs. Moore, conjecturing what the matter was, sat down and began to laugh. Mrs. Dallas could scarcely keep from laughing also, but she told her friend from beginning to end what had taken place, and added: "I have not yet given him a final answer, but I imagine that he fully believes that I will accept him."

"You know, my dear," said Mrs. Moore, "that I told you the other day what my opinion of him was. There are some persons who are possessed of that sort of tell-tale countenance that one can never mistake the character they bear, and I am sure I know that he is good tempered and good natured, being, besides, clever and handsome. I am perfectly convinced, from his conduct and his demeanour in every respect, that he is worthy of you, which is saying the most that I can say of him."

They soon afterwards joined Major Hargrave below in the drawing-room, and some other guests coming in, the dinner was announced. Major Hargrave went down with the clergyman's wife, and did not say a word more during dinner-time to Mrs. Dallas, and she certainly appreciated the delicacy which he showed in not letting any of the guests see how matters stood. The sederunt after dinner was very short, and as it was an autumn moonlight, and extremely fair, Mrs. Moore engaged the ladies to go with her into the garden, and soon afterwards the two gentlemen joined them.

The clergyman was an old acquaintance of Mrs. Moore, and was a truly devout and earnest follower of the blessed religion which he professed, and he and his wife walked onward with Mrs. Moore and the children, and he began a conversation regarding education, with which they were deeply interested, both from the circumstance of his being a parent who had brought up his young ones in the most exemplary way, and from his Christian principles, being so well known and so clearly exhibited in his conduct through life. While they were engaged in their conversation, and solely taken up with its subject, Mrs. Dallas had dropped behind, and Major Hargrave having joined her, he thought he would at once come to the point with regard to the subject with which they were both most intensely interested, and remarked: "I think, Mrs. Dallas, it is as well to say that I have fully made up my mind to retire from the service when I have a convenient opportunity, and having a

small place in England, which is at present let, I shall go there and reside. I mentioned before to you what my sentiments were, and I hope I may have been fortunate enough to have received your pardon for declaring them to you so soon, but there are so many vicissitudes in our very uncertain life as soldiers, that if I did not say what I had to say at once I might be ordered away, and have never a chance of saying it again. There will be still some little time before I can be enabled to leave my present profession; but it will not be very long, for I want to make the retirement which I propose before the regiment gets in order to go on foreign service, for were I to wait for that event to take place, the time for its proposal would not be advantageous to me; besides, as there is now no active service in prospect for the British army to look forward to, the only service that I should have to expect would be colonial, and nothing could reconcile me to another specimen of colonial life, of which I have had much experience before, and know that it is in the highest degree objectionable, particularly either in the West or East Indies."

Mrs. Dallas said that she must confess that for herself she did not feel disposed to say no, but she could never finally consent to change her condition until she was fully assured whether or not her children would be sufficiently provided for.

"I do not think there can be any doubt on that subject," replied Major Hargrave, "when I have written all that I intend to do; and when you have submitted it to your adviser, I am sure he will see that there can be no difficulty in acceding to my request."

"I shall write to my brother, then," said Mrs. Dallas, "and consult him; and if you really mean honourably to abide by this determination which you now express to me, I can enclose it for his perusal, and when I hear from him again I will speak to you on the subject."

"You shall have it to-morrow, Mrs. Dallas," said Major Hargrave; "and, indeed, it is so simple that I can easily write it to-night. I will now go back and write it for you."

They returned to the house, and Major Hargrave entering it with her, she brought him a sheet of paper, on which he wrote a stipulation, by which he proposed to grant to each of the children an adequate sum out of his property provided that he was married to their mother, and she enclosed it in a hurried letter, which she sent to her brother in Dublin; and they so mutually loved each other, that this act, so sudden and so unforeseen, seemed to each, as it were, a seal of their union, and, though it was not as yet declared to any one, they held themselves bound inviolably by this contract to consider themselves affianced. He was truly happy; he thought he never had beheld a face so benign, so angelic, so calm, so purely beautiful.

The whole party met soon afterwards in the drawing-room, and Mrs. Moore knew by the looks of each of the lovers that some interesting disclosure had taken place, but she waited till the time of the departure of the clergyman and his wife, and when Major Hargrave stood up to go and to bid farewell, she said that she hoped she might often see him, and looked at Mrs. Dallas. She said, also, that she expected Mr. Moore home in two days, and that on the following Wednes-

She hoped to see Major Hargrave. He was going away, promising to come on that day, and just about to open the door, when Mrs. Moore went up to see the children in the nursery, and left him with Mrs. Dallas. He knelt at her feet, and said that he considered himself the happiest of men—that it was, indeed, the happiest day of his life—and that he would return the next day to see her. She said that she would be at Charlesfort for some time, and that she could answer, on her part, for his being welcome. When he was gone, she told the whole of the news to Mrs. Moore, and the two ladies talked long and affectionately about it, and many, indeed, were the congratulations which Mrs. Moore made her on the occasion.

The terms in which Major Hargrave had made his proposal were altogether so advantageous for a person in Mrs. Dallas's position, that had they come from an aged man of invalid habits, or even an infirm person, they would, in a worldly point of view, have been welcomed by any friend of hers, but, as they came from one who was really the beau ideal of a lover to a lady of twenty-seven, it was certainly a matter of congratulation to Mrs. Dallas; and, for her brother's part, he sent an answer from Dublin immediately, approving of the arrangement, and advising her, if her affections were engaged in the matter, to consent to the proposal. He said he should manage for her so that she should not lose by her leaving the cottage in the country, and that, on the whole, the best thing she could possibly do would be to leave Ireland, and settle down with Major Hargrave in the place which he had said was so well adapted for their residence.

Having received this letter from the man whom she had to look upon most as her adviser, Mrs. Dallas did not hesitate longer to consent to Major Hargrave's proposition; and to his request to be allowed to ask for an early day to be fixed for their marriage, she replied that he had no objection to make. So, soon after, their union took place, and very shortly subsequent to it he was enabled to make a favourable arrangement with the officers of his regiment to sell out, receiving a good sum from those who obtained their respective steps by his retirement. They are now settled in a very pleasant locality in England, and frequently recal to their minds the wonderful adventures which attended their meeting and their first period of acquaintanceship in the neighbouring island.

A SOURCE FOR THE SENSATIONISTS.

THE scene was at the public table of the Royal Hotel at Scarborough; it was a pleasant party; and one of those composing it was a good old lady still living, I hope, at Bradford, whose usual talk was in bad English with a Yorkshire pronunciation. "Well, now, it *wur* wonderful!" was her common expression of astonishment. On the occasion I refer to the conversation had become literary. She had read some of the sensation novels, and was unable to conceive where their startling incidents could have been found. Once and again she exclaimed, "It *wur* wonderful!" Now this only showed that, whatever might have been the old lady's other reading, she never read the *Times* newspaper. Scarcely a week passes that the whole framework of a story of thrilling interest might not be culled from the second column of its first page. I will merely take the week in which I write; or, indeed, *any* week; and first we have the following:

"LINA TO ——" (we will say, for the sake of a better name, Lina to De Beere). "Why all this mystery? If you are in trouble it will make no difference in my feelings of friendship; only come to me. I am at B——; you can know my address by applying; if I do not hear at once I will have no pity on you."

In other words, "Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer." "Why make a mystery of the sorrows under which you are suffering? Come to B—— (having previously obtained my address), and you shall find consolation. Mistrust me, and I abandon you." By a practised hand this could be made strikingly effective.

For the special nature of the troubles by which the person addressed is surrounded we must refer to a separate advertisement.

"Mistaken in the character of servants and pretended friends. Every step of yours and mine known and counteracted. Important letters never reach me." Then we hear of an "outrage on a ruined and innocent woman;" and a longer advertisement than the rest tells of being "Grossly imposed upon. Juggleries concerted and arranged beforehand. All their representations and statements mere inventions without a particle of truth. Malice and revenge. Constantly intriguing and plotting. Entirely in their power. Danger extreme." Simply from these extracts alone, how well the plot thickens. But it may be asked where is the principal incident?—the sensation. Such as pitching a poor gentleman, who makes an inopportune call, into the bottom of a well; and leaving him to get out of it if he can? Happily another advertisement suggests what is required, in these words: "WRITE. It will be the death of one of your best friends—he who recently sent you 5*l*." There is more in this I should say than meets the eye. The cool suggestion to be the death of one of his best friends, has no reference to boring him to death with letters. I shall show, by-and-by, that it may have a much darker significance. I must confess that there is something paltry in 5*l*., and if one of our best friends deserved being put to death for anything, it would be for sending so little; but this may be set right. In the days of sentimental comedy, the *Generoso benefico* of the piece, exclaiming, "Take *this*, poor wanderer!" used to fling towards the object of his bounty a long silk purse of uncounted money, which came upon the boards of the

h a jingling crash that was positively alarming. How different
ve been the effect if he had meanly told out—piece by piece—
The novelist may take still higher ground, and may as well say
sand as five hundred. Five pounds bring us down to a poor

at is now wanted is a type for the villain of the story, and here
have merely to refer to the *Times*. The following is copied

adfather had better return home at once, and show by his future
that he will endeavour to retrieve the past. He must, however,
e to act very differently. *Bring back the things.*"
ntively read, we have here sufficient indications of iniquity. We
n every case, blame a grandfather for absconding from a home
comfortable by fast young ladies and expectant young gentlemen;
words we have transcribed imply something worse. He must re-
e past. He must determine to act very differently from what he
erto done; and consequently he must previously have been a
ld sinner. Then there is the ominous warning to "bring back
gs." He has evidently been robbing the house; carrying away
ns and forks; and the anxiety of the advertisers is not so much
ack the grandfather as the German silver. I have inquired
at Mr. Pollaky's,* and find that "grandfather's" name was
ipps. He is quite qualified to be the villain we require.
ave now materials for three volumes of what the daily critics call
"of enthralling interest." In the hands of a person of lively
ion nothing would be easier. It is not your business, gentle
r mine to work them up. I have long since discovered that—
public life or private—to do the work of others is a very un-
e pursuit. But we will dwell for a moment on the outline.
ion. Stanley de Beere, a descendant of the ancient family of
h, who have still wealth and high position in their county, had
deeply attached to Lina Lorimer, the only daughter of a dealer in
res in a neighbouring town; and often when the reddened disk
tting sun shone through the dark trunks of the wood of pines
ted the towers of Beavor, he wandered in its labyrinths, encircling
arm the waist of the lovely Lina. On one of these happy even-
y were seen by the villain Dipps. To go to the castle, to tell the
eward what he had witnessed, to drink a quart of the Beavor ale,
eturn serpentining to his home in the village, was the work of a
The next morning, when the house-steward had finished dis-
with Lord FitzHugh a most extravagant account sent in for
s of dozens of oysters, supplied to the servants' table, a discus-
at all calculated to sweeten his lordship's temper, he told him
had heard from Dipps. The noble lord was thrown into such a
wrathful indignation, that pushing back with violence a carved
r ornamented with his coronet, he almost drove it into the wall,
on thick, of his feudal home. It was true that Lorimer had been
f the borough, but he was still a dealer in small wares, and what
fore the levelling of municipal reform) was the mayor of a
in the eyes of a family whose dignities dated from the Conquest?

* "Private inquiry-office, 13, Paddington-green, W."

The connexion must be at once brought to an end. In former times when the warm blood of our aristocracy had involved them in any little difficulty—such as a dispute with the Church, or a trifle of manslaughter—the most approved way of regaining position was to join the Crusaders. Whatever might have been the moral ailment, the prevailing remedy—as legend and history alike have told us—was *Partant pour la Syrie*; and even in our own day, when we have given up to Bible Societies and missionaries our disputes with the Pagan, young gentlemen who have to shake off an awkward entanglement are sent to travel in the Holy Land. It was the fate of Stanley de Beere. For two long years he wandered from Dan to Beersheba, and narrowly escaped being shot during one of the annual rows in the chapel of the sepulchre. On his return home he found that Lina Lorima was married to one Podgers, a grocer in a good way of business. Again they met. *Naturam expellas, &c.* It was no use: she was essential to his happiness. There were clandestine meetings; and they were reported to what counsel call the injured husband. But Podgers was a man of sense. Instead of getting up a scene either with the ex-mayor or with Lord FitzHugh, much less with his wife or the fiery Stanley de Beere, he went quietly to his attorney, to whom he gave instructions to prepare the necessary evidence for proceedings in the Court of Divorce.

But in our eagerness to trace an outline we are outstepping the sequence of events.

On his return to England, De Beere had at first shown every disposition to submit to the wishes of his lordly father. Lina, as we have said, was married. She was absent when he came back, the amiable grocer having sent her for health and recreation to the southern coast. It is possible, however, that this only made De Beere think of her the more. A week had scarcely passed before he addressed her in a letter of passionate fervour—"it would be madness to meet; it was death to be parted; his heart was a desert waste; his brain was burning. Why should he care for the opinion of the world? The world was not for him nor the world's law. There was not a human being to whom he could disclose the flood of agony that lacerated his inmost soul. He wished himself in the dark recesses of the grave." This letter was read by Mr. Huddleston, at the trial, with great effect. One of the jury—himself a married grocer—even shed tears. Lina received it; thought only addressed "P. O."; and might well say, in reply, "Why all this mystery? Only come to me. Mistrust me not, and all will be right." Upon this hint De Beere took a first class in an early train. She met him at the station; and again (in the language of a modern poet)

He saw, he spoke, was answered, and was lost.

When he had gone back to Beever, she found reason to warn him of their danger. "He must beware of faithless servants and pretended friends. Every step they had taken was known: her letters were intercepted." They had been dodged by Dippes, and all he had seen and learnt was reported to the grocer's attorney. The home to which she returned soon after, was to be her home no more. Podgers "was advised" that he need no longer temporise, so he sent the disgraced but lovely Lina to her father's house in a hackney cab, with a sufficient

of suitable garments for the next twelve months. In *her* eyes it outrage upon "a ruined and innocent woman."

Mr. Lorimer was informed of the dreadful event on returning from a civic feast, and the consequence was a fit of palsy that put an end to his valuable life.

The action of "*Podgers v. Podgers and De Beere*" went on: the lawyers were well drilled: the counsel eminent. It was useless for the learned Lina to speak of "juggleries concerted and arranged before—or to say that "their representations were inventions without a grain of truth." One thing, however, was certain: that the "danger was remote." The trial was a fine spectacle of British jurisprudence, in an atmosphere in which it took place was a proof of what Englishmen undergo in the performance of their duties. It ended in a verdict of 3000*l.* against the co-respondent.

De Beere was entirely dependent upon his father, who had—*for the FitzHughs* had, for generations, been awful swearers—would not give him a single farthing, even for personal expenses, the result of the trial placed him in a very disagreeable position. In the end a friend came forward in the person of Charles Lascelles, a man his senior, and often his Mentor both at Eton and Oxford. A judgment against him for 3000*l.*, and a long bill from his father; it was not expedient that the culprit's whereabouts should be known; but Lascelles undertook to supply his wants while in concealment and to be the guardian and protector of the wretched Lina. It was a dangerous office. The only man to whom such a trust could be placed was the Eastern prime minister so admirably described by Lord FitzHugh resented this interference on many accounts, and with a solemn adjuration that it should not go unpunished. Mr. Iago, too, was again at work, and managed to convey to De Beere the same kind of information which he had given to the injured and happy Podgers. It need not therefore surprise us (with anger and breast and jealousy in another), that on a stormy evening in the house, De Beere's "best friend" was found stretched breathless and dead upon the Esplanade. In the words of George Coleman, it was coroners would call an awkward job." According to the medical opinion, a small conical ball had pierced the *os* (we forget what), and, causing congestion in an adjacent portion of the brain, had paralysed the piratory nerves; nothing could be more clear: that Dippes had been at no great distance, about the time the "accident" occurred, and proved much; and as there was no other evidence, the jury could only bring in an open verdict, and leave the discovery of the criminal to the police. In what far region, remote from men, De Beere sought refuge, has never been known. He had been warned in the brief *WHITE*. The warning had been disregarded. Lord FitzHugh's attack of gout which proved fatal; and Lina found a burial-place for her sins and sorrows at Brompton.

In the usual amount of dialogue, description, and moral disquisition, we have ample materials, as I have already shown, for a three volume novel. It would form a work for which Messrs. Chapman and Hall, other judicious publishers, would willingly give twelve hundred*l.*; and when it has appeared, I have no doubt that my friend Arthur will declare that "*It was really wonderful!*"

IDALIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," "STRATHMORE," &c.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

IN THE ISLES OF THE SYRENS.

CHAPTER IV.

AT BAY.

THE early morning of earliest summer broke on Capri; with the rising of the sun the little fleet of boats all down the shore began to flutter into motion as the birds fluttered into song, the Angelus rang in the waking day, the lovely light of the full dawn glittered over the white line of towns and villages that nestled far and wide in the bow of the azure bay, and in the transparent air a delicate feathery column of grey smoke curled up from the cone of Vesuvius. Here, where the cliffs rose up in the sunlight, vine-covered, and standing like pillars out in the midst of the sea, here in Capri, while the dew was thick, and the mists still hanging over that deep blue western depth, stretching out and on to the Mediterranean, farther and farther towards the columns of Hercules and the gates of the African and Asian worlds, it was perfect solitude, and the Countess Idalia, with her Russian hound beside her, walked on in its loneliness secured from all intrusion.

She had risen with the sun, she had slept but little, but her beauty had so much of the south that it was dependent on no hour and no adjuncts. She passed onward in profound thought; it could scarce have been said to be painful, but it was very grave; so grave that she mechanically followed the path without noticing whither she went. As it wound with a sharp bend round an angle of rock she started and paused. Almost at her feet under the shadow of the great stone shaft, she saw Erceldoune. He lay on the grass, the horse standing motionless beside him; his limbs were stretched out in all their careless magnificence of strength, his head had fallen slightly back, his chest rose and fell with the calm breathings of a deep sleep, and as the morning light slanted through a fissure of the cliffs it was full upon his face, from which in repose the dauntless light, the eagle fire, had gone, and only had left now a profound and serene melancholy.

There was something almost mournful in the sight of this fearless strength and vigorous manhood, laid there in as complete unconsciousness and defencelessness as any sleeping child; and as she looked on him her eyes softened with a humid, tender light, and her face changed strangely;—it was the same attitude, the same unconsciousness in which she had first found him, lying in the mists of death in the Moldavian ravine. Had she any love in answer to him, this brilliant, varying, haughty sovereign and mystery whom he knew as Idalia?

Had his eyes unclosed and met hers then, even he, in his grand ability, would have thought—yes.

As though in his sleep conscious of her presence and of her gaze, moved restlessly though his slumber was not broken; he stretched his arms out as though in an embrace, and while he stirred with a sigh, his lips moved in a restless murmur, "Idalia."

She heard it; a warmth rose over her face in a sudden flash; her own sigh answered his; she looked at him a moment more, with a lingering look, then passed silently, her hand on the hound's ear collar;—passed on, sweeping slowly over the cyclamen and azaleas that strewed the rocky path, till she stood facing the sea.

Her eyes rested there long, absently following the white-sailed boats that swarmed over the waves with the breaking of the Capriote morning. "Love, love," she thought, wearily, "it can be nothing to me. Oh love as his—loyal, trustful, gallant, priceless! And yet he will hurt me cruelly. Oh, God! why was my beauty given me? Evil is that it brings!"

And her eyes had a wistful, aching pain in them as they looked far away over the bright waters that now broke in curling surf upon the shore, now swept dark and prismatic under the natural arches of the rocks, and now stretched far away, glittering and blue, outward to where Naples lay flashing in the sun.

Half an hour later Idalia was in her own chamber, a morning-room with large windows, clustered round with trained myrtle and clematis, that looked out down the shelving cliff on to the sea. She stood near the windows, looking out of them by a chess-table, on which her hand rested; the long, flowing, azure folds of her dress falling on the ground, while they were covered with an exquisite grace a form beautiful as that which Prometheus gives to Theodora.

Her head was slightly bent, her eyes were grave and filled with thought, and her lips had as much of disdain as of melancholy; she looked a woman to dare much, to reign widely, to submit rarely, to conquer never. Yet she was in bondage now.

At a breakfast-table, a little distance from her, sat the vivacious cavalier of sugared violets, the handsome Free Lance of the Carabiniers, the dispenser of the sprays of silver ivy, Conrad Constantino, Count Phaulcon. He was smoking a *papelito*, having finished his coffee, claret, fruit, fish, caviare, and terrapin beside him, and was looking at her under his long silken lashes, a look half wary, half admiring, half angered, half exultant, the look of a man foiled in his attempt to intimidate her by intimidation, but successful in holding her by power, not wholly at his ease with her, nor wholly with himself.

"If you would only hear reason," he said, impatiently, with a sardonic twist of his long auburn moustaches; he had vanquished her in one sense, but in another she was still his victor, and he was restless for her.

She let her eyes fall on him a moment, contemptuous, haughty, melancholy still.

"I am happy to hear reason," she said, coldly, "but of dishonour and a little tired!"

There was a certain listless, satiric bitterness in the last words.

"Dishonour!" echoed Conrad Phaulcon, while the blood flushed over his forehead, and he moved irritably. "How strangely you phrase things! What has changed you so—given you this d——d fastidiousness?"

"No one swears in my presence," she said, with a serene carelessness; but no man, not the boldest or the coarsest, would have cared to encounter that reproof twice.

"I beg your pardon," said Phaulcon, quickly, with that grace which made him—let him be what he would—inalienably a gentleman. He was a dangerous man, could be a cruel one, was always reckless and always unscrupulous, but he had too much of the aristocrat in him, all adventurer though he was, to be grossly-mannered or lacking in courtesy to a woman. "But really you irritate me, Idalia," he resumed, still with that sense in him of having power to coerce her actions, but of having lost power to influence her mind. "You are excessively changed. For a woman of the world, a woman of your acumen, of your experience, of your brilliance!—to pause and draw back for such puerile after-thoughts—I cannot in the least comprehend it. What a sceptre you hold? Bah! stronger than any queen's. Queens are mere *bambini*, tickled with a shadow—marionettes crowned for a puppet-show, and hung on wires that each minister pulls after his own fancy; but you have a kingdom that is never limited, except at your own choice; an empire that is exhaustless, for when you have lost your beauty, you will still keep your power. You smile, and the statesman tells you his secret; you show your beauty, and the velvet churchman unlocks his intrigues; you use your silver eloquence, and a prince is won; you make them give their homage and lose their heads, and you save a cause or free a country. It is supreme power, the power of a woman's loveliness, used, as you use it, with a statesman's skill."

She smiled slightly, wearily, almost bitterly; but the haughty carelessness and resistance of her attitude did not change. Those eloquent, vivacious, hyperbolic words, she remembered how fatal a magic, how alluring a glamour such as they had once had for her; they had no charm now, they had long ceased to have any.

"A supreme power!" pursued Conrad Phaulcon, in his own sweet Hellenic tongue. "In the rose-water of your hookahs you steep their minds in what colour you will. With the bouquets of your wines you unnerve their wills, and turn them which way you choose. In an opera supper you enchant their allegiance to what roads you like; in the twilight of your boudoir you wind the delicate threads that agitate nations. You are in the heart of conspiracies, in the secrets of cabinets, in the destinies of coalitions, and with Fascination conquer, where Reason would fail. It is the widest power in the world; it is that of Antonina, of Marcia, of Olympia, of Pompador! What can be lacking in such a life?"

"Only what was wanting in theirs—HONOUR!"

The words were spoken very calmly, but there was not the less disdain in them.

Conrad gave a restless, passionate movement while he laughed.

"Honour! What makes you all in a moment so in love with that word? There was a time when you saw nothing but what was triumph in your career."

She turned her eyes on him with a proud, contemptuous rebuke.

"It is not for *you* to reproach me with that."

Over his changing, handsome, eloquent features a certain flush and shadow came.

"Reproach! I would rather reproach you with the change. And why should there be this continued estrangement between us, Idalia? You loved me once."

Her eyes dwelt on his musingly, very mournfully, with that lustre of disdain that was in them, mingled with a momentary wistfulness of recollection.

"Yes, I loved you once," she answered, and her voice had an excessive gentleness in it; but he knew her meaning too well to ask why it was that this was now solely and irrevocably of the past.

He was silent some moments; the dashing and reckless Free Lance felt an embarrassment and a sense of mortification in her presence. He could hold this haughty and exquisite woman in a grip of steel, and feel a savage victory in forcing the proud neck that would not bend, to lie beneath his heel; he could take a refined exultation of cruelty in seeing her pride rebel, her patrician instincts recoil, her graceful dignity suffer mutely; he could amuse himself with all this with a rich pleasure in it. Nevertheless, he owed her many and heavy debts; he gave her an admiration that was tinged still with a strange tyrannous, wayward sort of love; he held her in an unwilling homage that made him half afraid of her, and he shrank under the sense of her disdain and of her rebuke.

In one sense he was her master, but in another she was above him, and escaped his power.

He rose restlessly; the glance he gave her was doubtful and embarrassed, and his tone was half appealing, half imperious.

"I want some more money," he said, hurriedly.

"You always want money!"

There was a weary scorn in her words, the scorn of a proud woman forced into companionship with what has sunk too utterly in her eyes for any other feeling save that only of an almost compassionate contempt.

Phaulcon laughed; not because he was impervious to the contempt, but because the temper of the man was really lightly and idly insouciant, careless as any butterfly, except in hate.

"Pardieu! who doesn't? Is there anything money won't buy, from a woman's love to a priest's absolution? Tell me that! A man without money is like a man born into the world without his eyes or his legs; he exists, he doesn't *live*; he hibernates miserably, he never knows what it is to enjoy! Who are the kings of the earth? The Hopes, the Pereiras, the Rothschilds, the Barings. War could not be begun, imperial crowns would never come out of pawn, nations would smash in sold-up bankruptcies, thrones would tumble to the dust, and nobles turn crossing-sweepers, without them. Who rule Europe, kings, ministers, cabinets, troops? Faugh! not one whit of

it—the CAPITALISTS! Which was the potentate, the great Emperor who owed the bond, or the great Fugger who could afford to put it in the fire? Yes, I do want money. Can you let me have any?”

Her lips moved slightly, she restrained whatever words might rise to them, but she did not repress the disgust that was spoken silently on them; she raised her eyebrows, and glanced at him.

“You wish to ruin my fortune now?”

“Far from it, carissima!” laughed Phaulcon. “I am not like the boy who killed his goose of the golden eggs. I would not ruin you on any account; but even if I did, you know very well that any one of your *friends* would willingly make up any breaches I caused in your wealth.”

Where she stood, with one hand leaning idly on the carved ivory of the chess King, she turned with a sudden gesture, like an antelope stung by the hiss of a bullet. He had broken down her haughty silence, her studied contemptuous tranquillity at last. A flush rose over her brow, her lips quivered, not with fear, but with loathing; her beautiful eyes flashed with lustrous fire. All the gentleness that in her moments of abandon characterised her, was changed into a fearless defiance, the more intense from its force of contrast with the restrained serenity of her past self-control.

“One other word like those, and you never enter my presence again, if to be freed from you I close the gates of a convent on my own life. What! dead to all honour though you are, are you so vile as *that*? Is *all* shame lost in you?”

If it were not, there were moments when he was as bad a man as the world held, when the devil in him was alone victorious, and all conscience that had ever lingered was crushed out and forgotten. Her words, and yet far more, her look, lashed all that was evil in his nature to its height.

He laughed, his sweet silver chime of laughter that had echoed down the Carpathian defile.

“‘A world of scorn looks beautiful’ in you, that I grant, *Excellenza!* At the same time, your title to it is not quite clear. It is for the women who go to Courts to smile with that superb disdain, to answer with that proud defiance—not for the Countess Vassalis!”

There was not much in the words themselves, but in their tones there was an intolerable insolence, an intolerable insult. The fire in her eyes burned deeper still, her breath came rapidly, her whole form was instinct with the intensity of a passion held in rein, rather for sake of her own dignity than for any more timorous thing. Standing in that haughty wrath, that self-enforced restraint, she looked like some superb stag, some delicate antelope at bay, and panting to spring on its foes.

“You are fallen lower even than I thought,” she said, slowly, and her voice, though not raised one note higher, vibrated with a scorn that thrilled through Phaulcon almost with a throb of shame. “Do you think such taunts as that—*your* taunts!—have power to wound me for one instant? Where is your boasted wisdom? It has forsaken you strangely, as strangely as your memory! Whatever I have lost, the loss is due to you; whatever I have erred in, the error lies with you; whatever wreck my life has made, is wrecked

ou; whatever taint is on my name, was brought there first. You have tried my patience long and often; you have tried much. You have trusted to the tie that is between us; it for ever, as if it had not been. Insult *through* you I have borne. What the world has said has been as nothing to me is not ruled by it, my honour is not touched by it; but you I will never bear. Be my destroyer as you choose; be, I know well enough that you will; but your accomplice shall never make me—nor your dupe! Stand aside, sir, I no more words."

lain his hand upon her arm, she shook him off with an action in its gesture of contempt as her words had been intense in entrated passion, and swept beyond him towards the doorway nber.

Phaulcon sprang before her, and stood between her and the rs; he was very pale, there was a taint of cowardice in his d he had forgotten all policy when he had let malice and hurry him into an open rupture with one who, whatever her ever her faults, still *never feared*.

!—wait!"

e pass, sir!"

7 Heaven! not in such a mood."

rish to compel me to summon my servants?"

to induce you to hear reason."

euphuistic synonym for some new villany. I have answered y."

, softly, Excellenza! It will not do for *us* to quarrel. You terms on which alone you can make such an answer

persecution? I am indifferent to it. Allow me to pass."

n me, no. The terms I meant were—the breaking of your

re very softly, yet at the words she turned pale for the first eir interview, as though he had pierced her where she was ield; she did not reply, but her eyes rested on him with a r which his own fell.

quickly rallied, and pursued his advantage with his light

elle Idalia, will your new and very eccentric fancy for e greatly gratified by the deliberate rupture of your sworn /hen men and women talk much of their honour, to be sure lways conscious of having lost it, or are just about to lose more flagrant bankruptcy than common; but still, your pted principle will be ill-commenced by the repudiation of ged oath, of your bound engagement."

e said nothing, only in her eyes the suppressed passion ith a terrible scorn, and her hand, the white, long, delicate 1 the gleam of its costly jewels, on which Erceldoune's lips the night before, clenched as though, but for her dignity's ould have found force to strike him where he stood.

Phaulcon smiled, and while that smile passed over it, his some and brilliant as a woman's, had a strange ferocity.

"I am no tyrant, no harsh task-master, my most beautiful Countess, and I frankly admit that I admire you more in your haughty rebellion than I do in the softest smile with which you enchant *messieurs vos amis*. I exact nothing. I command nothing. I merely remind you—you cannot break *so* from me without also breaking your promise, and more than your promise—your oath. However, a woman's word, I suppose—even when it is sworn, even when it is the word of such a woman as yourself, who have none of your sex's weaknesses—is only given to *be* broken. Is it so?"

She answered nothing still; a slight quick shudder of hatred or of contempt passed over her one moment, and her lips grew very pale; her proud attitude did not alter, her eyes did not relax their steady utterance of a disdain beyond all words. But she was torn inwardly with a bitter cruel conflict, such a conflict as the prisoner on parole feels when he might tear his fetters away, and strive, at least, for the sweet chance of liberty, were he not held back by one torturing memory—his word.

Suddenly she bent slightly and rapidly towards him, her eyes looking into his with so full and brilliant a lustre of unuttered scorn, that he involuntarily started and drew back.

"You sell everything—your body and your soul! What bribe would you take to give me my release?"

"What bribe?" echoed Phaulcon, with a smile, "*None!* You are much more to me, my exquisite Idalia, than any gold, well as I love the little god. 'Bribe,' too! What an ugly word! Bribes are like medicines; every one takes them, but no one talks about them. Your 'release,' too! when you live as free as air!"

She said no more, but stood aloof from him again in haughty and enforced composure.

"Leave my presence, or let me pass out," she said, briefly. "One or the other."

"Either, with pleasure, if you will give me two answers. First, will you break your oath?"

The look that gave so much of heroism and of grandeur to her beauty passed across it; to stoop to supplication to him would have been as utterly impossible to her as to have put down her neck beneath his heel, and though she could not break his bonds, she was not vanquished by him. She answered with a calm endurance that obeyed, not him, but the law of her own nature:

"No."

Phaulcon smiled triumphant.

"Ah, ah! I was sure you would not—for when you break your oath you break with it your sceptre. Allons! Now for the other question. You will give me the money?"

"No."

The reply was precisely the same as it had been before; the triumph in his eyes fell, and they glittered angrily under the curling lashes that fringed them with such softness.

"And why not?"

"Because every sum I gave you now would seem given because I feared you. Fall as low as *that*, you know well enough that I shall

never do. As far as you hold me by my oath, so far I will hold myself bound, no farther; for the rest I have said—all is cancelled henceforward between us."

"Idalia! Do you mean that you deny my title to my power on you? Do you mean that it can ever be possible for your mere will to cancel such a tie as there is between us? Do you mean that, if you pretend to forget the past and all my claims on you, I shall ever allow them to be forgotten?"

He spoke hurriedly, naturally now, with a feverish impatience, a petulant appeal, mingled with a taunting and irritated menace.

She let her eyes fall on him again with a silent disdain that stung him more than words.

"'Forgotten?' No. It is not so easy to forget. But trade on them longer, I have said, you shall never do. I have endured your exactions too many years already."

"But, by Heaven! then I insist."

"You cannot insist. If you indeed need money, you know the price of it: my release from you, as far as you have the power to bestow it. On other terms, you will never again live on my gold. The choice will be for you."

"But I demand——"

"You can demand nothing, sir."

And with a movement that even now did not stoop to be hurried, or lose in any sort its dignity, she swept by him before he could arrest her, passed through the door, and closed it.

Conrad Phaulcon was left alone to spend hot Hellenic oaths and maledictions in useless vacancy upon the empty air. He drank down two deep glasses of the Rhenish from the breakfast-table, and swung himself in bitter, fretting wrath out of the French window and down the steps cut roughly in the precipitous rock. He knew Idalia well enough to know that to force himself on her, or seek to intimidate her into compliance with his will, would be as utterly vain as to seek to quarry with a razor the great black heights of Tiberio towering yonder in the light. Half the victory was in his hands, half in hers. To gain the rest, he must wait.

CHAPTER V.

THE ALLEGORY OF THE POMEGRANATE.

PHAULCON left her, and went out across the gardens and down the winding way that led along the rocks to the shore. He was not wholly satisfied with his morning's work; he felt the mute resistance of a proud nature against a power of which he was tyrannously and inexorably jealous, and he knew that this power did not extend over her money, of which he had often received much, of which he was always wanting to receive more. Besides, with all his evil triumph in galling and goading this haughty and lovely woman to his uttermost ingenuity, a certain shame was always on him before Idalia, and a certain love for her always survived in his heart; love that was always strangely blent with something of unwilling homage, of reluctant awe, and, now and then, of absolute repentance.

He would not have undone one of the links of the fetters he made her wear under the purple-hemmed and gold-broidered robes of her beauty, freedom, and brilliance; but at the same time, in her presence or freshly from it, he felt ashamed of having forged them. Life, habit, and Victor Vane had killed almost everything in him that had once been a little better; but Conrad Phaulcon had still here and there certain flashes of conscience left—when it was very early in the morning, for instance, and he had touched nothing more harmful than a single draught of cool claret. It is wonderful how much the time of the clock, and the quality of the wines we have taken, have to do with our virtues and vices. At eight in the morning, on a cup of coffee, you would not tread on a beetle, nor kiss a girl going gleanings; at one in the morning, after plenty of Burgundy, brandy, and Rhenish, every wickedness is enchanting; you are willing to sacrifice to Venus with all the abandon of Catullus, you care for nothing but Lesbia's loveliness and Aspasia's kiss, and you would feel little scruple in breaking all the Codes from Justinian's to Napoleon's.

As he went towards the beach, he passed along the same way by which the Countess Vassalis had gone down to the shore, round the same point of rock abruptly jutting out with its hanging screen of ivy and myrtle; ere he looked where he went, his foot was almost against the outstretched arm of Fulke Erceldoune.

It was yet early; sleep had only come to him as the sun had risen, after hours of intense excitement, and a night of extreme bodily fatigue. There was nothing to awaken him here, and lulled by the pleasant murmur of the seas and the warmth of the young day, he slept on still. Conrad Phaulcon started violently, and a shock of fierce panther-like longing was the first thing that seized him, mingled with a supreme amazement; a ferocious, vindictive savageness darkened and flushed the glory of his beautiful face; he paused, his lips a little parted, his teeth ground, his whole superb form quivering with the *longing to spring*; his temperament was intensely vivacious, and years had done nothing to chill if they had done much to harden him, and little by little he had so gathered up his hatred towards the man he had injured, that it was as great as though that injury had been received, instead of given, by him.

Unconscious, Erceldoune lay stretched there in the profound sleep of fatigue, unconscious of the gaze of his foe as he had been of the eyes of the woman he loved. The calm, even breathing, the tranquil rise and fall of the magnificent breadth of chest, the profound repose into which the restlessness of over-excitement had at last sunk, all these stretched him defenceless at the mercy of his enemy—an enemy never inclined to spare.

Conrad Phaulcon stooped over him, noting the unarmed powerlessness of that slumber, the utter, serene peace of the Titan limbs where they lay on the grasses and cyclamen; his teeth clenched closer, he drew his breath in short eager gasps, and his glance wandered by sheer instinct towards a loose, weighty, mallet-like mass of granite lying near him. One blow from it in a sure hand, and the life would be stilled before it could waken for a struggle, a shout, a sigh.

Count Conrad had enough of the assassin in him, and enough of the devil, to make the thought not strange, and terribly alluring.

"I might crush out his brains as easily as a fly, and, by Heaven, I could do it too!" he thought, in a fierce blindness of hatred that remembered only that night ride through the pomegranates, and forgot the vileness of his own brutality towards this man who lay sleeping at his feet.

Without waking, Erceldoune stirred slightly, his right hand that lay open, clenched; he turned with a restless sigh—he was dreaming of Idalia still. At the movement his foe cowered, and drew back voluntarily; much pusillanimity ran in his Thessalian blood, and he had a keen dread of this Achillian "Border Eagle," who had been invulnerable under so many shots, and had had a resurrection most from the grave; a dread nearly as strong as his hate for him. Moreover, with that action he remembered many things, policy and the commands of Victor Vane before all, which forbade him to attempt any risk of reckoning with the man he had left for dead in the Carthians. He took one long glance at him—the glance of hatred is lingering as that of love, and of still surer recollection—then hastily and noiselessly turned aside over the thick grasses, and went his way down to the beach.

It was not through any sense of shame or of humanity that he left the sleeping man unharmed, it was not even that he would have shrunk from crushing the life out of him as mercilessly as out of a cicada; it was only that he remembered the danger and unwisdom of such passion, and also, in some faint emotion, he felt a sense that Idalia was near them both—too near for him to sink into such crime as this. In his own way he loved her, in his own way revered her, though he red nothing how he tortured, almost as little how he ruined her.

But he hated Erceldoune none the less.

"Curse him, curse him!" he muttered in his teeth, and there was the ferocity on him then that had been on him when he gave the word "shoot down the Border Eagle," a ferocity not always, nor indeed often natural to him, for Phaulcon was made of as changing qualities as any woman. "I would have killed him with no more thought than of killing a sea-gull; but I would rather strike him when he knows it, when he suffers, and can't get away. What can he be for, on this rock of sick people and sailors? Can he know *her*? Can he know that she saved him? Well, if he do, she will let him learn nothing, she is no traitress. But while he is there I cannot set him at in the island. Curse him! I will be even with him yet for that ghastly's race. Idalia! can he know Idalia?"

His thoughts grew cloudy, baffled, fierce, losing themselves in a sort of angry passion, from which alone there stood out in startling prominence the presence of Erceldoune in Capri, the possibility of his knowledge of the Countess Vassalis, and, above all, his own consciousness of the link already binding them together. For one moment he paused; he thought of returning to her to learn what she knew of this man whose life she had saved. But other considerations deterred him; in the first place, he was not sure that she would tell him; in the second, he dared risk no meeting with his foe. There-

fore he went on towards the beach, and threw himself down, ill at ease, with fiery thoughts, on the little vessel that waited to take him over to Naples: the bay was soon crossed, and the boat ran in to a landing creek smothered in orange-trees, and leading to a villa whose terraces overhung the sea, terraces odorous, and shaded deep with myrtle, where you sat in summer evenings smoking a *papelito*, drinking a Côte wine, lazily listening to echoing laughter, and looking down on all the starry glories of the bay, wanting nothing more of earth or heaven. It was the soft summer-paradise of that philosophic Sybarite, Victor Vane, a charming little *palazoletto* that had seen as much refined evil in a modern style as S. Elmo had seen of Ghibelin and Guelph evil in a mediæval. Phaulcon, with the *sans façon* of a man well at home in his friend's house, pushed a French window open, and passing through several chambers and corridors, rapped at a door to the west, and entered a long bright room, where Victor sat at breakfast; he looked ill, very ill, and there was a haggard darkness on his face most unusual there; with him was a handsome, airy, sparkling brunette, dressed in a cloud of delicate muslins, a *négligée* most elegantly studied, and with Paris written on her from the tip of her pretty ears to the brodered silk of her slipper. The love of his life, that was a more intense passion than he had ever believed his character could know, was centred on Idalia; had been so centred ever since her voice had first fallen on his ear in her box at the Bal de l'Opéra; but that was no reason why he should not at the same time play with these pretty glittering toys in the ennui of his *palazoletto*. Victor could never feel such absorbed love as makes all women valueless and distasteful save one; and indeed this stage of love lasts singularly little time with anybody.

"Can I see you alone?" asked Phaulcon, after a due burnt-offering of sparkling, flattering phrases to the pretty brune; he was of an impulsive and transparent nature, and could rarely conceal what was uppermost. It was this transparency which had dropped him, like wax to be moulded, into the skilled hands of Victor Vane, who had an enchanting semblance of candour, but was never so little of a diplomatist and so much of a provincial as to have the reality.

"Leave us, *ma belle*," said Vane, carelessly, to his fair companion; and Laure l'Alouette (as ran her *nom de guerre*) actually obeyed him with a shrug of her shoulders, a mutinous mot, and a puff in his eyes from her scented cigarette. Such a dismissal as that Mademoiselle Laure, a very domineering queen in her own dominions, would not have permitted any other living man to give her, but Victor had so admirable a gift of ruling all things, without ever raising his voice a key higher, or ever risking that worst of all earthly afflictions—"a scene"—that even Laure's order, the most restive of all mortal things, never rebelled against him.

"Well?" said he, wheeling his chair interrogatively towards Phaulcon as the door closed.

Count Conrad tossed back the waves of his rich hair petulantly.

"That devil is in Capri!"

"*Il y en a tant!* All men are devils, some say," yawned Vane. "Which one?"

t cursed Border fellow—Erceldoune. He is in Capri, close to a Sorello. There is a handsome yacht at anchor; I hear he that. Is he staying in the island? Curse him! how can I while he is there? I passed him lying asleep on the grass; have killed him like a dog, and dead men tell no tales! Does Idalia? Is it possible he can have learnt that it was she who m?”

orrent of words broke out impetuously in his native tongue. stened in silence; the lustrous glance of the Greek flashing on ld read nothing from his face; even the acutest observer would have noticed the slight clench of the teeth and the catch-in of under the thick blond moustaches, which was the only sign he

used the lids of his eyes languidly.

ow Idalia?” he said, slowly and softly; he always spoke most hen he was most incensed. “Yes, beyond doubt he knows

does!” echoed Conrad, with a passionate oath. “She never im to me!”

y possibly; but she had him with her day after day in the

words were languid still; there was no irritation expressed in ut there was a significance for which, had Erceldoune been he speaker would have been hurled out on to his terrace little ceremony as though he had been dead Border grouse. his comrade and sworn ally darted a look on him savage, pas-but withal that *better* than any look that he had given, for a frank wrath was in it, with something of chivalric challenge. at do you mean by that?”

r lifted his clear, serene, blue eyes.

ean what I say—no more. This gentleman—Sir Fane, Sir what is it?—your Carpathian friend, found her out while he was what he very absurdly calls his ‘assassin’ down the Bosphorus he dined with her when we were there, and the Countess ap-to take a very flattering interest in the landless laird. He is ly handsome, you know, and has height enough for any Son of

every quiet indifferent word he plunged a stab of steel into ner’s heart, with every one he veiled more closely the passions re moving in his own. The colour changed in Conrad Phaulcon’s writhed under every syllable, but he could resist none; the rciless tyranny as he had exercised over Idalia was used over r, and he had not the fearless and haughty strength which was that could have enabled him to defy or to disdain it. A mpotent passion glared in his antelope-like eyes, his hands l.

the East—in the East?” he muttered. “With *her*! The Scot! With *her*?—and she never told me!”

r laughed softly and quietly.

o! Did you imagine you had your fair Countess’s confidence? sure you you are excessively mistaken.”

Phaulcon shook in all his limbs with restrained passion. Well as he knew the art of word-torturing, he was scarce so perfect an adept in it as his friend.

"Do you mean——" he began, impetuously, and paused.

Victor laughed slightly, rose, and sauntered a little away from the table.

"My dear fellow, ten thousand pardons! Have you breakfasted? Do I mean what? Just taste one of these citrons, if you won't have anything better; they are the first ripe this season. Do I mean that your friend, the Border Chief, has lost his head after the Countess Vassalis? Yes, I do mean it. He is utterly in love with her, and he has eyes that say so remarkably well, considering that he had loved nothing but tiger-shooting and hard riding till that charming piece of romance in the Carpathians."

The words were easy, indifferent, just a little flippant and contemptuous; they stung Phaulcon like so many scorpions. He flung himself out of his seat, and paced to and fro the apartment with fierce breathless oaths ground out on his lips. Vane looked at him with an admirable affectation of amused astonishment, raising his eyebrows a little.

"*Pace, pace, caro!*" he said, softly. "Why *will* you always be so impetuous? Vesuvius yonder, who looks rather dangerous to-day, by-the-by, was never more impulsive! What annoys you so much in this handsome bronzed courier being in love with Miladi Idalia? He is not the first, by many a score!"

Conrad Phaulcon swung round and strode up to his tormentor, his face flushed, all that was savagest, but also all that was best, in flame in his blue-black eyes.

"By Heaven! if you taunt me, or scoff at her with that——"

Victor raised his hand, ever so slightly, ever so carelessly; but the words were checked, the passion was forbidden its natural utterance.

"Gently, gently, *très cher!* *We* do not quarrel. Besides, there is really no object in assuming all that with *me*. Just recollect how long I have known you—and how well!"

The words were amiable and friendly, but their effect was that of a cruel curb on a high-mettled horse. Phaulcon was silenced, and lashed into obedience; he turned again, and paced the chamber with fast uneven steps.

"This idea annoys you," pursued Victor, leisurely, dividing a citron meanwhile. "I grant his presence is troublesome, awkward indeed for you; and this Border Eagle has Scotch patience with Spanish fire—a disagreeable combination. Besides, your own excessive impetuosity made a very notorious embroglio of that little affair; if he were to recognise you, I fear, do what you would, something extremely unpleasant would result. Still, with due caution this might not happen, and no danger need occur from it if the Countess Idalia do not betray you, and that she probably will not do, unless——" Victor paused a moment, and let his eyes drop on his companion. "He is a magnificent man in person, and adores her *de bonne foi*, which might have the charm of novelty," he added, in a soft, musing whisper.

Phaulcon started as if he were shot.

perdition! I would lay her dead at my feet if I thought——”
 He raised his hand in deprecation.

“My dear fellow! pray do not be so very excessive! That language will very well in the middle ages; both you and Sir Fulke Erceldoune have dropped in on us by mistake, out of the Crusades. But brilliant Idalia is not a woman to be murdered. In the first place, she is too beautiful; in the second, she is too notorious; in the third, a glance of her eyes would send any assassin back again undaunted and unstrung. No! you must neither kill him, nor kill her. What barbarism, and what blundering! It is only—excuse me—madmen who use force; is it not their own necks that pay the penalty?”

“But do you mean that she has any sort of feeling for this accursed?” broke in Phaulcon, with the fierce fretting misery of an excited man that dared not resent the flippant irony that tormented it to action; every better feeling in him would have made him strike his companion for all the words spoken in the last two minutes, but no better feeling was held too much in Victor Vane’s captivity to give power for such utterance.

Phaulcon smiled slightly.

“Très cher, is it for me to say what new caprice your fair Countess’s may indulge in? Certainly, if one might attribute such a proclivity, and such a rococo thing, to the most accomplished woman of my time, I should have said, by the little I saw in Constantinople, Idalia actually did feel some sort of *tendresse* to your very handsomeness, Titan of an enemy. At least, she made him win at baccarat, bade him arm him ‘at my peril,’ and spent the hours alone with him in a poetic manner. Though really I cannot imagine why she should treat a penniless Queen’s Messenger to play the Abélard to her Héloïse, in spite of the feminine rule of contradiction!”

Smashing him like the separate cords of a scourge, each word fell on the listener’s ear. Victor watched his passionate fury with gratified excitement; this thing had been bitter beyond all conception to him, and he only and idly as he purposely spoke of it, and it rejoiced him with a compensating satisfaction to turn its bitterness elsewhere. Conrad Phaulcon quivered with impatient anger, and furious oaths in half the dialects of Europe chased themselves one after another off his lips. He let this galled and futile passion spend itself in its vain wrath a few moments, then he spoke again:

“The idea annoys you? Well, certainly he is an inconvenient man to be on the list of the Countess’s lovers. But what can you do?”

“As for picking a quarrel with him, shooting him, or doing anything of the kind, that would create a fracas; it is not to be thought of. If you let this Erceldoune see you, all he will do will be to give you into arrest for the Carpathian embroglio. Beside this, Idalia is a great measure independent of you; over her wealth you have no control, and all moral claim to coerce her you have yourself forfeited. Besides, you have a hold on her by many things; but that hold could not prevent this *beau seigneur* of the barren moors being her lover, if she chose to break her vows for him, especially if she be quite frank with you.”

him, and let him know all. Really, on my honour, placed as you are through that terrible impulsiveness which you never will abandon, I do not see, caro Conrad, how you are to step between Madame la Comtesse and this modern Bothwell, if they choose to play at Love for a little while with each other."

And Vane softly finished his citron, having spoken the most stinging words he could have strung together with the gentle, persuasive accent of a woman coaxing her best friend. Phaulcon swung round and strode up to him as he had done before, his eyes glittering with fire, his face darkly flushed.

"Damnation! if you dare to make a jest of——"

"Chut!" said Vane, with the suavest hush that ever fell from any lips. "Caro mio, if I speak a little lightly of your lovely Idalia, whose fault is it?—'is it not thine, O my friend?' *Allons!* keep that style for men who have not worn the badge of silver ivy with you at an opera ball. As regards this affair—he is certainly in love with her; she possibly encourages it. (Unlikely, I know, but still—I repeat—possible. He is an excessively fine man!) Therefore, if you wish his love to make *fasco*, since you cannot appear in the matter, owing to various little intricacies, what steps will you take? It is a delicate question, cher Conrad; the Countess Idalia is not a woman to brook open interference;—even with your title to give it. She is very proud! I am wholly with you, and I am not inclined to be very *simpatico* to that Arab-looking courier; but you must really be cautious how you touch him; that matter would look very ugly if it turned up against you. The idea of firing at him at all!—and then of not hitting him when you did fire! Will you not believe me how *very* mistaken all impulsiveness is?"

Phaulcon writhed under the negligent, gently-uttered phrases; all the pent passion in him was tenfold hotter and darker, because it was in so great a measure powerless; but he was blinded to all that Victor chose him to be blind to—namely, his own love for her of whom they spoke—and he dreamed of nothing in his words beyond their mutual antagonism for the man they had mutually injured.

They talked on longer of this single theme; so long, that Laure l'Alouette had time to try on sixteen new dresses, tease a paroquet almost to death, box a page's ears, drink three glasses of cherry brandy, and finally drive off to the Corso by herself; so long, that Phaulcon was contented that if he must himself leave Capri at this juncture, his interests would run no material danger while his comrade and chief, tormentor and friend, was on the seaboard. For still he had not the most distant thought that the Englishman also loved her.

An hour went by before they parted; left alone, the master of the dainty *palazoletto* overhanging the Neapolitan waves neither peeled a citron, nor toyed lightly with this thought of Erceldoune's presence in Capri. On the contrary, admirably though he had veiled them, passions fiercer than the Greek's had lightened in him with the intelligence: the delicate colourlessness of his face flushed with a faint hot hue, his blue smiling eyes gleamed like steel, he set his teeth with a snarl like a greyhound's.

"She loves this man, curse him, or she will love him;—how soft her eyes grew for him in the East! There is no shooting him—only fools kill. There is no challenging him—that is long out of date, and, besides, he is as good a shot as any of us, or better. There is no ruining him—his fortunes are ruined already, and she is too world-wise to attempt any lies to her with a chance of success. If she choose to allow his love, who can prevent that?—Conrad cannot exert his title while the Moldavian affair hangs over his head. There is only one chance;—if he be such a fool as to take his passion seriously, if he be ignorant of her history, if he take her for some stainless aristocrate, and give her blind headlong faith. Then there will be nothing easier than to part them; but that is such a hazard!—he is in love with her beauty, what would he care though one proved to him that she were a second Messalina? Besides, if Idalia vowed that white were black, there is not a man living who would not be persuaded to think as she thought! Curse him! anybody else but this Borderer would have been dead with half the shots that struck him in Moldavia—curse him! Ah, Idalia! bellissima Idalia! you are haughty as a queen, and beautiful as a goddess, and dangerous as a velvet-voiced cardinal, and brightly keen as the wisest statesman, but when you made *me* your foe, you made an error that will cost you very dear."

And while these thoughts strayed through his mind, he plunged the silver knife he held up to its haft in a pomegranate amongst the citrons; and while the red juice welled out, and the purple pulp seemed to shrink as though wounded, he plunged the blade, down and down, again and again, into the heart of the fruit, as though the action were a relief to him, as though the stab to the pomegranate were an allegory.

CHAPTER VI.

"THE HATE WHEREWITH HE HATED HER WAS GREATER THAN THE LOVE WHEREWITH HE LOVED HER."

At the *palazoletto* on the Neapolitan shore that night, over the champagne and the melons, the hock and the bonbons, the scented cigarettes and the oily liqueurs, Laure l'Alouette, and one or two other as pretty Bohemians, grew fast and furious in their fun with their dinner companions, who were some of them officers of Francis's court, and others Englishmen of rank then resident in Naples, none of whom knew more of Victor Vane than that he was the most pleasant fellow and the most pleasant host in the world. He had made it his business to gain this social fame, not because he valued it one rush for itself, but because it was an indispensable stepping-stone. Victor's ambitions rose much higher than the success of a wit and the fame of a gastronomist, but both helped him to other things, both made men speak of him and place trust in him. To achieve anything in this world you must keep your memory habitually before it somehow, and no one doubts *very* much a man whose cook is *sans reproche*, and whose

wines are of pure Comet growth. A clear conscience will not do half so much for you as a perfectly clear soup.

To-night he was slightly listless, and almost absent; Laure l'Alouette rallied him with the most brilliant fireworks of *argot*, knocked his *papelito* out of his mouth, aimed at his Bohemian glass claret-jugs with a melon, and broke two in shivers, pelted him with bonbons, and, washing roses in wine, made him eat them, while her sister Free Lances held him down powerless. But all the mad pranks of her order, though they were most uproarious, failed to amuse him, however they raised peals of laughter from his guests. He did not find any amusement in these gross follies at any time; they were not his style; but usually he could at least affect amusement in them well enough. To-night, however, it was with an effort that he affected even this sufficiently to blind his Bacchanals; and when his very perfect wines had made both them and his male friends too close on intoxication for them to notice whether he was present or absent, he left them, with a look at their orgies, half compassionate, half contemptuous, and went out into the moonlit night that was shining over the bay.

It is an amazing opticism to think that a man must be virtuous because he is not a voluptuary, or that he cannot be virtuous because he is one. Solomon, Pericles, John Vatices, Nezahuacoyotl, were voluptuaries; Torquemada, Robespierre, St. Just, were anchorites: which way was the balance of virtue, wisdom, and mercy? Victor had not a tithe of the brave and generous qualities of some of the riotous fellows he left at their revels within; he was simply cold because nature had made him cold, and indifferent to material pleasure because his temperament was almost purely intellectual. Yet to-night he had been impatient of these noisy follies for a different reason; because his coldness had been suddenly lost to him, because even in his serene and unimpassioned nature the love of Idalia had risen.

And even in his world-wise and languid temperament a passionate bitterness of jealousy had sprung to life with the sight of Erceldoune beside her; the Venetian blood that was in him stirring with a fierce hatred under the coolness and wariness of his English temper and his worldly training. To-night, too, as he left his riotous companions and came out on to the still starlit sea-line, a better feeling, a melancholy that was for the moment too deep to be able to replace regret by retaliation, came on him. Such love as he could ever give he felt for her.

"She could have made me what she would!" he thought, where he stood looking down through the orange-boughs on to the glancing water. "I could have won a throne for *her*. Greece swings in the air for any bold hand to seize; a turn of the wheel, and Bohemia may be thrown in the lottery; free Venetia, and she would give the sceptre to her deliverer. Such things have been; they will be again. Valerian was a common soldier, Themistocles was a bastard, Bonaparte an artillery officer—what has been may be again. They were once far farther off power than I. For myself, I could do all that is possible—with her, I would do the *impossible*!"

A smile crossed his face at the dreaming wildness of his own thoughts ; his profound and cool acumen could never so wholly desert him that he could be the prey to any emotion without some sense of ridicule and disdain even for himself ; but there was more of pain at his heart than of self-contempt ; he felt, even amidst the jealous bitterness that came as turning his love into hatred, that he should have become a nobler man if a truer man had Idalia returned his passion.

"I dream like a boy, or a madman!" he thought, while his hand waved with a fierce gesture an odorous crown of orange-flowers, and waving the bruised petals out to the sea. "And yet,—with her,—I could have had force in me to make even such dreams real. She and I—we could have matched the world! If she had loved me, I would have slaved for her, dared for her, conquered for her. If she had loved me, there is nothing I would not have compassed."

Even where he stood in solitude, his lips quivered and his forehead contracted, as under some unbearable physical pain ; hardly thirty years were over his head, all the maturity of life lay before him ; he felt that he had the genius in him to rule men and to carve himself a memory in history ; he had the power in him to become a Bismarck

or a Gladstone ; he had the ability that would have made him a pre-eminent and triumphant statesman ; he would have been this, he could not have failed to be it, had the Open Sesame, Opportunity, been his. As it was, he saw the portals of fame closed to him through the disadvantages of position, and the exercise of power denied to him because he had not the primary power of money. Impatient and bitter at what was denied him, knowing that it were useless to attempt to thrust himself into the political ranks of England, since he remembered that even Canning never ceased to be dubbed "adventurer," and as aware, besides, that his talents were far fitter for the finesses of diplomacy than for the business routine of English parliamentary careers, he had thrown himself into the intricacies, the risks, the vast and uncertain gambling of foreign liberal politics.

He hated Austria with a Venetian's hate, and would have schemed night and day to humble her ; beyond this feeling he had as little sympathy as might be with his associates ; for the grandeur of theoretic republicanism, for the regeneration of Italy, for the freedom of Hungary or Poland, for the advance of the high-flown quixotism of Garibaldi, or for such poetic partisanship as breathed in "Casa Guidi Windows," he had never a single throb of sympathy. But he loved the power that it seemed to him he might obtain through them ; he loved the nations that in their work he wove so wisely and so well ; he foresaw that had not then come, the certain downfall of the Neapolitan Bourbons ; he had the spirit of the gamester, and was happiest in the recklessness of chance ; he had the ambition of a statesman, and he aspired, to the revival of nationalities and in the turmoil of new liberties, to seize the moment to advance himself to the prominence and the pre-eminence which he coveted. Therefore he had embraced a party with which his temper had little sympathies, whose views his own mind disapproved as chimerical, and whose cause only his thwarted ambitions induced him to embrace. As yet, though he held a great power in his hands over the lives of men whose projects and whose aspirations were

all confided to his mercy, no substantial power had accrued to him; the rough-and-ready R  Galantuomo, and he, the silken tactician, the elegant and cultured man uvrer, could have no accord; Count Cavour mistrusted him; the eyes that could laugh on a Turin riot with a kindly, "My Turinese are merry to-night," could see very keenly through a specious untruth. On Garibaldi Victor Vane looked as a hare-brained enthusiast, a Quixote in a red shirt, who would have his head turned, like Masaniello, if once he attained Masaniello's position. So he had reaped but little from his association with the alliance of "Young Italy;" he had risked very much, and his accumulated debts—always staved off with the exercise of his consummate tact, the odour of his fashionable reputation, and the conviction which he awoke in even the ablest men that he was rich whilst he avowed himself poor, and that he was destined to hold high influence soon or late—were very heavy. As he saw himself now,—although in general, when in the full excitement of his life, the full glitter of its pleasures, the full complexity of its intrigues, he thought otherwise,—he saw the truth: that in the flower of his manhood he was without a career, without a future; that with all his talents, his graces, and his fashion, he was no more than an adventurer; that bankruptcy, pecuniary and social, might any hour fall on him; that—stripped of the brilliance of his elegant world, and of the euphuisms of a political profession—he was neither more nor less in literal fact than a gamester, a spy, and a beggared speculator in the great hazards of European destinies. In such a mood he hated himself, he hated all he was allied with, he hated the world that he had the ambition and the tact to rule, yet in which he absolutely owned not even a sum enough to save him from a hopeless ruin whenever the crash that hung over him should fall. And a greater bitterness than even this came on him as he stood to-night beside the Bay of Naples: for once he loved; for once he felt that greater, better, truer things might have been possible for him; for once a pang, almost as sharp as agony, seized him in dreaming of what he *might have been*.

For once he suffered greatly.

Every disdainful word, every contemptuous glance, every cold rebuke, of the woman he coveted with the passion of ambition, as well as with the passion of love, seemed burned into his memory and perpetually before him. He could not even make her believe that he loved her!—that was the deadliest pang of all. Hate, cruel, fierce, remorseless; the most insatiate hate of all, the hate which springs from baffled love, wound its way into his thoughts again. Before now, Victor Vane had been a cold tactician, an unscrupulous intriguer, a man who cared nothing at what cost his ends were gained, but still one who, from innate gentleness of temper and instinctive refinement of nature, had felt no sort of temptation towards grosser and darker evil; had, indeed, ridiculed it as the clumsy weapon of the ignorant and the fool;—now he was in that mood when the heart of the man possessed by it cries thirstily, "Evil be thou my good."

"I have all their cards in my hands," he thought, where he leaned, musingly flinging the buds of the gum-cistus into the water below.

"A word from me—and her haughty head would lie on the stone floor of a dungeon."

The thought grew on him, strangely changing the character of his features as it worked out its serpent's undulations through his mind. His clear and sunny eyes grew cruel; his delicate, smiling lips hardened into a straight acrid line; his fair, smooth brow darkened and contracted; this man, who had had before but the subtle, graceful swoop, the bright, unerring keenness of the falcon, now stooped lower, and had the merciless craft, the lust to devour and to destroy, of the fox.

He drew out of his pocket, from a secret slip in a dainty velvet note-case, a letter in a fine, delicate, miniature Italian hand; such a hand as a Machiavelli, a John de Medici, or an Acquaviva, might have written. He read it slowly, weighing every line, then put it back into its resting-place, with a certain disdain and sneer upon his face:—there was not the brain in Europe that could outwit him.

"Austria will bid higher than that," he thought, "and the young wretch here will fall as Bourbons always fell. Six months, and he will be driven out of Naples—it would be much to be his Count d'Avalto and his Lord Chamberlain *then*! Fools! do they think such a bribe as that would take? If I make terms, it shall be with the Hapsburgh; they shall pay me in proportion to my hate. They know what my enmity has meant!"

He leaned musingly over the marble parapet, the lines of cruelty and of craft sinking deeper into his fair, unworn face; even to him, freest of any man from all such weaknesses as an unprofitable honour, and not unwilling to sell his hate, as he would have sold his intellect, his conscience, and his soul (had he believed in so impalpable a thing), for Power; even to him there was something bitter and shameful in the thought of treason—something that made him recoil from the desertion of those who had been allied to him so long, and acceptance of those who had so long had his deepest hatred; something that made the very silence of the Italian night, the very melody of the Italian seas, the very cadence of a boat-song, that echoed dreamily over the waves from a distance, that only let its closing cadence, "*Libertà! O Libertà!*" come upon his ear, seem like a reproach to him by whom she—this Italy in chains, this Italy ruined through her own fatal dower of a too great beauty—was about to be betrayed.

There never yet was the man so hardened that he could play the part, and take the wage of an Iscariot, without this pang.

"She drives me to it," he said, in his teeth, with a sophism that ere now he would have disdained. "She might have made me what she would; she chooses to make me——"

"A traitor," was not uttered even clearly in his thoughts; who thinks out clearly such thoughts as these to the last iota of their own damnable meaning? A shiver, too, ran through him as he recalled a risk that even his fertile statecraft could not avail to ward off from him, the step he meditated once being taken;—the risk of the stab-thrust in the back from the poniard of the "*Brotherhood*," which even in this day, even in the streets of polished European capitals, strikes

soon or late, howsoever high they stand in a traitor's guilty purples, those who have broken the oath of those secret bonds.

Then he smiled; a smile in which the last throb of his better nature died.

"Faugh! my good Italians shall believe that I join the White Coats to serve Venetia; my blind Viennese shall think I wear a fair face to Italy to entrap her confidence for them. It is so easy to dupe both. And *she*—Naples will suffice for that. A whisper of mine to the Cardinal, and scorn, and wit, and statesmanship, and wealth, and all the cozenries of her loveliness, all the resources of her art, will avail her nothing. Years there in the Vicaria—or the chains and the scourges, and the oaths and the shame of the King's galleys—ah, my sovereign Idalia! what will you do with your beauty, and your kingdom, and your lovers, and your insolence of your pride, *then*? Better have shared a crown with me!"

As his thoughts shaped themselves into ruthless wily shape that dulled remorse, and stole swiftly and surely on the evil path which tempted him, the whole man in him changed; the gentleness of his nature grew into fierce lust, the unscrupulous acumen of his intellect was merged into a deadly thirst for retaliation. On the woman who had scornfully repelled his passion he could have dealt a hundred deaths.

Yet for one moment more the love he had borne her vanquished him again, and he remembered nothing but its pain, its wrong, and its rejection; for one moment more he gave himself up to the misery, the weakness, the shame, as he held it, of this fool's idolatry;—it was the one thing alone, loathingly as he contemned it, that could have made him a better and a truer man. In that moment he suffered, and only suffered.

His head drooped till it sank down on to his arms, that were folded on the marble ledge, and a sharp quiver like a woman's weeping shook him from head to foot.

"I would have forgiven her all—even her scorn," he thought, "if only she would have *believed* that I loved her!"

LILIAN'S INHERITANCE.

BY MRS. WILLIAM MURRAY.

CHAPTER III.

LILIAN.

OLD Nurse Wilson had left Maud Slingsby "comfortable for the night," as she termed it; and very grateful the tired girl felt that her lot had fallen in such pleasant places. A true lady herself, she recognised instinctively the innate refinement of Mr. and Miss Trevanion; and in the pleasant motherly gossip of good Nurse Wilson, and the evident care bestowed upon her comfort by all the household, she plainly saw that there was no fear of her being treated as a dependent or inferior, which is a cruelty that governesses too often are obliged to endure. Nurse's parting advice was:

"Now make yourself quite at home, my dear, and go to sleep. Mexico's a queer place, but no doubt there's queerer, and we are all good in this house (though I say it who shouldn't), and may the Lord forgive me for lying, for I'd forgotten Miss Lilian."

"Good night, nurse, and don't forget to awake me in the morning."

"I'll do no such thing, miss, for, unless folks is fair tired out (which I am sure you are), there's no chance of sleep in this country after four o'clock in the morning, for the birds begins hollering wonderful; and as for that 'Sing-song-kly,'* it's at it all night, shouting awful; so if you want to wake up, the birds will awake you fast enough; but for my own part, I advise you to lie still, as Miss Kate told you, and I'll bring some chocolate and biscuits when I think you're ready for it. So go to sleep, my dear, and pleasant dreams be with you."

Maud was very wearied, and fell into a fitful slumber the moment nurse left her, but she was nervous and excited; her strength had been overtaxed, and everything was new and strange.

She must have slept some time, when a cold draught of wind blowing on her face suddenly awoke her. She had remarked before nurse left, that there were no less than four large folding-doors in her bedroom, which was very lofty and spacious, but she was then too tired or too indifferent to note where they led to. Now, however, springing up and throwing a shawl round her, she prepared to reconnoitre.

One of these doors led through a corridor into the dining and drawing rooms; other two at each end of her apartment opened, one into a luxurious room, fitted up as a lady's boudoir, the other into a dressing and bath room, but both were evidently for her own occupation, as they had no communication with any other part of the house. The fourth door

* *Zenzontli*. The Mexican name of the mocking-bird, signifying in the old Aztec language "four hundred voices," from the wonderful variety of its notes and its extraordinary musical talent. It can be taught long selections from operas, and perform them faultlessly, in a voice richer and more beautiful than that of our own nightingale. Even in Mexico, where they are so common, a good mocking-bird will sell for two hundred dollars (40*l.*).

was partly open, and Maud, looking beyond it, found herself in a large empty chamber, into which several passages appeared to open, each of these passages terminating in a glass door, some of which being unclosed caused the draught of wind which had awakened her.

Standing there, looking round and wondering in which part of the house the rest of the family slept, a sudden gust extinguished her lamp and left her in total darkness.

Although a stranger to fear, she was considerably startled; for she had no means of relighting her lamp, and all the windows were heavily closed with massive shutters, secured with bars of iron (such a precaution being especially necessary in Mexico), consequently the darkness was intense. Groping along by the side of the wall, hoping to find some bell, or at least to discover the way back again to her bed, she suddenly saw a faint light quivering along through one of the passages. Naturally supposing that nurse or some of the domestics had not yet retired for the night, Maud determined to call and ask for a light, when, to her surprise, she saw a small creature coming cautiously along, curiously attired in a loose Turkish dress of some white material, fastened round the waist with a twisted scarf of scarlet, and bearing a small safety oil-lamp in its hand.

On it came, with a peculiar gliding motion, and bare, unslipped feet, its long dark hair floating around, its cheeks and lips like scarlet roses, its eyes like glittering stars.

Maud remained motionless, lost in amazement at the wondrous beauty of the being before her, who on nearer inspection proved to be a little girl some eight or nine years of age. She looked like a rare tropical flower, so gorgeous in its colouring that you might almost expect to see it droop and wither as you gazed.

Maud had never seen or imagined anything half so lovely, and even rubbed her eyes, thinking she might be dreaming. But no, the child was living flesh and blood, bright, blooming, beautiful!

"Who or what was she? Why was she wandering alone at midnight?"

Nearer and nearer she came, straight in the direction of Maud's apartment.

Ah! she saw Maud's figure standing there, and suddenly stopped, quivering with fear.

She spoke quickly and eagerly in Spanish, and her voice was as beautiful as her face, but Maud did not understand a word.

She saw, however, that the child was so frightened that in another moment it would either faint or scream, so said in English:

"My name is Maud Slingsby. Do not be afraid."

Immediately the child drew up her slender, supple figure, and replied in English, as perfect as Maud's own:

"Then if you are Miss Slingsby, what do you mean by standing there, frightening me out of my senses?"

"Rather," was Maud's astonished reply, "what do you mean by prowling round the house at midnight, when I feel sure you ought to be fast asleep in your bed?"

"How dare you speak to me in that manner?" said the child. "Do you know who I am?"

"I have not the slightest idea, but you appear to be a very rude

little girl. However, will you oblige me with a light, as mine has gone out?"

"Go into your room, Miss Slingsby," said this imperious elf. "I was coming to see you when you frightened me so much."

"Indeed," replied Maud; "then perhaps you will kindly make haste and explain what you require of me, as I intend going to bed."

With the air of an insulted queen the child walked into Maud's room and seated herself.

"Now you may sit down, Miss Slingsby."

"Thank you, I prefer to stand."

"But I command you to sit down. I am Miss Lilian Trevanion, and your mistress. You are merely a poor person who has come all the way from England to do as I tell you, and be my slave."

Maud felt her colour rising, and something within told her that if this really was her future pupil, whom she met for the first time in such strange circumstances, now was the moment when she must assert her own dignity; but she was so excessively surprised at the whole proceeding, that she had no words at her command; feeling naturally much annoyed, she was also interested. Her love of adventure was very strong, and although she had seen much to astonish her since landing on the shores of Mexico, yet to have her privacy invaded the first night of her arrival in a strange house, and in the dead of night, by a marvellous apparition like Miss Lilian Trevanion, was a climax of amazement.

Maud was also an artist, keenly alive to the picturesque and beautiful, and, in spite of Lilian's grandiloquent conversation and ridiculous effrontery, she was wonderfully lovely. It was easy enough to discover that she was a Trevanion, without her pompous announcement to that effect; she inherited all her father's handsome features and refinement of face, and, in addition to this, a nameless grace, a glowing richness of form and colour, totally different from anything that Maud had ever seen before.

There was no light in the room save that which Lilian had brought and placed on a table near which she seated herself, consequently the rays of her lamp fell full upon the child, whilst the figure of Maud was in comparative darkness.

Maud, therefore, had the advantage of seeing without being seen, but the silence and gloom of the apartment did not suit Lilian.

"Why don't you speak, Miss Slingsby?"

No reply.

"Then I shall light your candles, and have a good look at you. I did not come here to sit still in the dark."

Anxious to see what would be the next move of her strange visitor, Maud still kept silence. There were several wax-candles in different parts of the room, which Lilian lighted; then, coming up to Maud, she looked at her intently.

"Why, you are not even pretty; you are not as nice-looking as Manuela, and she is a fright!"

Now, there is no woman (or man either) on the face of the earth who likes to be told, in plain, unvarnished language, that they are ugly.

Maud was essentially womanly—all gentleness, goodness, and truth, as my readers will discover for themselves—but she had suffered much that day. Wearied with her long journey, attacked, frightened, and robbed by

Marquez, alone, friendless, and dependent upon strangers in a foreign land, worn out, and exhausted both mentally and physically, she had patience left to listen to the vagaries of a child, and hear unpleasant comments upon her own personal appearance, about one o'clock in the morning.

Now Lilian, in her quick childish instinct, was right to a certain extent. Miss Slingsby was *not* pretty—indeed, her features were decidedly plain—but she possessed one beauty, one fascinating power, which few could withstand, and which has already been alluded to.

Maurice Trevanion had said to his Sister Kate, “She is not pretty, but she has wonderful eyes!” If he, therefore, had felt their power when Maud, tired and wearied, had looked at him, what must not Lilian have felt when these eyes literally blazed down upon her?

For the first time in her life, the imperious spirit of the child was perfectly cowed. If Maud had spoken for weeks, she could not so well have expressed her intense contempt, surprise, and displeasure, and Lilian's bright colour faded, her little hands fell listlessly by her side, her expressive mouth quivered, and the wild light died out of her eyes, conquered by a powerful will stronger even than her own, but by a will, thank God! whose impulses were all for good, not evil.

It is best here to describe this wonderful power in Maud Slingsby's eyes. In colour, they were of greyish blue—in some lights almost violet. The eyelashes were very long, straight, and thick, and there was a peculiar formation in the lid, which gave them a sleepy, drooping appearance. She rarely raised them, or looked at a person when speaking, not from any failing in frankness or truth, but because she was most sensitively conscious of her own power; because she had the peculiar faculty of thoroughly reading the character of any person with whom she held converse, and, whatever emotion was in her heart, her eyes expressed it tenfold.

Hence, Maud, with a beauty like this, could not be called plain, but was, in fact, far more attractive than many beautiful women, and her wondrous eyes lighted up her face with an animation and earnestness which caused all who knew her to honour and love her.

In the full consciousness of her right to subdue Lilian, she looked at the child searchingly and long, and the audacity and imperiousness of the poor little being quivered and faded away.

Helplessly she stood—a tired, trembling child, longing for a good cry, and Maud pityingly said:

“Now, Lilian, you and I have had a silent struggle, about which we will talk some other day; at present, you must go to bed—it is highly improper for a little child like you to be up at this time. Where do you sleep, and who is your maid? I will ring for her.”

“Oh no, Miss Slingsby,” said Lilian, now really crying, or rather raining tears, “don't—please don't ring! They will all be so frightened, and papa, perhaps, may not have gone to bed (for he sits up very late reading), and he would be so grieved, and I can't bear to vex papa, for I love him so!”

“Well, my child, what am I to do? Which is your bedroom? Though, really, I shall be no wiser if you tell me.”

“Oh, it is a long way off, near Aunt Kate's, at the other side of the

use, and I dare not go by myself—indeed, I dare not. Will you come with me, please, Miss Slingsby?"

"But you see, Lilian, that would not be much better, for I, who do not know the house, should not be able to find my way back again, and your papa is still up, and were to hear us, what should we do then?"

"Indeed, indeed, I don't know!" cried Lilian. "What shall I do? Oh dear! oh dear!" And the poor little creature sobbed piteously.

"Well," replied Maud (reluctantly, it must be confessed, for she was fully both required and deserved a good night's rest, without any care for Lilian), "I see nothing for it but your remaining with me, so jump to bed, and fall asleep."

"But what will Manuela say in the morning, when she comes to dress me?"

"Indeed, I know nothing about Manuela, and you must make up your mind quickly whether you will stay here or not, or I shall ring the bell at once."

"Oh! I'll stay here, dear Miss Slingsby; and thank you very much. I'll be very good—indeed I will." And, to Maud's great relief, Lilian slipped into bed. "Are you coming, Miss Slingsby?"

"Yes, dear, soon."

"Then kiss me first, please."

Maud, stooping, kissed her, and such a bright look of eloquent gratitude beamed in the child's lovely face, that Maud involuntarily said,

"God bless you, Lilian!"

"Oh thanks! thanks!" And the tired little head buried itself in the pillows, and in a few moments was fast asleep, a perfect rosebud of beauty, a wondrous incarnation of childish loveliness.

Maud looked long and anxiously at the sweet face by her side, so innocent in its slumber, and recognised the conflicting elements of good and evil which were struggling in that little heart for mastery, and other prayer from a pure and good woman was added to Kate's impassioned appeal for Lilian that night:

"Oh, Father in Heaven, look down in mercy, and grant that I may be enabled to assist in all that is good, and pure, and holy, the wilful and evil nature of the child whose education and welfare I am undertaking, and grant Thy peace unto her, and to all this household. Amen."

Then, in her dreams, Lilian turned, and, flinging her arms round Maud's neck, they both slept;—and surely God was with them.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE birds awoke and filled the air with melody, as Nurse Wilson predicted, but Maud and Lilian slept late, the heavy, dreamless sleep of exhaustion. Lilian had intended running back to her own room at break of day, so that her escapade might pass unnoticed, but was too tired to wake at that early hour, consequently when Manuela went, about seven o'clock as usual, to dress her, she found the bird had flown. Thinking at that the child was hiding, she made a playful search for her, but of course without success. Had she dressed herself, and run out into the

garden? No, for all her clothes were lying neatly folded in their accustomed place. Even the little shoes were there.

"Valgame Dios! que criatura es esta" (God help me, what a child this is!) said Manuela. "From morning till night she is one continual torment, and wherever the little witch is gone to now is more than I can tell." Counting her beads, and uttering many a prayer to her different saints, she went off to the housekeeper's room, where she found nurse busy preparing chocolate and toast for Miss Trevanion's "desayuno."* "Oh, nurse, she's gone—she's run away—she's stolen! Holy Mary, mercy on us! blessed Saint Peter, defend us! Oh, holy Saint—"

"Have done with your noise this minute," said nurse, in high indignation, "and make a less whisht! Are you gone clean daft this morning, rushing about in that flighty manner, afore decent folks is out of their beds? If you'd just let Saint Peter alone, and speak plain English instead of shouting out them ridiculous names in Spanish, I might get a chance of knowing what you mean."

"Oh, nurse, she's gone—she's gone!"

"Now, Manuela, I beg you'll not make game of an old woman like me; you're a hagggravating creatur at the best o' times, but I'm not going to be insulted for nothing, and if you don't tell me 'who's gone' before I count ten, I'll not answer for my hactions with this toasting-fork."

"Oh, mercy on us, nurse, it's Miss Lilian!"

"Eh?—what?" screamed nurse, dropping the toast which she was making into the fire, plumping herself down into the chair, and covering her face with her apron. "Manuela, for shame of yourself! A joke's a joke, and——"

"I tell you, nurse, Miss Lilian's not in her room, and I have looked for her all over; so, instead of sitting there calling me names, perhaps you'll come and look for her yourself."

"Hush, Manuela, for mercy's sake! the little wicked imp is hiding somewhere, and playing us a trick, I warrant, but if I don't take her straight to her father this time, my name's not Nurse Wilson." But poor nurse looked very white and frightened, and Manuela noticed that she leaned against the table for support, and seemed paralysed with some hidden fear. Her voice, too, was weak and faltering, as she said, "Manuela, was all the doors locked from the inner court-yard last night?"

"Of course they were, and Mr. Richards went all round the house after he came home, with the master, and I heard him say that all was safe."

"Thank God for that," said nurse, reverently.

"Why, you don't surely suppose that Miss Lilian would go into the inner court-yard to see that wretch Dolores?" asked Manuela.

"Nay, I don't know what to think. I'm surprised at nothing that child does. However, we'll go and look for her, and if we don't find her, I wouldn't be you and me for twopence, Manuela."

So on they searched up-stairs and down stairs, in the closets, under

* All Mexicans take their "desayuno"—i.e. an early breakfast of chocolate and bread before leaving their bedrooms, the regular breakfast hour of the country being at eleven or twelve.

the beds, and in the empty rooms, but no Lilian. Then they looked in each other's faces, and Manuela's clear olive skin turned ghastly, and Nurse Wilson was quaking with fear.

"Who'll go and tell the master?"

"Who'll go and tell Miss Kate?"

But a bright thought struck Manuela. "Don't you think she's with her papa?"

"Oh, to be sure! What an idiot you were not to think of that before." And nurse hobbles off to Mr. Trevanion's room, at the door of which she knocked eagerly.

"Who's there?"

"Please, sir, it's me, sir. Nurse Wilson."

"Oh, nurse, what do you want? Have you brought my chocolate? I thought Richards very late this morning, but doubtless he has overslept himself after his hard journey."

"No, sir, I've not brought the chocolate, and I've not seen Richards, but I'll fetch you some in a minute. It's Miss Lilian I want, sir, if you'll just tell her that Manuela's waiting to dress her, and it's after eight o'clock."

"Lilian's not here, nurse."

"Then, please, sir, will you tell me where she'll be, and what I'm to do to find her?" And the faithful old servant, fairly overcome with terror, burst into tears.

Mr. Trevanion, who had just finished dressing, immediately opened the door, and gazed with amazement upon the pale, anxious, tear-stained face of old Nurse Wilson.

"Why, nurse, what is the matter?"

"Oh, please, sir, it's Miss Lilian, she's gone away!"

"Gone! Lilian gone! What do you mean, nurse? You're dreaming this morning." But Trevanion's face turned white and cold.

"No, sir, I'm not dreaming. Manuela and me has searched the house from top to bottom, save your room and Miss Kate's, and wherever she's gone, sir, she's in her nightgown, and she's got no shoes nor stockings to her feet. She was in one of her most awfulest of tempers yesterday, sir, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if she's thrown herself into one of the fountains out of spite, and that the gold fishes is now a eating of her body; and it's me, sir, that's one of Job's comforter's, but what shall we do? Oh deary me!—oh deary me!"

"What shall we do?" echoed Maurice, wildly. "Ring the alarm-bell, of course, and send scouts all over the country. Lilian! my Lilian!"

"Hush, sir," said nurse, who appeared to regain her senses when she saw her master's dismay. "Don't let us frighten Miss Kate, she's been sorely tried of late, and her heart's bound up in Miss Lilian."

"Thanks, my good woman—thanks for the reminder. I am too impetuous, too hasty, but she is my only child, nurse, and my heart quakes for fear. You know with what cause."

"Ay, sir, I know; but, maybe, we'll find her somewheres near, for she's a wild and wandering child, and causes a heap of trouble."

So nurse went away to Miss Trevanion, whom she found nervous and wakeful.

"What has been the matter in the night, nurse? Some of you have disturbed me greatly. You have surely been up very late or very early. There were footsteps in the next room. I called 'Lilian,' but she never answered, and I heard noises all night through. I wonder how Lilian slept. Is she up yet?"

"Yes, miss, she's up, and Mister Maurice also, and they're both quite well," said nurse, inwardly praying that such might be the case.

"Very well; that is satisfactory. But have you been to Miss Slingsby?"

"No, miss."

"Then go by all means, and take her some chocolate, and ask how she has slept."

"Yes, miss." And nurse departed, mumbling to herself, "Well, it's a blessing Miss Kate has more heads on her shoulders than I have, for I clean forgot that poor half-starved creature that came in last night. I'll just take her something to eat, and ask her how she is, and tell her to lie still, and then I'll come back to the master, poor man, for I expect we'll have to wear the shoes off our feet before we find that witch Lilian."

So nurse hastened off with the "desayuno" to Maud's room, which she found in total darkness, with all the doors and windows closed. Opening one of the shutters to admit the light, she went softly on tiptoe to the bedside, tray in hand, when such was her surprise, on seeing Lilian fast asleep in Maud's arms, that she uttered a loud scream, and dropped her tray, with all its contents, on the floor. "Oh! to think of that little, nasty, naughty, wearisome minx of a child being here after all, and me and Manuela been frightened to death with the palpitations, and the master out of his senses with wildness."

Up started Maud, rubbing her eyes, wondering where she was, and Lilian commenced crying violently. The more she cried, the more nurse scolded, until Maud, now thoroughly awake, and nearly deafened with the noise, began to realise the situation, and remembered the last night's adventure.

"Lilian, be quiet; and you, nurse, tell me what is the meaning of all this disturbance."

"It means, miss, that the master is just going to ring the alarm-bell, and send into the city to look after his daughter, because we all thought she was dead or stolen; for it's a common thing now-a-days for the Gorillas* (Guerillas) to steal children, and take 'em up into the mountains, and then, when the parents has nearly exhausted themselves with fretting, a half-starved Mexican, the image of a blackbeetle, calls upon them, and says, if they'll pay him so much, he'll tell them where their child is; and then he fixes the ransom, and the father and mother pays it, and the child comes home. And if they'd took Miss Lilian off, and fed her on beans and garlic for a month, I'd have been very glad, only the master would have had to pay more money for her than she's worth, and broken his

* It is a fact that at this period children were stolen in the streets of Mexico and taken to the mountains. A price was fixed upon them according to the known wealth of the parents, and when this sum was paid the children were restored to their homes.

it in the mean time; so it would have been as broad as it's long, and like dickory, dickory dock, the mouse ran up the clock."

Lilian was so amused with this most uncalled-for allusion to dickory dock, that she burst out laughing, to the intense indignation of nurse, who aimed, in high dudgeon:

Ay, it's all very fine for you to laugh, when you've no more feeling our buzzom than a drone bee. But see if I don't go to your father minute and tell him of yer doings."

Oh, don't, don't!" said Lilian, bursting into a passion of tears. "I'll be good if you won't tell papa. I could not bear to live if papa was angry with me. Miss Slingsby, please ask nurse not to tell papa."

Why, I've got nothing to tell," said nurse, "excepting that you are a little, and that I looks upon you as the most tiresomest torment that ever I had."

Then oblige me by going at once to Mr. Trevanion, and relieving his mind by the assurance that Miss Lilian is safe with her governess," said nurse, in her half unconscious English haughtiness.

Oh, miss," replied nurse, whose quick ear detected Maud's sensitive feelings, "don't be affronted; I'm an old woman, and means no offence, and looks upon Miss Lilian as my own child; but let me catch Manuela, any of them Augustinas or Ciprianas, saying a word to her, and I'll be in this house too hot to hold 'em, that I will. Just fancy me coming the way from Yorkshire to let myself be insulted by a Mexican!"

So saying, nurse returned to Mr. Trevanion, and told him that his child was found. Whatever surprise he may have felt to hear that Lilian was with Miss Slingsby, he was, nevertheless, intensely relieved, and immediately sent nurse back to Maud with many expressions of regret for the disturbed night which she must have spent, begging that Lilian might be sent to him at once.

"Oh, nurse," asked Lilian, "is papa very angry with me?"

"I don't know whether he's angry or not, but I know I'd like to whip you myself, you little tiresome, meddlesome, contrarist piece of haughtiness. Why couldn't you stay quietly in your own bed, instead of wandering off to that poor thing that came last night, when she's tired of her life, I'll be bound? Oh, it's a selfish child you are! I wonder you're not afraid to go gallivanting through them long passages by yourself, when folks is all in their beds."

"Never you mind, nurse," replied Lilian. "I couldn't meet anything worse than you if I tried, and I shall like Miss Slingsby much better than you."

"Well, I am sure it will be a blessing if you like anybody, and if Miss Slingsby is fond of the conversion of the heathen in foreign parts, she'll have her work set with you, Miss Lilian."

Lilian, too indignant to reply, sprang into her father's arms, whom she was coming along to meet her.

"Good morning, my little humming-bird," said Maurice, fondly kissing her glowing face which nestled so lovingly against his own. "What has my pet been thinking of this morning, running into poor Miss Slingsby's room, awaking her so early, and frightening nurse and papa much—eh?"

"Please, sir," began nurse——

"If you dare to speak, nurse," screamed Lilian, shaking her little fist, "I'll scratch you."

"Lilian," said her father, in a tone of grave reproof, "what do you mean by speaking in that shameful manner to nurse?"

"Well, papa, she promised not to tell—indeed she did, and Miss Slingsby said no one was to tell you but herself."

"Tell me what, darling?"

"Oh, about me, papa, and my wickedness."

"What have you been doing, my child? I would rather hear it from your own lips than Miss Slingsby's."

"Would you really, papa? And you won't be cross with me?"

"No, dear, not if you tell me the truth."

"Then send nurse away, please, papa, because I don't want her to know."

Trevanion motioned to nurse to leave them, and she, too well accustomed to Lilian's ways ever to make any resistance, obeyed at once, leaving the father and daughter alone.

"Now, papa, as that cross old goose has gone, let us be comfortable. Take me in your arms, and we will go into the garden, where I will tell you all about it."

"But why in the garden, dear? You are not dressed; better go to Manuela first."

"Oh no, Manuela will be an hour at least in dressing me and making me 'muy compuesta' (well got up), as she calls it. I shall not take cold, papa. Do come outside, because I can always talk better when I know the birds and flowers are listening."

"Do you think they hear you, darling?"

"Oh, papa, I know they do. About eight o'clock every morning they get tired of chattering to themselves, and are so still, waiting for me to go out. Every day when I am in the garden I tell them tales, and preach to them; and although they never speak, yet I see them in the branches, looking down and nodding their heads at me, and I never disappoint them. Whenever I have been naughty, or whenever I am happy and good, I always tell the birds, and I should have been to them to-day, above all days, whether you were with me or not. Nurse says I'm crazy, and that the birds can't understand; but the reason is, that one day she was listening behind a tree, and I told some humming-birds that she was an old cross-patch, and one of them flew right past and hit her on the face, and she screamed, and I called out, 'A witch! a witch!' and she tumbled down all her length. It was such fun! Now will you come with me, dear papa?"

"Yes, darling, willingly. Put on this shawl, and I will carry you where you like."

So on they went, by Lilian's directions, out into the sweet garden, which was perfectly redolent with fragrance in the early morning air. They passed through winding walks, heavily bordered with masses of purple violets, shaded by large shrubs of white Cape jasmine full of starry flowers, intermingled with the most gorgeous rose-trees, from the pure wax-like white rose to the creamy cloth of gold and bright yellow; from the delicate maiden's blush, through every variety of form and

lour, down to the deep rich crimson "Géant de Batailles." Beyond these were groves of orange and lemon trees, in their full beauty of blossom and fruit, with large shrubs of bright yellow mimulus, blue and violet salvias, geraniums, and verbenas of every shade, with many gorgeous Mexican flower of brilliant hue; and here and there were eps of wild woodbine and fragrant honeysuckles, caressingly entwining themselves around their more imposing sisterhood. There were dates, and figs, and olive-trees, with fine handsome walnuts, and many richly-laden trees of our own apples and pears. Dahlias of every colour and shade were growing wild in all their native luxuriance, and stately kalas, lilies of the Nile.

The garden was, in fact, a perfect nest of loveliness, and above, the sky was as balmy, blue, and soft as ever poets breathed of in their wildest dreams. The birds, as Lilian had said, were tired with their chattering, the ever busy humming-bird was flying about from flower to flower, singling its pleasant buzzing with the drowsy hum of bees, and the gorgeous dragon-flies and butterflies were up and stirring.

Maurice was a true lover of nature; full of youth and health, hehaled the pure breezes and the sweetness around him with intense delight. As for Lilian, she was wild with joy, and required all her mother's strength to prevent her jumping, or rather flying, out of his arms.

"Do be still, darling."

"Papa, could you, oh, do you think you could, climb into a tree? I must get up higher."

"Well, I'll try. Now hold fast, little one."

So saying, whilst Lilian grasped him tightly, Maurice swung himself to a large thick fig-tree, and seated himself with Lilian on his knee on one of its wide-spreading branches.

"Now, puss, are you comfortable?"

"Oh yes, it's delicious; and see, papa, there are the birds waiting."

True enough, there were some birds looking half asleep among the branches, to whom Lilian nodded her head and laughed, saying, "Buenos días, pajaritos." (Good morning, little birds.)

"You see, papa, these are Spanish birds, and don't understand English, I am obliged to talk to them in Spanish."

And now the child, nestling very close in her father's arms, began her tale, which the reader already knows, and to which Trevanion listened very earnestly. With all Lilian's faults she was very truthful, and did not spare herself in the recital; and Maurice was by turns amused, relieved, and charmed, as the child so artlessly displayed her own imperfections, and he gathered enough, from her description of Maud, to make him hope that Lilian had at last met with one whose united goodness and kindness would tame her rebellious spirit, and develop all that was really charming and lovable in her nature.

"Ah! if God will only spare her," he murmured to himself, and unconsciously clasped his darling closer, as if to preserve her from some threatened harm.

"Now, papa, I have told you all, are you very angry?"

"No, my child, not this time. I know my Lilian will never do such tricks again."

"Then, papa, as a proof that you forgive me, will you grant me one favour?"

"Oh you little woman! How can I grant favours before knowing what they are?"

"But this is nothing naughty, papa; it's something good and nice."

"Well, go on."

"Then say 'Yes,' papa."

"Yes, you gipsy."

"Well, then, it is that as I am going to love Miss Slingsby dearly, that *you* will love her too."

"Pshaw! you ridiculous monkey," said Maurice, with the colour flushing into his face, half amused, half vexed with Lilian's absurdity. "Come along and get dressed; you are the veriest magpie that ever lived." And without waiting for more, he jumped down from his hiding-place, and ran along with his child into the house, giving her to Manuela.

"Now, papa," she cried, as he left her (and her sweet clear voice rang out gaily), "you have promised, and you can't help yourself!"

CHAPTER V.

HIDDEN SORROW.

MAUD remained in her own apartments for some days, fully enjoying the luxurious repose around her, and recruiting her shattered nerves. How pleasant it was to lie there, in that half-languid, dreamy state, when you are too idle to think, and when to watch the flies fighting above your head is about the only exertion of which you are capable.

Maud's room was very large and lofty, and the odours from the flowers were wafted in upon her through the open windows. She heard the sound of men's voices, who were digging in the garden, and singing at intervals some droning Mexican or Indian chant, with Lilian's sweet voice imitating them, or carolling to her birds; the steady musical dropping of the many fountains; and at times the clear-sounding voice of Maurice Trevanion giving orders to his men. The ample and comely figure of good Nurse Wilson, whom Kate sent in continually to look after the invalid, and the long-haired, bright-eyed Manuela, whose light footfall was scarcely heard, were all delightful to Maud, and brought her heart a delicious home-like feeling of repose and peace.

For two days she remained in undisturbed comfort. On the third day Miss Trevanion sent to ask if she felt equal to the task of amusing herself by choosing patterns for a replenishment of her wardrobe, and Manuela was to be despatched into the city to bring samples of everything that was necessary.

"Please, Miss Kate," said nurse, who sadly wanted a trip to Mexico herself, just to see what these ridiculous people in the city were doing, "I don't think it's at all fit for Manuela to go by herself, so uncommon giddy."

"Indeed, nurse," replied Kate, who knew her old favourite

— "— you had better go with her."

— "— Richards says he is sure it's not fit for her."

"Ay! que niña tan chula—tan bonita," said another, pointing to Lilian—"niña? dame un tlaco por el amor de Dios!" (Ay! what a lovely child. Give me a halfpenny, for the love of God!)

Lilian had always her bag of "tlacos," which she distributed freely, and many a blessing was poured on her fair young head.

On they rattled through the principal streets, Calle Plateros and San Francisco, and the obsequious shopkeepers came to their doors, forgetting their torpor, in delight with the whole turn-out, and with Lilian.

"Now, nurse," said Maurice, resigning the reins to his coachman and springing down, "I give you *carte blanche* to order everything that is requisite for Miss Slingsby. I trust to your taste, Lily, which is as near faultless as may be in the matter of colour; and get all done that you have to do. Load the carriage with as many parcels as you can. Speak to the dressmakers and milliners, and do things handsomely, Lilian. A lady who is robbed of all she possesses whilst journeying to us deserves interest at our hands for her losses. I must hurry back to your mistress, nurse, who is alone, but I will send Richards to you immediately. It is now one o'clock. You must be back by half-past five, for the road is not safe after that time. And buy something for yourself, pussy," said the generous-hearted Maurice, "and for Aunt Kate, nurse, and Manuela."

Then, after giving strict injunctions to his men-servants to look after Lilian, Trevanion returned to Tacubaya. How his brow darkened and his face hardened as he neared his dwelling!

"What is it, Maurice Trevanion, that hangs like a curse upon you?"

Ah me! there's a skeleton in every house, and a gloomy chamber in every dwelling. To queen and subject, high and low, alike it comes; and deep heavy thuds were beating now on Maurice's heart with an agony unspeakable.

The house felt very still after the departure of Nurse Wilson and her charge, and the garden looked so very tempting through the open windows, that Maud arose and dressed herself in some of the garments which Kate had sent in for her temporary use.

The windows were large French ones, opening inwards, with low, wide seats, forming a charming retreat for sitting or reclining, and, like all Mexican houses, the outsides of the windows were protected by vertical bars of iron, through which fragrant creepers or grape-vines interlaced caressingly. Maud's view was, therefore, not very extensive, yet she could see quite enough of the lovely garden to cause her to long to be out in it; but for the present she must content herself by remaining in-doors, and as Kate Trevanion's forethought had placed an ample supply of books at her disposal, she seated herself in one of the window-seats, and prepared to be comfortable.

Everything was in a state of the most delicious repose, and Maud passed a couple of hours in complete luxury, until the delicate fragrance of a very fine cigar roused her from her day-dreams.

Not knowing anything of Mr. Trevanion's return from the city, she was surprised to see him coming leisurely along one of the avenues in front of her windows, evidently lost in deep thought, and unconsciously knocking off the heads of the flowers and long grass with a short switch which he held in his hand, and smoking the above-mentioned delicious Havannah.

He was attired in the dress of a Mexican country gentleman, consisting of dark-blue trousers buttoned down the leg with a close row of silver buttons, a short jacket of dark-blue cloth heavily embroidered with black braid, and a large stiff round hat of drab felt, with the Mexican emblem (a serpent in thick silver cord twisted round the crown), a dress well calculated to suit his tall, handsome figure.

"What a fine-looking fellow he is," thought Maud. "Now I shall climb on this window-seat, where I can see him without being seen. I hope he will raise his head, then I can have a good look at him."

The garden was full of shady nooks and hiding-places. There was nothing trim or orderly about it, although perfectly well kept, with no expense spared on its culture, yet it pleased Maurice to have one particular portion of it in a state of wild and beautiful luxuriance. This portion had been a favourite retreat of the first Mrs. Trevanion. Here the gentle mother had watched her children at play, here she had spent many happy, and, alas! in the latter period of her life, many sorrowful hours. Her private apartments had overlooked this part of the garden, and had never been used since her death until Maud's arrival, and Maurice was so accustomed to wander alone in undisturbed solitude, that he quite forgot Miss Slingsby's proximity, and unconscious of her scrutiny he walked along; then, to her dismay, he suddenly dashed off his hat, and threw himself at full length on the grass, under the shade of some large trees, burying his face in his hands.

It was not the action of a man tired with the heat of the day, who would lie down in the green pasture to smoke his cigar in calm enjoyment; it was rather the wearied down-flinging of a spirit racked and tortured beyond endurance—the utter prostration of a strong man in his agony. There is no sight on earth sadder than this. A woman may sob and weep because it is her privilege, but Maud's tender heart could not bear to see the noble, rich, and envied Maurice Trevanion in the depths of his misery. The tears came welling up to her eyes, and she hastily moved away from the window, hiding herself in the recesses of her apartment, feeling as if she were guilty of wrong in witnessing a grief evidently not intended for her eyes. She looked out no more. The garden for that day had lost its loveliness, but she heard his footsteps pass about an hour afterwards, and, closing her windows, she saw the tumbled grass and the crushed flowers, with their bruised and drooping heads, which marked the spot where he had been.

Ah! Maud, often in your future life that scene will rise before you, and many a weary day will pass, of doubt, and fear, and misery, before the secret of that hidden sorrow will be revealed.

CHAPTER VI.

"NON TI SCORDAR DI ME."

MAUD'S reverie lasted long, and was interrupted by the prancing of horses in the court-yard, and the ringing laugh of Lilian.

"Oh, Aunt Kate!" she screamed, "we have filled the carriage, and there's a waggon-load of clothes coming for Miss Slingsby." And she came flying into Maud's room with this important news.

"Oh, Miss Slingsby! we'll have such fun to-morrow. May I help you to choose your dresses? We have brought such lovely things, and are so tired, and so hungry, and have seen such quantities of people. Beggars, and soldiers, and padres (priests), and Indians, and fine ladies, and lepers."

"Lepers!" echoed Maud, in horror. "Nonsense, Lilian. People surely don't meet lepers in the streets?"

"Oh but they do, I assure you, in Mexico. I have seen five or six to-day outside the doors of the cathedral where Manuela *would* go to confess. Such horrid creatures, all covered with sores, but I emptied my bag of 'tlacos,' and gave them all I had."

"Was nurse with you, Lilian?"

"No, not just then; she was waiting in a shop for some patterns of silks, and I slipped out after Manuela. Nurse was in such a passion when she found out where I was, and looked as white as a sheet. Don't tell papa, Miss Slingsby, because he has forbidden me to speak to these creatures; but when I see them looking so frightfully hideous and miserable, I can't help myself."

"No, Lilian," said Maud, whose thoughts were ever reverting to the scene she had witnessed that afternoon in the garden. "I shall say nothing to grieve your papa, but when I am able to go out with you, I will not allow any of this indiscriminate scampering about."

"Are you quite well now, Miss Slingsby?"

"Yes, my child."

"And rested from your journey?"

"Oh yes."

"Then papa may play and sing to-night as usual?"

"What do you mean, Lilian?"

"Oh, every night papa plays upon the piano and sings, but he would not for the past three days, for fear of disturbing you."

"Tell him," answered Maud, "that I love music passionately; that it will be a perfect treat to hear him. Does your papa play well, Lilian?"

"I don't know what you mean by playing well. I only know that the hour before I go to bed, when I am in the drawing-room with papa and Aunt Kate, is to me the happiest time of the day, for papa can make me laugh, and cry, and sing, and dance, just as he likes with his music. Oh! it is such a pleasant time, Miss Slingsby. All the servants crowd in the passages and outside the door to listen. Sometimes I open the door suddenly, and jump right out into the midst of them, and then they scream like mad things, but I dare not do that often, for nurse has 'palpitations,' she says, and nearly goes off into fits when I frighten her. What *are* fits, Miss Slingsby?"

"Really, Lily," replied Maud, laughing, "there are so many kinds of fits that I cannot explain them to you, but we will have a lesson on fits some day. Now run away for your tea, and don't forget to ask your papa to play and sing to-night as usual."

Maud then had to listen to a long history from nurse of the day's expedition. What beautiful things they had brought, and how they were to be chosen on the morrow; what trouble she had had with Manuela and the other domestics; how lost and dirty the streets looked, and how the city was literally "crawling with beggars," until it had made her heart ache; and how thankful she was they were all safe at home again.

"Did not Mr. Trevanion accompany you?" asked Maud.

"Yes, but he came back directly, for he never likes to leave Miss Kate in the house by herself."

"Why not? Is it not safe?"

"No, miss, nothing's safe in Mexico, particularly in this house." And the loquacious nurse for once suddenly relapsed into silence, and Maud, not wishing to ask any questions from a domestic, was silent also.

About seven o'clock in the evening Lilian stole in dressed in white, holding in her hand a large bouquet of fresh-culled violets, followed by Manuela carrying a basket filled with the most delicious fruit. Pineapples, bananas, grapes, mangoes, fresh figs, and pears.

"Papa sends you the fruit, Miss Slingsby, and I have gathered the lowers."

"Oh, how delicious! Many, many thanks."

"I told papa you were fond of music, and he is so glad. We are to be very quick with the dressmakers, he says, so that you may come amongst us all. We are going to sing now, but I will come in again before I go to bed, and hear how you like papa's music."

Maud was left alone in the still, calm evening. An excellent musician herself, she listened anxiously, fully expecting to hear some good music, but she was not prepared for the strains of wonderful melody which soon greeted her ears. It was unlike anything she had ever heard; every note and sound vibrated on her heart; such a world of feeling, such exquisite purity and delicacy, mingled with the firm, vigorous touch of Maurice Trevanion, and his voice, clear, full, and sweet, rang out as luscious as a nightingale's.

"Ah, me!" thought Maud, "no one who has not loved and suffered deeply, could sing like that; no wonder the servants crowd round to hear him; no wonder that Lilian laughs and cries by turns; I, too, shall look forward to the evenings, and think them the happiest part of the day."

Maud was an enthusiast in music, and all the songs which Maurice sang were familiar to her, but they struck home to her now with a dangerous sweetness. She listened as if spell-bound to the beautiful romance, "*La rivedra nell'estasi*," from Verdi's opera "*Un Ballo in Maschera*," and then Maurice played the hackneyed but ever-beautiful "*Miserère*," from "*Il Trovatore*." Although when in England Maud had become almost (not quite) wearied with the well-known strains of "*Ah, che la morte*," yet now, when Trevanion's magnificent voice sang the *Trovatore's* impassioned farewell, and a rich soprano, clear and limpid as falling water, took Leonora's part in this justly-famed duet, Maud felt every nerve thrilling with emotion.

Then followed a mournful but ineffably sweet Spanish ballad from the same rich voice, with guitar accompaniment; and, after a short silence, some one played a graceful nocturne very charmingly, and Maud heard Mr. Trevanion saying, "Very well played, my little Lilian." Then followed a bright, spirited waltz, with guitar and piano, and Lilian danced and sang in the wildest glee, keeping time with castanets.

"Just one more song to finish with, papa," cried Lilian.

"Well, what shall it be, darling?"

Maud could not hear the reply, but there was a laugh from Maurice, and a hasty "No, dear," from Kate, "she might not like it."

Lilian, however, seemed to be pleading very earnestly, and, as usual, doubtless gained her own way, for directly afterwards Trevanion sang Balfe's well-known serenade with Tennyson's words :

"Come into the garden, Maud,
The black bat night has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone."

Maud felt her cheeks tingle, and the hot colour flush to her temples.

"What a wilful child Lilian is," she thought. "Why has she fixed upon that, of all songs?"

And yet she listened to every note and every word, for both Trevanion and his sister possessed that rare gift of perfect pronunciation so lamentably neglected by English singers.

The last notes died away—there was a murmuring of voices—a shower of kisses—and an earnest "God bless you, my Lilian!" from Maurice, a scampering of little feet, and Lilian was in Maud's room clinging to her.

"Miss Slingsby, how do you like it?"

"Oh, child, it has been delicious; I cannot speak of it to-night; go to bed, my love, and leave me."

"But, tell me, do you like it?"

"Very, very much."

Satisfied with this assurance, Lilian ran off to bed, but Maud remained a long time motionless and lost in thought. When at last the night came on, and all the household was hushed in slumber, her dreams were fitful and broken; and the sweet wailing tones of Trevanion's voice were lingering in her ear.

Ah, non ti scordar di me, non ti scordar di me.

THE DEMON WIFE.

V.

A BRILLIANT party were assembled at the Hall; Beaumont and his intended bride, sweet, gentle Florence, were amongst them. The most distinguished of their neighbours were invited to join in the evening amusements, and Theresa, to the surprise and delight of Harold, took interest in all this gaiety, even organised the dances herself.

Her taste had always been peculiar, and well adapted to her style of beauty; scarlet and bright rose-colour suited her wonderful black hair that the ayah arranged with such art. A bouquet of red geraniums had been picked for her by Beaumont, at her request, and they, interspersed with gold leaves, formed a diadem around her head. Her slender form was "draped," as it were, in profuse quantities of India muslin, embroidered in gold leaves and geraniums. She wore on her beautiful neck and arms a magnificent set of coral and diamonds, her husband's present on his return from the Crimea.

No one had thought she could look so handsome; her eyes sparkled and the colour mounted to her usually pale cheek; she was, indeed, the type of the presiding deity as she opened the first of her soirées dansantes.

She gave her hand to the Crimean hero, Beaumont, and her husband, with Florence, formed her vis-à-vis. Like most fair girls, she fancied blue, pale blue, myosotis in her hair, and tarlatan of the same hue for her dress. This may be pretty, but it is also insipid, and so thought Beaumont, as the brilliant, animated Theresa crossed her in the dance; it was with a listless air he offered his hand to his intended for the next dance. A waltz came next, and Theresa was in her glory, her supple form had all those undulating movements that make a Spanish woman so fascinating. Florence rarely waltzed, she was shy of display, and her figure, though good, had the stiffness inseparable from the English woman. This contrast was also marked by Beaumont; and Harold, he was enraptured at the success of his Theresa.

She retired at length into her own apartment for the night. The ayah was, as usual, waiting for her; the faithful creature would allow no other to sit up for her.

"How excited you are, dear mistress; how your cheek burns; has anything annoyed you?"

"On the contrary," she said.

She was elated at the success she had had, and the hope of revenge on Florence Acton. She looked a poor, pale, silly thing to take from her a heart she had won. The ayah, meantime, brushed and stroked the glossy hair with as much love and care as if she had been a child.

"I wonder," at length she said, "if the good are happy? and I also wonder if I should have become good if my boy had been left me? I think I should; he is never absent from my thoughts. Even while whirling round in the excitement of the waltz, I saw the "baby face" looking at me. It did not smile; how could it smile at me? You gave money to the nurse who took it from the Foundling? You are sure she is good to it, that my child wants for nothing? I must have the address of this woman. You say it is a village near London; and I must go there. I must see my boy."

"And if discovered, lady, not only disgrace, but perhaps some frightful punishment might be ours. I know not the law, but it must be harsh in this cold country."

"Perhaps you think I cannot invent a plan? and yet, after what I have done, you can hardly doubt my skill. We must wait, however, till these people have left us, and my husband gone on some projected shooting-party."

Her rooms were apart from those of her husband, and the ayah slept in an adjoining room. This sacrifice Harold had also made to the health of his Theresa. She had never entirely recovered from the consequences of her accouchement, and therefore her health required the most assiduous attention. She had told Harold that if again in that situation, the doctor's opinion was that she could not survive. He was too delicate to speak to the said doctor on the subject, and he believed her.

"Surely," he said, "there is a term for the interdiction."

"Think, dearest, what a happiness to have a living child at the price of my life, Harold!"

"O, Theresa!"

The assembled party were each day more enchanted with their hostess, with the exception of Florence and her mother; the latter dearly loved her amiable and charming daughter, and saw with grief and indignation

the change in Beaumont's manner, and she saw the cause. Not so the poor girl herself. Theresa would take her with her into her boudoir, and, sitting beside her, her hand locked in hers, would try to console her for Beaumont's defection. She must have done something to irritate him; she herself was constantly seeking his society, to try, by every means in her power, to bring him back to his Florence. Men are so fickle. However, they were engaged, and, as a man of honour, he must fulfil his promise.

"Never, never, my dear Theresa! I would far rather die of grief than force him to marry me, his heart with another; for he must love another. Is it not so? Has he not told you so, my friend, my Theresa?"

He had told her so, certainly, but she did not acknowledge that.

The gay party was to break up in two days, and nothing was said about the projected marriage. Beaumont had left the house at an early hour, saying he should not return till evening.

The dinner-hour was evening, and he had not come. Poor Florence had determined to appear gay, and to use all her innocent arts to please her intended. They could not dance without Frederick Beaumont; they all liked him, and his absence caused an undefined uneasiness.

Harold was anxious. Perhaps he had gone out shooting. The bell was rung. Did Captain Beaumont take his gun? No; none of the servants remembered to have seen it. Eleven o'clock. A servant approached the master of the house, and begged him to speak with a man, waiting for that purpose in the hall. He turned pale and shuddered, without being able to account for the sensation. A rough-looking man he knew by sight, and had often suspected to be a poacher, advanced, cap in hand, and presented a letter.

"Please, sir, I found it on the body; it was addressed to your honour, and I have brought it here."

"On what body?"

"On the gentleman who killed himself in the forest, two miles off."

Harold was not a faint-hearted man, but he fell back into the arms of a servant, and was several minutes before he could open the letter. It ran thus:

"Harold, my dear and early friend, break the tidings this note contains to poor Florence. Were I to live I should be dishonoured, and perhaps bring dishonour on others. When this reaches you I shall be no more. Let no one be accused of my death, it is my own act. Farewell.
"F. B."

The horror experienced by Montgomery can better be understood than described. What was he to do in the terrible embarrassment that devolved upon him? He was assisted in this by the man who had brought the note, who said:

"Well! you must come, sir, directly to the spot; and shall I acquaint the police? Perhaps I did wrong to bring the letter, but as I approached the corpse I saw there was a paper folded in his hand, and without examining further, seeing it addressed to you, sir, ran off at my full speed."

Harold was thankful for any advice at such a moment, and desiring the stable-men to follow with torches, he rushed out of the house, but too glad not to encounter the dreadful scene that must take place if he

returned to the drawing-room. He desired the butler to say to his mistress that he had received a note stating that Captain Beaumont was ill, and desired to see him, and he had gone.

Although this message did not convey the frightful truth, poor Florence was dreadfully alarmed by it. He must be very ill to have sent for Mr. Montgomery. Theresa's face became deadly pale, and nothing but her indomitable will kept her from shrieking aloud, for she felt the truth. The scene of the previous evening, known only to herself, returned to her in its full force, for Beaumont had then told her how madly he still loved her; that his honour, his friendship for Harold, bid him fly, although even in flight he could never hope for happiness again, for he had behaved infamously to a good, an innocent girl, whose affections he had gained only to abandon her, for he could not marry Florence with the love he had for her, Theresa, filling his whole heart. Only one course, he said, was open to him—he must destroy himself. And he rushed from her presence while uttering these words.

Although she did not believe in these frantic expressions, she was uneasy, and flew after him to say, "What? Why should you kill yourself, Frederick? I love you."

He heard her not, for he had already rushed out into the darkness, and was lost to view. She closed the glass door, saying to herself, with a smile, "He will return to-morrow." But he did not "return to-morrow," and on that night his body was discovered in the wood.

It was past four o'clock when Montgomery returned from the search, and his altered face and manner told the tale before he spoke. He had, with the assistance of the police, brought the body into his own grounds, and laid it in the gardener's house. Now, how was he to break these awful tidings to Florence? It must be done, however, and he spoke to her mother. Concealment being impossible, the results may be imagined. The poor girl fell into such strong convulsions that the doctor, who had returned with Harold after viewing the body, feared for her life or for her reason. She was long ill, but her life was spared; not so her reason—it had flown for ever! Theresa, meantime, tried to comfort Harold, and would have offered to console the poor bereaved one whose misery she had caused, but her mother pushed her roughly from the room. Her daughter needed not her assistance, and, ill as she was, she took her suffering child away from the fatal house.

The gloom that fell upon that house was great indeed. Every one had left, and Harold and Theresa were alone. He, always mindful of her on every occasion, feared the great emotion this horrible event must have caused her, and pressed her to accompany him on a visit to his mother—his long-neglected mother—but Theresa "had no spirits for London." She preferred the invigorating air of the sea, and they accordingly went for a time to Brighton. She knew he hated that place; she did not like it herself, but it suited her purpose at that moment. Theresa had a purpose in all her actions. He went to join a shooting-party for a few days, and thus she could put in purpose her anxiety to see the child she had abandoned, which had become a ruling passion. It was for this she had arranged the visit to Brighton and her husband's absence.

She and the ayah would take the train to London, or rather to a village near it, where the nurse lived. Her spirits rose, and she felt for once as

if she had a heart. She formed a thousand projects concerning the child. It could be taken to some spot near her own home; she could then visit the supposed mother as if by accident; could improve her position; perhaps the child might love her; she would give it toys and clothes. The journey, though a short one, appeared interminable to her. She was to see her child.

Arrived at length at a neighbouring town, they had to take a carriage, for the village was not on the rail. On approaching it, Theresa threw a large cloak around her, and covered her face with a thick veil.

"Go on," she said to the ayah, "and bring my child to me here as I sit under this tree; for, for the first time in my life, I cannot command my feelings. I should betray myself."

The ayah went her way, and she returned alone.

"Where is the child? Is he ill? Is he dead?"

There was such fury in her look and manner, the woman shrank from her for a moment, and could not speak. At length she faintly said:

"He is not there. The woman to whom I entrusted him is gone—one one knows where. Her husband, a carpenter, they tell me, ill used her fearfully, drank all she earned, and they decapitated one day, perhaps for some distant part of the country, with her children—yours, of course, amongst them."

The despair of Theresa was, like all her feelings, akin to madness. She threw up her arms and screamed wildly, then flew upon the ayah, who she struck with such violence in the face, the eye and cheek became black. She called her a thief, an impostor, that she had stolen the money entrusted to her, and perhaps her child had been starved to death. She would go herself into the village and make inquiries. The ayah might still be deceiving her. She did so without any better success. The poor family had all left the village one morning early, without bidding farewell to any one. The neighbours had often heard the man abusing his wife. They believed one of the children was a nursling, or a foundling, especially entrusted to her; for, when the man was in liquor, he would ask if that "black dirt" had been there with more money. Perhaps she never would come back. How were they to keep a child not their own? He would walk all over England till he found her.

These natives (to European eyes) are so much alike, it would be nearly impossible to identify the one that had left the baby with them; and yet it was an additional anxiety to Theresa, when the violent grief and horror for the fate of her child had in some degree abated. She had also another cause of alarm; the blow she had struck, and the harsh words she had uttered in her ungovernable rage, would, she knew, never be forgiven by the ayah. She knew the "black blood" too well.

Brighton had become insupportable to her on her return. She would go home, and she wrote to Harold to join her there.

She then sent the woman to the Foundling, where she had first left the child, but there she could gain no tidings. They could generally trace a foundling left to their care, but she (the ayah) had taken the child from the woman to whom the hospital had confided it, to transfer it to a nurse of her own choosing, therefore their duties (as in many similar cases) there ended.

The ayah did not strive to soften the blow, for her heart was closed against her mistress. She would sometimes raise her finger to the eye

still bearing marks of the insult she had received, and look at her fixedly; then Theresa would recoil as though a serpent had bitten her. She knew that revenge was as sweet to this creature as to herself.

Her wretched husband was now at home, and all the venom of her nature was directed towards him and his mother. She would have that woman there, she thought, to worry her.

Mrs. Montgomery was overjoyed at the kind invitation to visit them. She so dearly loved her son, that she thought to be together again under the same roof would restore her to the fond place in his heart. This was, however, far from Theresa's intention. She found Harold's looks and manners quite changed, but he could give no reason for it. Theresa was a "darling wife" to him. Indeed, she could not herself complain of her; she overwhelmed her with care and attention.

Mrs. Montgomery had formerly been much loved by the surrounding poor; now she was not allowed to visit them alone; Theresa was always with her; she was her shadow. Harold would express a wish to drive his mother to see her favourite points of view, or to some tree they had planted together in his boyhood—memories nothing in themselves, but so dear to hearts that love—but Theresa was always between them, smiling at such childish follies, and, when alone with Harold, would reproach him with sighs and tears for loving his mother so much better than herself. The visit became so irksome, it was shortened. The son was vexed at his mother leaving, and she was annoyed with him, she scarce knew why, and thus the breach was widened between them.

Harold was an ardent soldier; he adored his profession, therefore Theresa resolved he should abandon it. A few months sooner she could not have prevailed, but he was now so much subdued she could work upon him at will, and all her arts were directed to that point. How she accomplished her object is of no importance, but she succeeded, and he sold out. His friends, his mother especially, were much surprised; he had not even mentioned his intention to her, but all confidence had ceased between them. He had quite lost his spirits now; he rarely smiled; his happy laugh no longer sounded through the cheerful house; it was no longer a cheerful house, for the visit of the gay party a year ago had left a "vague something" on the minds of all the guests, and they would not willingly return. The horrible suicide of Beaumont, the sad fate of poor Florence, were not forgotten, and they "shuddered" when they received Theresa's invitation for the Christmas festivities; they were all "pre-engaged."

She proposed going to Paris as a pleasing change in the dull monotony of their lives, and although the poor hen-pecked Harold would have preferred to spend that festive season amongst his own tenantry, he could not, however, resist; he was a tool, or rather a slave, in the hands of his wife. He was not aware of his slavery, and always asserted his independence to his male friends.

They went, of course, to Paris, as she desired it, and for a very few days amused themselves. That short period past, during which Theresa was engaged in ordering all that was most tasteful and costly in dress, and Harold in selecting *étrennes* for his wife—this slight diversion over, ennui again took possession of him; and ennui is a dangerous malady, it catches at any remedy suggested, and the one suggested to him at this moment was a dangerous one.

"Come with me, Montgomery; I am very 'hard up,' and must try my luck at cards."

"No, I never play," answered Harold to an old brother-officer who had thus addressed him.

"It is not for rich fellows like you to play; but you can look on and amuse yourself at our expense. What has come over you? No one suffers from spleen in Paris." And he went with him.

The excitement delighted him, added to which he had luck on his side. Harold cared little for money, he had plenty of it, but success is always agreeable, and he won considerably. At first, Theresa scarcely missed him—she was herself engaged in a round of amusements—but as his absences were prolonged, she became alarmed—alarmed only for herself, and to lose her power over her husband. She feared other fascinations than the card-table. At her remonstrances he rebelled a little, but he was too completely subjugated to make a long resistance. Her health, at length she said, was so much improved, she wished to return home. Spring was approaching with all its beauties; it was so enjoyable in the country, and she had something to say to him which might perhaps give him pleasure. She had consulted the most eminent physicians in Paris, and they declared the weakness from which she had suffered since her confinement had entirely disappeared, and that she might, without any danger to her life, again become a mother. She well knew that no fascination, however great, would or could outbalance the hope of being a father—of having an heir to his vast estates.

"My adored Theresa!" and so the adored Theresa made her terms. They were to return home without delay, where she promised him a new and long honeymoon. They accordingly returned, and Harold was really happy for a time, and Theresa herself now sincerely wished to become a mother. Her anguish for her lost boy had nearly destroyed her. If she could have a child to be always with her, to be her joy, her comfort, she would forego that part of her revenge to give herself such happiness. But this joy, this consolation was denied her; she never again gave any signs of maternity, yet she did not look on this as a just retribution; she reviled against everything most sacred; her temper became violent in the extreme; her aversion to her husband each day increased, till she positively abhorred him. She might have changed her tactics, or rather her mode of revenge, and have left him, have dishonoured his name, but this resource was denied her. She had been much admired, not exactly for her beauty, but for gracefulness of form, and a fascination that was felt by all who approached her, but now all these attributes of beauty were gone; her figure had become so thin, so angular, that she looked like a moving skeleton; her large lustrous eyes had lost their brightness, and the jet-black hair had fallen off. Nights that brought no rest, and days passed in torturing herself and others with her dreadful temper, had changed the clear brown skin to a dull lead colour that made the black blood visible. She saw all this herself, and often struck her altered face with her clenched hand, as she exclaimed, "No man would love me now, or I would leave him."

PASSING AWAY.—A REFLECTION.

a short term the waves of time will, darkly rolling by,
 e of the hoary parting year nought but the memory,
 le we upon the shore remain, until our lot be cast,
 llow where o'erwhelmed have sunk the Living of the Past.

nce comes that mirthfulness and joy, the rebec's cheerful sound,
 ringers meeting while the glass, the merry glass, goes round—
 nce comes that mirth? How happens it that we unmoved shall see
 year expire we lately hailed in spring-tide garb and glee?

immer's glory, autumn staid, with winter's closing scene,
 loom, and ice, and snow-showers froze, and night's obscure serene,
 while we met in friendship's guise its promises of bliss,
 its departure view as one whose steps had gone amiss!

see with its approaching close the landmarks of the age,
 obscure in name and those renown'd on glory's deathless page,
 hare alike, statesman and sage, to prove what few deny,
 being was on man conferred that he might learn to die!

t-sighted! when in birth we greet a new-born imp of time,
 we may never see attain the glory of a prime,
 bygone was at least our own, for that we well might mourn,
 stranger! who can tell the friends its passage may inurn?

we that hail the past as ours so far triumphantly,
 these loud greetings, thoughtless still, the new-born stranger see?
 we evade by feigning joy the truth that none deride,
 eful to Heaven that we escape the world's great homicide?

we not passing onward with every passing day?
 we not hourly fleeting, as the snow-flake fleets away,
 heir sepulchral home alike where the young and aged throng,
 re Time's icy breath fast driven the feeble with the strong?

joy not that the moments should rush so swiftly by,
 t is man's term, he travels fast, and only breathes to die,
 course too brief in reason's voice for subjects of our mirth,
 all must wing a far-off flight that bear the taint of earth.

brightest, first to vanish, as the late summer skies,
 e of their own mortality but saddened memories,
 like the hours that bear them on their untrodden road,
 still are passing, passing ever to their last and drear abode.

nce, then, man's mirthfulness and glee, the rebec's joyous sound?
 ring the bells, and why the glass, the merry glass, send round?
 the deception feigning mirth, for one short hour to stay,
 thought "we're passing, and for ever, from this sunlit world away!"

CYRUS REDDING.

THE PANAMA RAILROAD.*

THE Isthmus of Panama may be said to possess two separate sources of interest: the one connected with the projected lines of transit—ship canals and railroads; the other with the existing railway. We shall, in the present instance, confine ourselves more particularly to the latter point; and in the same way as the Isthmus, having two phases in history—its past, much flavoured with Spanish tyranny and Indian revenge, buccaneering excesses and hungry filibustering speculation; and its present, as a new highway to the Pacific—we shall adhere to the latter.

This is all the more necessary, as most mistaken notions are entertained, not only in this country but even in America, with regard to the sources of the business of the Panama Railroad, and that even among intelligent men of business, who too often view it simply as a rough way to the gold-diggings of California and British Columbia. The fact is overlooked, that, while California, so much the more populous of the two settlements, has a population estimated at only 500,000, the population of Central America is over two millions; and that portion of South America, whose only means of communication with the Atlantic is either by the Isthmus of Panama or around Cape Horn, contains nearly eight millions. Trade with South America and Central America had hence, before the construction of the railway, been carried on almost exclusively by England, that between the United States and those countries being then estimated at not more than ten per cent. of the whole. It always happens in the history of nations, that after a long period of successful enterprise and of glorious ascendancy, other nations arise, who, from small beginnings, attain to wealth and power, and gradually outstrip the older countries in the boldness of their undertakings. This has been particularly the case in the completion of the Panama Railroad by the Americans.

It is true that of all the freight transported over that railroad, not more than one-tenth had, for the first four years, any connexion with California; nine-tenths at least consisted of British manufactured and other goods shipped to Central America, and of the produce of those countries in return, such as indigo, cochineal, india-rubber, coffee, cocoa, deer skins, goat skins, orchilla, pearl shells, tobacco, balsams, Peruvian bark, ores, and straw hats; whilst comparatively nothing was shipped from California except a few cases of silk sent there from China, small parcels of ores, and occasionally some lots of whalebone. But all this has changed now, and, although civil war cast back progress for many years, still the trade to and from Central and South-East America is daily being withdrawn more and more from Great Britain to the United States.

Years before the opening of the railway, the Isthmus had become, as it was in olden times, the highway to Europe and the United States for

* The Isthmus of Panama. By Charles Toll Bidwell, F.R.G.S., British Vice-Consul at Panama.

riches of Mexico and South America. As early, too, as 1840, ten years before the first foot of ground for the railway was cleared, and ten years before the line was opened, the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, an English company, under charter from the British government, commenced in the Pacific a line of mail and passenger steamers, corresponding with those of the Royal Mail Company in the Atlantic—the line which has ever since been in successful operation on the west coast, and which is now conveying both European and United States mails, as well as those of the Southern republics, from Panama to the remotest ports of Chili.

The peculiar geographical position of the Isthmus of Panama, Mr. Bidwell remarks, naturally makes it a very important position to South American and Californian commerce. This the Americans undoubtedly perceived when they undertook and carried out with such indefatigable energy that which England and France, after repeated and expensive attempts, certainly failed to accomplish—namely, the railway from sea to sea.

All honour to them, therefore, for their spirit of enterprise. We in England had talked, and still talk, of Isthmus canals and railways, as we have talked for some years of a line of steamers, *viâ* Panama, to Australia; but, with all our talk and our surveys, we get no further. To the American company was conceded the privilege which had been originally conceded to the French; but the term of the contract was reduced from ninety-nine to forty-nine years, and a right was reserved to the government of New Granada, or the Columbian States as they are now called, to purchase the railroad, or rather redeem the privilege at the expiration of twenty years, on payment of five millions of dollars (but one million sterling). The American projectors, first in 1848, petitioned the Congress of the United States for assistance to enable them to carry out this grand enterprise; but they failed to obtain this assistance, and boldly proceeded on the great work without it.

Some years, however, before the opening of the railway, the Californian fields had attracted thousands of emigrants through the swamps and forests which divided the Atlantic from the Pacific. The Americans understood these things, and saw the growing importance of California; and as early as 1848 there were large steamers plying between Panama and California, to provide for a daily increasing traffic, while corresponding communication was established by American steamers between New Orleans, the then Atlantic port of the Isthmus, and New York. Emigrants from all parts of the world gladly availed themselves of these services, and paid almost ungrudgingly the enormous rates of passage-money demanded of them. We in England, before the time of the telegraph companies, used to take months and years to make up our minds whether such or such an enterprise would pay. The Americans, before the time of their troubles, used generally to carry out the enterprise, and find afterwards whether it had paid. Both practices have their advantages, but the public and travelling community are generally favoured by the promptitude of the Yankees.

Mr. Bidwell tells us that there can be no question now as to the success of the Pacific Mail Company. They have the largest and probably the best-paying steamers in the world, and they are likely to retain the monopoly of the trade for years to come. They perhaps, he

adds, deserve it too, for finer ships, or better accommodation for passengers, will not often be met with. "I have seen 700 or 800, and even 1000, passengers on one of these ships, comfortably stowed away and provided for a twelve days' voyage, with as little to-do as if they were merely to cross the Channel, while for newly-married ladies there are four-post bedsteads in cabins as large as ordinary bedrooms on shore."

People in England have, indeed, hardly an idea of the magnitude of the traffic now between Panama and San Francisco. On a recent and not extraordinary occasion, the Pacific Company's steamer *Golden City* left Panama with twenty-two hundred tons of cargo from New York, and seven hundred tons of coals, besides carrying nearly seven hundred passengers, and having room for as many more!

"Colon," or, as the Americans have named it, after Mr. Aspinwall, the originator of the railroad, "Aspinwall," is now the Atlantic port of the Isthmus of Panama, having, since the establishment of the railroad, quite superseded Chagres, which had, in its turn, replaced Portobello. It is built on the island of Manzanilla, which is a coral rock of about a mile in length and half a mile in width. The entrance to the harbour from the sea is very pretty, and impresses the traveller favourably after the monotony of the sea voyage. The harbour itself will, however, never be secure until a large breakwater is built at the north-west of the island.

"One cannot but be impressed," says Mr. Bidwell, "on arrival at Colon, with the apparent harmony of nature, in its wildest state, with modern civilisation. Here may be observed, yet flourishing as before the visit of the Americans and their railway, the wild trees and fine coconut groves of the tropics; and in the very midst of the smoke and noise of the railway company's factory and engine." A lady passenger is indeed reported to have inquired, on landing, what wild animal it was that was roaring?

Once, however, the passenger steps on shore, the agreeable impressions fade; for Colon is in every respect one of those places to which distance lends enchantment. The town has some two hundred houses, built, with one or two exceptions, chiefly of wood, we are told, in the railway company's handbook, "in a style midway between the New England house and verandahed structures usual in the tropics."* "The houses," says Mr. Bidwell, "are green, the trees are green, the streets are green, the surroundings are green, but greener still than all are the persons, I think, who, having a choice, select Colon for a residence."

The principal buildings are the offices, stores, and dwelling-houses necessary for the purposes of the railway company and its employés. The Royal Mail Company have a corrugated iron house and an office of the same material. The railroad company have also recently built a Protestant church, of stone. The one principal street runs along the sea-shore. There are to be found Yankee hotels as smart as paint and showy sign-boards can make them, and general provision and clothing stores on the one side, and the wharves and landing-stages for the shipping on the other. There are, too, smaller streets, or rather lanes, at the back which are yet separated from the chief street by partly filled-up swamps with plank bridges! Well might Mr. Anthony Trollope exclaim: "A

* Handbook of the Panama Railroad.

ose by any other name would smell as sweet, and Colon or Aspinwall will be equally vile whatever you may call it! It is a wretched, unhealthy, miserably situated, but thriving, little American town, created by and for the railway and passenger traffic which comes here both from Southampton and New York."

Colon, although here called an American town, is in fiction, if not in fact, under the government and subject to the laws of the Columbian States, politically forming part of the State of Panama. In addition to the local authorities, headed by a prefect, one finds here consular agents from England, France, Italy, and the United States; and the place is made more important by its being the head-quarters, on the Isthmus, of the railway company. Here its chief officials and representatives reside. It is indeed daily improving; and besides its new church, three fine new houses are being built on iron piles, two of which are for the railroad company, and one for the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. The permanent population composes a great many Jamaica negroes, and may be estimated, in whites and blacks, at about 15,000 to 20,000 persons.

Provisions, with the exception of beef, fish, poultry, and tropical vegetables, are imported regularly from the United States and England—chiefly from the States. Rain-water is caught in large iron tanks during the wet season, and, as the rains prevail for about eight months of the year, bad, deleterious water is at least abundant. There is however at all times an abundant supply of American ice—no small blessing in a country with the thermometer always playing about between 70 and 80 degrees. The local trade is almost nominal. The place is indeed almost solely supported by the passengers passing over the Isthmus, and by the requirements of the shipping. The town is seen to greatest advantage, accordingly, on the arrival of a steamer.

On these occasions, "the population is doubled by the new comers; the hotels, deserted the day before, are thronged, and mine hosts awakened need more to the consciousness of their functions of taking in people. Bars and rooms again reek with an atmosphere of gin-sling and brandy cocktail, which the busy bilious-faced barkeeper, only yesterday prostrate with fever, shuffles across the counter in a quick succession of drinks to his throng of impatient, thirsty customers; billiard-balls, temporarily stowed away in pockets, begin to circulate, driven by the full force of sturdy red-lannel-sleeved arms; the shops flutter out in the breeze their display of Panama hats and loose linen garments, and, adding a hundred per cent. to their prices, do a brisk business; the very monkeys quicken their agility, the parrots chatter with redoubled loquacity, the macaws shriek sharper than ever, the wild hogs, ant-eaters, and even the sloths (for all these zoological varieties abound in the hotels and shops of Aspinwall), are aroused to unwonted animation."*

"What a contrast," says another visitor, "does not Aspinwall—or Colon, as we Britishers persist in calling it—present to the tottering cities along these coasts. Here is a little town of yesterday springing up like a mushroom, gleaming at all points with *genuine* Yankee precocity and energy, unassisted by State aid, but nevertheless shooting ahead from the mere wholesome stimulus of private enterprise; there are wharves and stores and offices, and restaurants and hotels tenanted by sharp-

* Panama in 1855.

visaged, keen-witted tenants, who do not wait listlessly at their doors, but who emulate each other in waylaying, coaxing, and wheedling it with all the earnestness of down-east blarney. The luxuries and amusements of old-country life may be enjoyed there too; Wenham Lake ice and Thurston's billiard-tables are in full-blown existence at this new location, and a crowning proof of enterprising promptitude may be seen perched on the points of some tall scaffolding in the shape of an extemporised lighthouse."*

The railway fare from Colon — which latter is not the British but the native name of the place—to Panama, forty-seven and a half miles, is twenty-five dollars, or about 5*l.*, and there is an extra charge of five cents a pound for luggage in excess of fifty pounds in weight. There is no distinction of classes; everybody pays the same fare and accepts the same description of carriages, which are constructed on the American principle, with jointed seats and central passages. The seats are made of open cane-work, which enables them to be cleaned with greater facility. The company are said to be liberal in granting free passages to naval officers, authorities, and scientific men.

In the old country, it has been justly observed, the Panama Railroad is regarded as a sort of make-shift affair, laid in hot haste over miasmatic quagmires, on crazy piles, or sliding along the steep hill-sides, or yawning ravines, at a slant or angle of forty-five degrees, with creaking bridges, inferior cars, and cashiered engines. But this opinion, however it might have been merited at first, is certainly not merited now. The road has, year by year, been improved; and the accidents which at first occurred occasionally, from the train running off the track, and from the newly-formed road giving way, are now no longer to be feared. The company keep large bodies of labourers constantly employed in breaking stones for the re-ballasting of the road as it becomes necessary, so that every year it is firmer and more secure.

The Panama Railroad has now been in regular and successful operation for ten years, having been organised in February, 1855. Its capacity for every description of business has been fully tested. Not only are the ordinary kinds of merchandise, and the various productions of the Pacific, constantly transported over the road, but also articles of the coarsest and heaviest description, such as the following: coal, guano, lumber timber, anchors and chains of the largest size, cannon-shot, shells, ores, iron-work in pieces weighing twenty-five tons, heavy machinery, iron launches, and even steamers in compartments.

The principal part of the route by railway lies through the midst of tropical forest, and the scenery is of the wildest and most beautiful description. There are several small stations between Colon and Panama, at which, however, the trains only stop for the purposes of the company, and for receiving supplies of wood for fuel; they are simply small native villages, or places of residence for the employes of the railway company. When once the deadly swamp is passed, nothing can exceed the beauty of the vegetation through which the line passes. A stranger, wilder, finer scenery and vegetation, as the passenger is borne along through the silent forest, can indeed scarcely be imagined.

* *Daily News*, Dec. 27, 1858, "Southampton to Acapulco."

The first thirteen miles of the railway are, however, carried through a deep morass, covered with dense jungle, reeking with malaria, and abounding in wild beasts, noxious reptiles, and venomous insects. The line had hence to be laid for a long distance on piles driven into the swamp; "and it is reckoned," says Mr. Bidwell, "that the life of one man was lost for every pile driven in; but I heard another calculation of one man for every foot of ground."

Another writer says: "By this passage, the New World, cut in half, has been, as it were, united; not without hard fearful labour, struggle, and death. The road was strewn with dead labourers—victims of fever, exhaustion, suicide—like a battle-field. An object was gained through bloodshed, as battles are gained. It is a solemn thought, when one passes through."

When the Americans first appeared in Panama, attracted by the gold discoveries in California, the old city was literally astounded by the influx of noisy Yankees who paraded the town, armed with bowie-knives and revolvers. From these earlier emigrants, and from such men as accompanied Walker in Nicaragua, the South Americans derived their first knowledge of the American of the Northern States. It is almost needless to say that the impression created was far from favourable.

"What do you want, gentlemen?" asked the British consul of two men with revolvers in their belts, who stalked into his private office, and began to inspect his books and papers, to the astonishment of his native clerks, who could but make way for them.

"Oh, nothing, stranger," was the reply; "I guess we would like to see a British consul in his den."

"Are you the *man* who wants a gardener?" was a question, Mr. Bidwell says, "put to a friend of mine by one of these passengers, who was detained at Panama, 'because if you are, I think I know a *gentleman* who would suit you.'"

"Among the temporary settlers on the Isthmus," we are further told, "who were attracted by the hope of making a rapid fortune out of the by-passers, were many Americans who had earned titles in the war in Texas; almost every American was a colonel or captain. Funny stories are told of two brothers who set up an hotel in Panama; one was a major, and the other a colonel. A companion of mine went to the hotel, upon one occasion, to engage beds, and asked to see Mr. —, the proprietor.

"Which one do you want, sar?" inquired the negro servant.

"Well, I don't know," my companion replied; "I merely want to engage beds for some passengers who are expected to-morrow."

"Oh, then, it's the major you want," replied the servant; "the colonel attends to the bar, the major to the bedrooms."

The first view of Panama, its grass-growing streets, decayed churches, and old, comfortless houses, directs the stranger's thoughts rather to the past than to the present; indeed, the place itself appears to the visitor but one solemn monument of departed glory. The original Panama, destroyed by the buccaneer Morgan in the year 1671, was located about four miles to the eastward of the present town, and the site, now entirely deserted and overgrown by brushwood, is still clearly marked by the remains of a fine tower, and a few traces of other edifices. The present

town is built upon a rocky peninsula, stretching out into the bay, and, viewed from the Pacific, it has an imposing, almost a noble appearance. The cathedral towers, and the remains of the former well-built churches and monasteries, stand out boldly above the original line of the fortifications, while several good modern houses appear to advantage in the view, the bold hills and wild scenery which form the background giving to the whole a pretty effect.

The town was originally encircled by tolerable fortifications, now fallen into decay, and indeed to a great extent removed, while the *arrabal*, or town beyond the wall, almost as extensive as the inner part, is now inhabited only by the blacks and coloured portions of the population. The streets are, for the most part, of a fair width, regularly and well built, and with some regard to ventilation. The houses are, however, strange-looking edifices, and for the most part appear to have been built without much pretension to architectural design or convenience. The upper parts of most of the old residences were formed chiefly of wood, the windows left unglazed, and the woodwork unpainted, while the upper story in the majority of houses is fronted by a heavy wooden balcony. These balconies are all in all to the Panameños, serving at once as they do for garden, promenade, and reception-room, and often for many other purposes: one builds his bath on his balcony; another has the cooking done there; and, from the appearances that many houses present, a stranger would think that the balconies were the general laundries and drying-grounds of the town.

But most of these old houses are in a dilapidated, almost ruinous state, and it is no uncommon thing for children to fall from the cumbrous balconies to the street, often with narrow escapes of being killed. It is really wonderful, Mr. Bidwell says, to observe the apathy of the Panameños in these matters, while householder and tenant alike seem to have a natural dislike to repairs. But there are yet the remains at Panama of superior and substantial stone buildings, showing dwellings of a higher order. Many of these have court-yards and patios in the old Spanish style. As in many parts of France and other continental towns, the upper stories only of the Panama houses are used by the higher classes as residences, the lower portions serving for offices, stores, and shops. But the poorer classes, such as the mechanics and artisans employed in the city, also inhabit these lower compartments of the larger houses, while the labouring people exist, rather than live, in the outskirts of the town, in dirty huts, shared with pigs and chickens, and altogether in a manner and style decidedly inferior to that to be found in many Indian villages.

The churches and public buildings appear to have been fairly designed and strongly built, but years of the greatest neglect, added to the deteriorating effects of the climate, have caused many of them to fall into decay. As in all Spanish America, the supply of religious edifices seems to have been greatly in excess of the demand, and hence the neglect of some. No one of them is, however, ever half filled. Originally there were eleven churches, four monasteries, and a convent, a cathedral, and a college. The cathedral, which has two fine towers, remains to ornament the principal square. Here, too, is also the *cabildo*, or town-hall, in which the legislative and municipal assemblies hold their meetings. The

other edifices named, having been long neglected, have of late been devoted to lay purposes, or remain "noble in their ruins." As late as September, 1862, four old ladies and one younger one, the last of the Panama nuns, were virtually expelled the convent of La Concepción by the decrees of the political authorities of the day. The convent is now an ice manufactory.

The city of Panama is lighted entirely by petroleum, which is now generally burned there, even in the houses and shops. There is, as we have said, some ventilation, but drainage and sewerage is very bad, while the habits of the lower classes are dirty in the extreme. Mr. Bidwell says, that when he first went to reside there, soldiers and criminals (the latter working in chain-gangs) alike begged alms from the passer-by. There is a slight improvement now, and a real beggar is seldom seen in the streets on any day of the week except Saturday, when they all turn out and surround the houses of contributors. What between poverty, absence of sanitary precautions, frequent revolutionary wars, moral depravity, and a bad climate, the population of the state, estimated in 1856 at 180,000, does not increase. The mortality among infants, which is very great, is said to be often connived at. The population of the town is estimated at from 10,000 to 12,000, though Mr. Bidwell says probably there are not actually more than 8000 inhabitants. These good citizens celebrate annually, on the 28th November, the anniversary of their emancipation from the dominion of the Spaniards. With the exception of the foreigners, who are few, considering that so much of the commerce is foreign, and with the exception also of the small proportion of pure descendants of the original Spaniards, the population consists of mixtures in greater or less degrees of the Spanish, Indian, and negro races; and as the old families of Spanish blood naturally decrease every year, so the mixed races increase. The mixed races are, indeed, often politically, as well as numerically, in the ascendant. No defect, physical or moral, is in the "United States of Columbia" an impediment to the appointment to office. It has been proposed lately to remove the seat of central government of the said "States" from Bogota to Panama, as the *depôt* of a vast trade between the ports on the South Pacific and Europe, but Mr. Bidwell says he doubts very much if the Bogota people would ever stand such a transfer. The South and Central American States live, indeed, upon a certain puerile vanity.

A proof of this discreditable state of things is manifesting itself at the present moment, when an ex-president of Panama, J. L. Calancha, having fitted out a small squadron at the port of Buenventura, actually made a descent upon Panama, with the view to overthrowing the existing government. It is said, however, that the insurgents were utterly routed, after severe fighting and loss of life. Santa Martha was, however, said to be in a state of revolt, and the insurgents were marching upon the city, where a panic prevailed. None but the designing can gain by such an unsettled state of affairs, which only tend to weaken the newly-constituted states just at a time when the attention of Europe, as well as of the vast countries beyond the Isthmus, is called to increasing the security and developing the interests of the country, and, by opening new lines of transit and commerce, to raise what has so long been known as New Granada to a promising position among the most favoured localities on the face of

the earth. With their own interior occupied by tribes of warlike and independent Indians, who are opposed not only to the settlement of Europeans in their neighbourhood, but who overtly resist all attempts at exploring the country, the States of Columbia might find enough to do in curbing and civilising these barbarians, and preparing by proper explorations for the concessions which are now sought from them at all hands, and the granting of which may be so profitable to the government and to the people, rather than be quarrelling and fighting among themselves.

Half a regiment of artillery and two companies of infantry appeared, by the old provision of the supreme government, to be destined for the garrison of Panama, but this, for some time past, has declined to about fifty barefooted, badly-clothed, and worse fed recruits, whose presence, for all the good they do, or could do, might very judiciously be dispensed with. The police is a sort of gendarmerie badly officered, armed, and paid, and singularly wanting in a knowledge of the first elements of their duty. Robberies are, however, rare, and foreigners, for the most part, protect their own property. The Panameños pilfer rather than steal. If house or store is broken into at Panama, the act is committed in almost every case by foreigners. The English have almost always a man-of-war at Panama; the French have one occasionally, and the Americans generally. These afford protection to the residents in times of political troubles. New Granada, or "the United States of Columbia," can hardly be said to possess a navy, in the smallest possible conception of the term. In the time of war or revolution, a few small vessels have been armed and manned by each of the contending factions; but these vessels, if not lost in the hands of the extemporised commanders and sailors, have immediately fallen into disuse on the restoration of peace. The coasting trade, which is insignificant, is open to all nations, and the New Granadian flag is hardly ever seen, even in the Bay of Panama.

Mr. Bidwell tries to convince us that the climate of Panama is not so bad as has been represented. He admits that it does "take the shine out of one," does destroy all the freshness and colour of the old country — "Are those ladies in a decline, sir?" inquired an American lady who met for the first time two of her sex who had spent some months at Panama; but he does "not think anything much more serious ought to be said of it."

The year is divided into two seasons. The rainy, which commences about the middle of April and lasts until the middle of December; and the dry, which extends over the remaining four months. "The rainy season is up to a certain time merely showery, uncertain weather, and summer lightning, vivid enough, may be seen every night. Later there are terrific storms, sharp, short, and angry, and such crashes of thunder that the old crazy town seems falling in one mighty smash, succeeded by tropical rain in vast sheets, as if heaven opened to pour forth its seas upon the earth." ("Panama as a Home.") The diseases which prevail chiefly amongst the inhabitants are miasmatic fevers and bowel complaints. Epidemics do not prevail extensively, and yellow fever is generally imported. The climate is, however, admittedly telling upon European constitutions, and induces listlessness and indigestion. It is especially baneful to women and children. They languish, lose strength, appetite, colour,

and grow prematurely old. Exercise is seldom sought for, and at times impossible; even reading becomes a fatigue to the old resident. There is also very little society. The Panameñas are said to be graceful, pretty, and lady-like, but they are always at work at home, while the young men are at the cafés and billiard-rooms. The Panameños, on their side, are nearly all more or less conversant with the English language, yet are they as secluded in their domestic life as in the time before the opening of the railway, or before Californian emigration. Their life is, indeed, passed as was passed that of their ancestors, the Spaniards, in the time of Philip II., in the same unvaried circle of habits, opinions, and prejudices, to the exclusion and probable contempt of everything foreign.

The absence of recreation among the higher classes is not so much felt by the lower, who have night dances, tambour-playing, and even street brawling. They have also bull-fighting, or, as Mr. Bidwell justly calls it, "bull-teasing," and cock-fighting. Since the opening of the railway, carriage-drives and horse-riding have, however, become general among the better classes.

House-rent, wages, and living, are all dear in Panama; only beef, poultry, and eggs, are to be obtained in the market, and that before six in the morning; but there is plenty of good fish. Panama, indeed, signifies in the Indian language a "fishy place," and exquisite oysters are gathered from the rocks. According to Mr. Bidwell, it requires 800*l.* a year to keep up consular comfort without state, which is much more than the ordinary allowances in the Levant, but the consul here has post-office duties to perform. A bachelor may, however, live pretty well at the hotel for about 250*l.* per annum. The native servants are with few exceptions dirty, careless, untidy, lazy, independent, and insolent. Labour of any kind is, indeed, procured with difficulty. So long as a man can live and support his family upon a few baked plantains and a piece of dried meat or fish, and sleep soundly on the bare ground, he has but few wants, and these he can readily provide for by one or two days' work a week—work that is performed lazily, but dearly paid for.

Another of the numerous petty annoyances to the resident at Panama, is the destruction, by the climate and insects, of almost all kinds of furniture, books, and clothing. This takes place to an almost incredible degree. There are also alligators, snakes, and scorpions, but they are not much dreaded.

Mosquitoes also abound, as in most tropical places, but an Irishman is said to have discovered a means of circumventing the enemy. This gentleman, who had resided many years in Panama, and was very susceptible to the bites of mosquitoes, "made one small hole in his sheet—as a rule, one is only covered here by a single sheet at night. He then buried himself in the sheet, and committed himself confidently to the arms of the sleepy god; for the mosquitoes, after buzzing about for a short time, soon discovered the hole in the sheet, and the supper set apart for them. If they became too impetuous, and awoke my friend, he made a vigorous dash at them with the palm of his hand, and destroyed, he said, the whole army, while, on the other hand, if they were moderate in their pretensions, they were quietly allowed to feed on!"

Panama, as well as Colon, must be considered as a free port. The principal part of the expenses of the State are provided for by a commercial

tax assessed on all traders, in the proportion estimated to the amount of the business of each. All kinds of money are current, and pass freely enough at Panama—indeed, only too freely, we are told. The actual debt of the republic of the United States of Columbia is said to be 52,500,000 dollars, of which sum the English loans take up 36,400,000 dollars. There is a private bank, but its operations are limited, and instead of giving interest, a commission of one per cent. is charged on deposits. When they lend, it is at an interest of two per cent. per month. There is one newspaper, the *Star and Herald*, published tri-weekly, in the English and Spanish languages. There is also an official gazette.

As at St. Thomas, almost anything and everything may be purchased at Panama. All the shops are open stores or warehouses, and the largest establishments sell as readily by retail as by wholesale. The principal trade in foreign merchandise is carried on by foreigners, and there is a general disposition on the part of every trader to deal in any article for which there is a demand.

The lands of the Isthmus, although well adapted to the growth of corn, sugar-cane, rice, and to grazing, are still almost wholly neglected, the natives only cultivating enough to afford home supplies. Small quantities of coffee and cotton are produced. Landed proprietors turn their attention mainly to cattle-breeding, which yields them a clear profit of at least fifteen per cent. per annum. No sheep are reared on the Isthmus, but pigs are bred in large numbers.

The import trade of Panama for consumption on the Isthmus is now estimated at about 70,000*l.*, and consists principally of English and German cotton and woollen goods, and hardware; lumber, ice, and preserved provisions from the United States; flour from the United States and Chili; and rice, coffee, and sugar, from Central America.

The export trade of Panama comprises, according to an approximate estimate: pearls, 25,000*l.*; caoutchouc, 14,400*l.*; pearl shells, 10,000*l.*; cattle, fruits, and vegetables, principally supplied to shipping, 8000*l.*; vegetable ivory, 1100*l.*; and 5000 hides, valued at 1500*l.* In addition to the above, tortoiseshell, balsams, gums, and vanilla, are also produced and exported in small quantities. The average value of india-rubber at Panama is about ninepence per pound. In order to obtain it, the tree from which it is produced have hitherto been cut down, and it is feared that unless this destructive manner of obtaining this important article of commerce is remedied, it will soon be exhausted. The cultivation of cotton has been introduced with great promises of success, and prevails now more or less over the country generally. Some Sea-Island seed has been remarkably productive; cotton having been collected three times at intervals of three months. The plant, indeed, which is in the United States an annual, appears in Panama to be a perennial, owing to the absence of frosts.

The so-called "Panama hats" are, in reality, made by the Indians chiefly on the banks of the Upper Amazon, but also in Ecuador, Peru, and New Granada. They are very durable, but also very expensive: a good one costs from four to eight pounds. It is said that they can be braided only in the night, or early in the morning, as the heat of the day renders the grass brittle, and it takes a native about three months to braid one of the finest quality. Some hats look like fine linen, and wash

as well. The Indians employ the same straw for making beautiful little cigar-cases. Who has not remarked, on the Boulevards of Paris, a shop filled with these hats, dedicated "Aux docks de Panama"? Alas for the illusions of commerce! There are really no Panama hats, as there are no docks at Panama. They are simply shipped thence, and are called Panama hats, with hardly the same right that the hats made in Tuscany are called Leghorn hats.

The great business of the Isthmus is, however, the transit trade. Any great extent of industry cannot, with the abolition of slavery, ever be expected from tropical regions. Prescott says of the banana, or plantain, that it seems to have relieved man from the primeval curse of toiling for his sustenance. It certainly seems sent by Providence to supply food in countries where labour is difficult, if not at times impossible. The transit trade consists of all kinds of manufactured goods from Europe and the United States, for the South Pacific, Central America, the west coast of Mexico, California, and British Columbia; and of gold and silver from those places, and cotton, wool, alpaca, copper, barilla, caoutchouc, orchilla, hides, sarsaparilla, bark, indigo, cocoa, sugar, coffee, and straw hats, from the South Pacific and Central America, exported to Europe and the United States.

The trade proper of Panama was estimated, in 1863, at 16,675,048*l*. During the four years, ending December 31, 1855, 121,820 passengers were transported over the railroad. The amount of specie conveyed over the road, during the same period, was over 40,000,000*l*., of which 135,135,093 dollars went to the United States, and 65,426,120 dollars to England. The passenger traffic continues to average some 30,000 to 40,000 per annum; and the proportion of treasure which finds its way to Europe continues to increase. Although the railway statistics have shown a decrease in the passenger traffic with the falling off of emigration to California, it appears that the traffic in cargo has doubled itself every three and a half years, or nearly so.* The steamers of the "Compagnie Générale Transatlantique," which are to commence regular monthly voyages to Colon from St. Nazaire, will give a further impetus to this great trade.

According to Captain Pim, in his "Gate of the Pacific," the Panama Railway, as he justly observes, is at present the only transit, and it belongs exclusively to the United States. But it has been shown that the concession only continues in force for forty-nine years, computing from January 27, 1855, and it was further stipulated that the government might resume the privilege at the expiration of twenty years on paying the sum of 5,000,000 dollars, or 1,000,000*l*. sterling to the company. The line is now paying from fifteen to twenty per cent., and Mr. Bidwell, anxious as he is that the railroad should continue to be a highway permanently free to the whole world, still opposes Captain Pim's suggestion of creating a new and independent line, and advocates the release of the engagements of the United States of Columbia, or New Granada, at the expiration of twenty years, by moneys advanced by European powers. The soil upon which the railway is constructed being leasehold, and not freehold, nothing indeed but the annexation of Panama

* Report of her Majesty's Consul for 1863. Presented to Parliament 1864.

by the United States could give them a permanent claim to what ought undoubtedly to be a highway for all nations. We have said enough to attest at once the exceeding interest and importance of Mr. Bidwell's book, which concerns itself with a locality in which progressive changes are at work of a more extraordinary character than perhaps on any other point of the globe. To those who wish to study the subject still more in detail, we may mention that there are further chapters on the natural resources of the Isthmus and its islands, as well also as full information regarding communication with the Isthmus in all that concerns distances, fares, and freights.

It must not be lost sight of, while discussing the position and prospects of the existing railway, that much difference of opinion exists, not only as to the feasibility of other lines of railway, or of an opening for a ship canal or a strait, but whether it would not be more for British and European interests to open a new line than to wait for the *possible* termination of the lease of the existing one to the Americans. The origin of this exceeding diversity of opinion is to be traced to the ignorance in which we still remain with regard to the topography of the Isthmus of Panama. So great is this ignorance, that the President of the Royal Geographical Society took occasion recently to declare that it was a disgrace to "British geographers, to British men of science, and to the British nation generally," that we had not made ourselves better acquainted with that region.

The various routes proposed comprise those of Tehuantepec, Honduras (from Puerto Caballos to Fonseca Bay), Nicaragua, Chiriqui, Panama, Chepo, Atrato and San Juan, Atrato, Napipi, and Cupica, Atrato and Truando, and lastly that of Darien from Caledonia Harbour to the Gulf of San Miguel. The Emperor of France has, it is well known, long advocated the adoption of the Nicaragua line. Dr. Cullen, on the other hand, who has explored the Darien line, gives the latter the preference, it being the only one, he says, except that of Chiriqui, which supplies the indispensable condition of a good harbour at each end. The failure of the various expeditions sent out in 1853 to discover a practicable line for a canal, has been attributed by Dr. Cullen to the circumstance of the surveyors, Mr. L. Gisborne and others, not having examined the only point where a passage of the mountains was practicable—a break in the chain inland of Caledonia Harbour. The Cordillera is stated to consist at that point of two separate chains, the extremities of which overlap each other, leaving between them a valley running obliquely at an angle of about 20 deg. with the coast. In 1860 a partial exploration of this line was made by Messrs. Bourdiol, De Puydt, and Bourcier, and again in 1861 by the same gentlemen and M. de Champville. In 1864 a further examination was made by Messrs. de Puydt and Tronchon, and in the spring of the present year applications were presented to the congress at Bogotá by two companies and three firms for a privilege to cut a canal by this line. The length of a canal in this part would be thirty-five geographical miles. A careful survey is still required of the oblique valley in the Cordillera, the highest point of which is said probably not to exceed two hundred and fifty feet.

Mr. Evan Hopkins, a gentleman who has been employed by the

President of the States of Columbia to survey various parts of the Isthmus, has come to a conclusion, on the other hand, that there is only one line really practicable for a ship canal to connect the two oceans; this runs near to the line of the Panama Railway, from the Rio Grande, on the side of the Pacific, to the Rio de Chagres, on that of the Atlantic. Mr. Hopkins proposed to make here a strait—without locks—in preference to a canal, and he declares that such a work could be carried out with the greatest ease. The distance between the two rivers is only eight or nine miles, and the highest elevation only two hundred and sixty feet, the rock being a soft, friable granite, easy to work through. (Surely this is only superficially?) It would, according to Mr. Hopkins, be simply necessary to make a moderately wide cutting from salt-water to salt-water, a distance of fifteen miles; the tidal currents would do the rest, and afterwards scour and keep clear the strait. The cost of this plan, which appears so feasible as at present presented to us, is estimated at about ten millions sterling.

Mr. Laurence Oliphant, who has made a short exploratory journey from Panama to the Chepo or Bayanos River, which enters the Pacific about thirty miles to the westward of the former place, asserts that between this point and the Gulf of San Blas, the Atlantic and the Pacific approach nearer to each other than they do in any other part, yet has this region, which looks so promising on the map, been the most neglected. The neck of land which divides the Atlantic from that point on the Bayanos River to which the tide of the Pacific extends, is only fifteen miles across; and, however incredible it may seem, this short distance has never been crossed, much less explored, by a white man. In 1837, Mr. Wheelright attempted it, but was driven back by the Indians; and some years later Mr. Evan Hopkins started with a view of exploring this route, but was compelled to abandon it, for the same reason. Mr. Oliphant appears to have been unable to reach as far as Terabe, where the influence of the Pacific tides ends, and where an expedition to cross to the Atlantic would have to start from, but he says that he saw from Chepo a very remarkable depression in the mountain chain about ten miles distant. He was also repeatedly assured, both at Panama and at Chepo, that the Darien Indians were in the habit of hauling their canoes on wooden slides across the Cordillera from the Mandinga River, and launching them on the Bayanos. It is most assuredly a discredit to the civilisation of the nineteenth century that the Indians should be said to pass with boats from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and that the fact should never have been verified, or that the only section of the Isthmus of which the statement could be made with any appearance of truth should never have been explored.

Mr. Evan Hopkins asserts on his side, from a partial reconnaissance like that of Mr. Oliphant, that the physical obstacles which present themselves to the passage of the Darien mountains between the River Bayanos and the Gulf of San Blas, are much greater than between Chagres and Panama. The ridge appeared to him to be from 2000 to 2500 feet high, and he could see no depression, such as that alluded to by Mr. Oliphant, eligible for a suitable communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific in that direction. It has also been objected to the River Chepo,

The Panama Railroad.

anos, which is in other respects a fine stream, the tide extending a mile beyond Fort Terable, that there is a sand-bank at its mouth rising over three miles, with a depth of only eight feet at low water, rise of tide of sixteen feet.

1854, an international expedition was sent to the Gulf of San Miguel, with a view to ascertain the possibility of constructing a canal across the Isthmus from thence to Caledonia Bay. The highest elevation was found to be 930 feet, and Dr. Cullen and Commander Parsons and that there was a transverse valley running from the main ridge to Caledonia Bay. Humboldt long ago pointed out that Nature had, in the deep indentation of the Gulf of San Miguel, showed the way to penetrate the Isthmus. In this instance there are two excellent harbours for the termini of the canal—Caledonia Bay on one side, and the head of the Gulf of San Miguel on the other. The tide in the Pacific reaches through the Gulf of San Miguel up the River Savana, which is said to be navigable for the largest vessels. At the confluence of the River Lara with the Savana it has still a rise of twelve feet. From this point to Caledonia Bay is a distance of thirty-five miles. Subsequent explorers have failed to discover the transverse valley alluded to by Cullen and Parsons, but Mr. Gerstenberg (*Proc. R.G.S.*, vol. ix. p. 279) says this was because they did not wish to find it, owing, as he believed, to the jealousy of the Panama Railway Company and of the concessionaires of the Atrato route, who had rival interests, and who yet neither of them desired that the presumed existence of the transverse valley should be established as a fact! It is evident that where so many projects are on foot and so many rival interests concerned, whilst at the same time a very large sum of money would be required to carry any of these projects into execution, that no preference should be given to the one over the other till the whole of the Isthmus shall have been accurately surveyed, which can only be done by conciliating the natives, or overawing them by a demonstration of sufficient strength, to allow the labours of the scientific men to be carried on without interruption. This it concerns the government of the States of Columbia to effect.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE ELECTRIC GIRDLE ROUND THE EARTH.

THERE is every reason to believe that the present generation will, notwithstanding the difficulties that lie in the way of the undertaking, and the checks and disasters that have been encountered, see the great work concluded which will embrace the terrestrial globe with a girdle of electric wires. Poetical imagination pictured forth as far back as Elizabethan times this as to be accomplished in forty minutes. The existing generation will be less far off if they see it fully carried out in almost as many years hence. But done, no matter in what number of years or by what precise route, it most assuredly will be. The whole bent of the great nationalities of the earth, and all the facts of the case, are tending towards the same result. Nor is such an achievement of interest solely in a financial or commercial point of view. As no man is of any other value or real utility to his country than by his work, and the manner in which he makes it contribute to the general good, so no country is of real utility to the family of men except in so far as it contributes to the general happiness and welfare. The selfish and morose seclusion of people or rulers, as has been practised in China and Japan, is no longer possible. Even where the governing classes wish to uphold such a state of things, in a blind ignorance of their own real interests, the people are everywhere becoming imbued with the advantages of intercommunication. Hence it is that the extension of the electric telegraph, acting as it does with so much greater celerity than any known means of locomotion, will become a further guarantee of peace and good will among mankind—of good will, because enmities generally arise from misunderstandings which are more easily settled at the onset than when long delays occur; and they are fanned by those national prejudices, which nothing tends to soften so much as better acquaintance and increased intercommunication; of peace, because there can be no quarrelling without misunderstandings.

The extension of the electric telegraph claims then the interest of all thinking persons as the means of good, and as establishing, like most scientific discoveries in their ultimate development, one more link in general civilisation and well-being. And when we consider the progress made during the last fifty years, what may we not expect of the next twenty-five—the next quarter of a century? The creation of the electric wire in England only dates twenty-eight years ago, and the short line from Baltimore to Washington does not date back half a century.

Yet has the system already assumed a colossal extension. Europe is intersected by a network of wires. In North America, the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans are brought together at points, and will soon be so in directions still

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ent to British interests, as from Newfoundland to British
d from Halifax to Victoria; in Europe and in Asia the electric
ends from Gibraltar to Kiachta, on the frontiers of China; and
irgh to Constantinople; and, again, from Constantinople to
the kingdom of Pegu. India, the colonies of the Cape,
and North Africa, have adopted the system. India to a great
d it is almost daily extending itself in South America, where
ely a chronic state of moral and political disorganisation is
posed to the progress of civilisation. But, although these lines
ver many thousands of miles, they are as yet only *disjecta*
—disjointed members of what ought to be one continuous system.
ameliorations remain to be effected, and these, unfortunately,
e not only the management of the electric telegraph of the most
l extent, but also the adoption of some systematic plan by which
terests and wants of all communities would be provided for, and the
rs of all would result in a terrestrial telegraph, strictly speaking—
is to say, a line which shall girdle the whole earth. The adoption
ne common language—say, for example, the Latin, to avoid hurting
ional vanities—and of one common system of signals, might be poli-
ally objectionable, but it would do much to forward such a result, and
would necessitate the employment of educated officers. The tele-
graph from Teheran to Tiflis has, it is well known, been long useless,
from the ignorance of officials and the difficulties of languages. It has,
indeed, earned the open rebuke of the ambassador in Persia and the
Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The telegraph from Constantinople to
Baghdad—an important fragment of one of the Indian lines—is almost
useless from the same causes.

In 1850, a submarine line was effectively carried out from Dover
to Calais, and the success which attended upon this experiment gave
a great impulse to enterprise, and it was quickly followed by others.
In 1855, an attempt was made to establish a line of communication
between Boston and Newfoundland, a distance of six hundred miles. The
wire was carried through the State of Maine and the province of New
Brunswick, thence by the Bay of Fundy, on the northern coast of New
Scotia, across the Gulf of Canso and the western coast of Breton to the
Bay of Aspy, in latitude 47 degrees north. Thence the wire was co-
veyed beneath the ocean to Port-au-Basque, near the eastern point
Newfoundland. The first attempt made in this submarine portio-
the line failed, but Cyrus Field, the organiser of the project, persi-
and was more successful the year following, and the eighty-six miles
tance of oceanic communication were overcome. From Port-au-B
the telegraph was carried in a due easterly direction—for the mos-
through dense forests—to Trinity Bay, on the eastern coast of
foundland. Throughout this great distance there existed only, a-
haps still only exists, five stations.

It remained to establish a submarine cable from St. John's
foundland, to Valentia, in Ireland, a distance of not less than
hundred and fifty miles in a straight line, but in reality, from
depth of the waters, over two thousand miles. Previous to a
so stupendous an enterprise, the bottom of the Atlantic betwe-
countries was roughly explored. The intervening space was

present, in general terms, a vast valley, the bottom of which was not found to have many irregularities or ridges of great elevation. It was, indeed, so comparatively level, that it has been since designated as the submarine steppe, or the telegraphic table-land of the ocean. The deepest portions lay between the banks of Newfoundland and the Bermuda Islands, hence a line was selected farther to the north, but still presenting so great a depth, that it was supposed that the cable would lie at the bottom as quiet as if in a pond, or as if reposing on a bed of snow.

The cable, two thousand five hundred miles in length, was completed in the summer of 1857, and six steam-boats were equipped for the work of submersion; but it is not surprising that a first attempt should have failed. It was the same with a second, made in June, 1858; but the heart of the promoters did not fail them, they persevered, and at length, on the 17th of July, a flotilla left Queenstown; on the 29th it made fast a cable coming from the shores of Valentia to the extremity of the American line; and on the 7th of August the Transatlantic Telegraph sent its first message. It was from the President of the United States (Mr. Buchanan) to Queen Victoria, and it justly remarked, that "the success of this great international enterprise is more glorious than those which a conqueror obtains on the field of battle, for it is more useful to humanity." It is to be regretted that, on points like these, nations and men are more prone to sentimentalise than to act. Many a man has peace in his mouth, and the terrible instinct of war in the deepest recesses of his heart. The long cable, which for so brief a time united the two countries, ceased, however, soon to speak; from some imperfections which have never yet been satisfactorily explained, it refused to convey any more messages, and the hopes which had been excited on both sides of the Atlantic were destined to be cruelly disappointed. But still success, even though momentary, had been achieved—the great fact of the possibility of conveying messages across the Atlantic had been for ever established; and the Anglo-Saxon nations, whether on this or that side of the Ocean, are not made of stuff that will allow so important a fact to remain without some day or other receiving its practical application.

It was hoped, indeed, that the present year would have seen international communication between Europe and America a permanent and established fact. All the conditions of the problem to be solved had been carefully studied; all the precautions that could be taken to anticipate accidents had been, it was supposed, provided for; all previous experience had been brought to bear upon the subject, and the most careful attention had been given to the construction of the cable. The dangers to which a submarine cable are exposed are, indeed, of more than one description. Those connected with the depths in which it has to be laid, and the nature of the bed on which it lies, are not the only ones. It is also necessary to calculate and to ward off the results of disturbing actions which may have their origin in the great magnetic currents of the terrestrial globe, mechanical or chemical actions that may have their origin in the waters themselves, attacks from animals, even of the most minute description, which might perforate or destroy the continuity of the isolating material, or hang to the cable in the intervals where it did not touch the bottom, in such masses as to endanger its safety. All these adverse circumstances

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calculated upon. The cable was composed of seven different wires, each isolated in its own envelope of gutta-percha, and were covered with four others, also enveloped in gutta-percha, and separated by a compound called that of Chatterton. The core was encircled by ten strong wires of the homogeneous iron of Horsfall, each covered with Manilla rope, saturated with living fluid, and thus wrapping the core, which was itself protected in a common rope steeped in the same preparation.

Every possible danger seemed then to have been anticipated, and hopes were all the more buoyant as it was found by experiment that the efficacy of gutta-percha as an isolating envelope was increased by ironing. Nevertheless, on the 25th and 29th of July, this envelope had been accidentally penetrated by a bit of wire, isolation was momentarily interrupted. These accidents were repaired, but on the 2nd of August, when only six hundred miles of cable had been let out, a thousand two hundred and twelve miles of cable had been let out, a new loss of isolation presented itself. It became necessary to lift up the cable again, in order to discover the seat of injury, and it was in doing so that, in consequence of attrition, the cable broke and was lost. It was in vain that attempts were made to recover it, every time the rope to which the grappling-irons were attached gave way before the enormous weight of the cable. It is possible that the cable was itself too heavy to be sunk to such enormous depths, and one of less dimensions has since been proposed to be carried across the Atlantic by another route. Ice-land in the north, and the Azores to the south, both, indeed, offer a resting-place in the transit of the Atlantic for a cable, but the direct line from Ireland to Newfoundland will probably ever find most favour, for it is not in the actual length of the line that danger exists, so much as in the depths to which it has to be sunk locally, and such difficulties would present themselves between the Azores and the American coast to even a greater extent than between Valentia and Newfoundland. Certain it is that the accident that occurred to the cable on board the *Great Eastern*, when it was more fully understood by the return of that ship on the 7th of August, however much it may have grieved the undertakers and shareholders in the enterprise, was not a cause for despondency, and nothing can reflect greater credit upon the energy and perseverance of the parties concerned than the willingness with which they came forward to support another trial, which it is to be hoped will be carried to a successful issue next season.

The electric girdle round the earth will not, indeed, be complete without a Transatlantic cable. If the other nations of Europe were as enterprising in matters of this description as Great Britain and America, the distance from Cape Finisterre to Newfoundland is not greater than from Valentia. If the globe was in that state of civilisation which is not only desirable but which ought to be its normal condition, the distance from the nearest point of the African coast to the nearest point of the eastern coast of South America is less by one-third than the distance from Europe to North America. It is impossible, however, not to feel that as far as cheap and easy means of laying down, facilities for repairs, and chances for permanency are concerned, an overland line is preferable to a submarine one. The only objections to such a line are, that it goes through va-

countries, and may be exposed to injury by the wilfulness of individuals, or to stoppage by political exigencies. But granting that one or more Transatlantic cables were laid, such would soon be found to be utterly inadequate for the demands that would be made upon them; and for the general benefit, as well for that of the countries which the land-line would traverse, it is desirable that such should be carried out.

This is, indeed, in a fair way of being accomplished. The Emperor Alexander takes a personal interest in the success of the undertaking, and has conceded privileges to an American company to carry a line through the Russian possessions in North America and in Asia, as far as to the River Amur. The interests of the American company are represented by Mr. P. M. Collins, a gentleman who has devoted ten years to the study of the subject, as consigned in his work "A Voyage down the Amoor," published in New York in 1860, and in a sketch-map published only last year. Collins was appointed consul for the United States on the Amur in 1856, and as such he entered into communication with the government of St. Petersburg, and he everywhere received the most enlightened support, including that of Count Murawieff Amursky, Governor-General of Eastern Siberia. The Amur, it is to be remarked, is in the present day navigated by steam-boats, as are also its great affluents, the Sungari and the Ussuri; one thousand versts of the electric telegraph line are also said to be already laid down.

A little squadron, laden with materials for construction, left New York last year for Sitka, the capital of the Russian possessions in North America. This squadron, consisting of a steamer and four sailing vessels, left San Francisco in July, 1865, arriving at Sitka during the first and second weeks of August. Various exploring parties were at once organised, to examine the coast-line, as also that part of Behring's Straits which shall prove to be best adapted for the submarine cable. The idea of utilising the Aleutian Islands had been entertained at first, but this projected line was abandoned, as it would have entailed a considerable number of submarine sections—a state of things which does not appear to be approved of by practical men. One of the more important of the exploring parties was under Mr. Kennicott, an American gentleman who has already spent four years in Russian America; it proposed to meet a party which, under Major Pope, left New Westminster, on the Fraser River, British Columbia, last spring, at the River Yukon. Mr. Fred. Whymper, an English artist who accompanies the expedition, wrote to the *Athenæum*, by date of Aug. 16, 1865: "The first link of the 'Collins Overland Telegraph,' which is to unite the Old and New Worlds, *vid* Behring's Straits, is now being fast pushed forward in British Columbia. Cariboo and St. George will, by the end of 1865, be in direct telegraphic communication with New Westminster and Victoria." New Westminster, it is to be observed, is already in communication with San Francisco.

According to more recent intelligence, a party under Colonel Bulkeley had sounded across Behring's Straits. Ground ice was found in St. Lawrence Bay, which was not favourable for the laying of the cable, being shallow, and exposed to the south-east gales. Michigan Bay was found to be full of ice. Package Bay presented a good bottom, and seemed suitable for laying the cable. The soundings across the Straits were said to be favourable all the way across, the bottom being mud. The Asiatic

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raits was more mountainous than the American, and on both
ntry was entirely destitute of timber. The ground was
depth of about thirty inches.
l line of communication from San Francisco to New York has
tly been determined upon. One of the proposed lines is by
country of the Mormons, another far to the north of St. Paul
ota. Probably both lines will ultimately be laid down, for both
d.* It remains with British enterprise to push on a line farther

l, from Upper Canada to New Westminster.
Russian government is, on its side, proceeding with equal zeal.
oses to itself to complete, as soon as possible, the interval between
(the most easterly point at the present moment of all the conti-
lines of telegraph) and Chabaroffka, and, to judge by the energy
which it has pushed on the execution of the Siberian telegraph
it may be deduced that the whole length from Kazan on the Volga
e it joins the European telegraphic lines, to Troitzkosawsk (three
s from Kiachta) will be open in a brief space of time. The line from
zan crosses the Ural Mountains near Tjumen, and is carried thence
Omsk to Irkutsk. It has branches to Irbit and to Schadrinsk, plac-
here great annual fairs are held. From Kiachta, the line is to be car-
ed by Yaksa along the valley of the Amur to its mouth in the Sea of
Jchotsk, where it will join the American line. It is expected that
portion of the line will be completed in 1866. So that there is ev-
probability of electric telegraphic communication being established
tween London and New York, *via* Siberia, British Columbia, and C-
fornia, and to Newfoundland and Halifax, *via* the Saskatchewan, in
space of a very few years.

When the great continental or overland line shall join the Trans-
lantic cable on the eastern coasts of America, an electric girdle will have
been placed round the earth. But much as we may wish, for a variety
of reasons, to see the submarine cable carried out, it is impossible not to
feel that the overland line offers the greatest chance of success and of
permanency, and is the most natural development of the great system of
international telegraphs, which are already carried like a network across
the European portion of the continent.

The actual carrying out of this great Europo-Asiatic line has naturally
suggested other projects, two of which comprise communication by the
same line, or by way of Russian Siberia, with India and Australia—pro-
jects of no small importance to British interests. It is proposed that one
of these lines shall start from Omsk, be carried up the valley of the
Irish to Semipolatsk, thence westward of Sungaria, by Turkistan to
Afghanistan, to Peshawur, where it would unite with the network
Indian railways. Now the natural line of European telegraph comm-

* The *Alta Californian* says the preparations for the commencement
United States Pacific Company's line are completed. The new line will
double wire upon a single set of poles from San Francisco to Fort Kea-
which point the wires will diverge, one running to St. Louis, and the
Chicago, where they will unite with more easterly lines. The total leng-
line will be three thousand two hundred and seventy miles, including
St. Louis and Chicago branches, and six thousand and forty miles of w-
required in its construction.

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cation with India is by Constantinople, Asia Minor, Persia, and Afghanistan, to Peshawur. There is no doubt that, but for the chronic state of disorganisation of the latter country, promoters of such a line would have already arisen from the force of circumstances; but the line proposed to be carried to Peshawur through Central Asia presents the same, and twice as many, difficulties; it replaces such peaceful countries as Asia Minor and Persia by the Tatars and Turcomans of Central Asia, whom we have lately described after Vambéry. But as the Russians hold possession of the Khanat of Khokand, and are said to be on their way to Samarkand and Bokhara, Central Asia may soon be open not only to electro-telegraphic communication, but even to railroad transit from Calcutta to the banks of the Volga and the Don. A line of telegraphic wires carried either way—through the beautiful wooded regions of Asia Minor, where material and labour are so cheap, and population not so sparse as to endanger the safe keeping of the wires, and the green plains of Northern Persia by Tabriz, Teheran, Meshed, Herat, and Kabul to Peshawur, or by Khokand, Samarkand, and Balk to Peshawur, would be at once brought into communication with existing lines, which would carry its messages on the one side to Karatchi and Bombay, and on the other to Calcutta and Rangun, on the Irawaddy.

The other project is to prolong the electric telegraph from Kiachta, through Mongolia, to Peking, already a Russian post-road, and thence by the coasts of China to Canton. Before arriving at this latter stage, a submarine cable is to carry the telegraph from the coast to Formosa, from Formosa to the Philippine Islands, from the Philippines to New Guinea, and from New Guinea to Queensland and New South Wales. A Riga newspaper announced recently that this project was in the hands of an Anglo-Russian company. But it is far too extensive and too expensive to be considered as yet anything more than a mere project.

Another line to Australia has not only been projected, but is on the point of being carried out, and that is from Rangun on the Irawaddy, the present extreme point of the Indian Telegraph lines, by Singapore, Sumatra, Java, and Timor, to North Australia. There are great difficulties to overcome in this projected line, but it is to be hoped that they will be vanquished. The line to Singapore presents a further advantage, that it can be prolonged to Cochin-China and China. The telegraph to Rangun has been carried, as ought to have been the case with the line of the Persian Gulf, solely by land. But, beyond this, vast forests, uninhabited countries, and semi-barbarous peoples and chiefs are said to be opposed to any further prolongation of the same description. We are very much inclined to believe, from all the information we have been able to gather of the state of the coast, especially in Tennasserim, whatever it may be on the Malayan peninsula, that these difficulties are much exaggerated. Again, if a submarine line were adopted, the bottom of the sea is almost everywhere sharp coral, which has proved so fatal to the isolating powers of gutta-percha in the Red Sea, and will do so in the Persian Gulf. It stands to reason that if a cable is laid on a bank of coral in shallow water, where there is the slightest movement or undulation, nothing can resist the effects of friction for more than a brief space of time. The experiment of laying down a submarine cable from Java was tried a few years ago, but it was broken and cut to pieces in those

turbulent coral seas in a very short time. The cable was repaired and laid again, and met with the same fate. The difficulties presented by this line would then appear to be most readily overcome by keeping to the land as much as possible. The distance from the nearest points of the Malayan coast to that of Sumatra is trifling—that between Sumatra and the Java Islands, Flores, and Timor, still more so; the real difficulty presents itself between Timor and Bathurst Island, in North Australia, a distance of nearly three hundred miles; but the waters are deep, and it would be only near the coast that dangers from friction might be apprehended. Bathurst and Melville Islands are so peculiarly circumstanced, that it is questionable if, keeping to a central line in the gulfs intervening between them and the mainland, these dangers might not, to a certain extent, be avoided. The coasts of Java and Timor are the most dangerous, and demand careful exploration. The Timor Straits might, for example, be found to present a devious but a safe intercoraline channel for a cable. It is not in the nature of these extraordinary zoophytic productions to expand like a submarine steppe, but to develop themselves in reefs encircling islands or bounding continents, with deep inner belts of tranquil waters. Deep and safe channels are hence to be met with by sufficient research within and without these coral reefs. This is a point in natural history which might be expounded in detail, did space permit.

M. Charles Andrée justly remarks, that, “among the chains in the electric girdle of the earth, an important place belongs to the line from Constantinople to the mouth of the Indus, for it establishes a connexion between India and Europe. Extraordinary difficulties had to be overcome in establishing this line, such as the indomitable energy and perseverance of the English could alone have overcome.”

It is, indeed, of first importance that Great Britain should possess a ready and safe means of communication with its vast possessions in India. Soon after the first exploration of the River Euphrates, in 1836 and 1837, telegraphic lines were projected along the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris. A line by the Red Sea, however, obtained the preference; but, after spending some 800,000*l.* sterling on that project, it has been found, from the dangers presented by the sharp edges of the coral reefs, that no dependence can be placed on such a submarine line. A committee of the House of Commons was then appointed to inquire into the possibility of an Asiatic line; but, although gentlemen personally acquainted with the countries to be traversed were examined by the committee, and gave decided opinions as to its feasibility, the bugbear of Arab perfidy prevailed, and government declined to guarantee or to lend their support to the undertaking. The Turks knew better, and, finding that the English government wavered, they undertook to carry a line to Baghdad, if the English would carry out the remainder. The Porte fulfilled its engagements, so far as completing the line went, but have monopolised the use of it.

The English began operations at the other extremity, starting from Karatchi, at the mouth of the Indus, and a party under Major Goldsmith and Mr. Walton succeeded, between the 12th of December, 1861, and the 29th of January, 1862, in carrying a line along the coast a distance of three hundred and ninety miles to Guadel (ancient Guades).

From Guadel, the line was carried through the waters of the Gulf of

Oman to the island of Chasab, and thence to Bender Abu-Shehr (Bushire). This, time will prove to have been a mistake; a submarine line is exposed to the same dangers of deterioration and destruction by rubbing against coral rocks in the Persian Gulf as it is in the Red Sea. These inland seas in hot climates are, indeed, more dangerous than the open ocean; for the development of coral reefs is more irregular, and at the same time, from the shallower waters, more general. If the line could be carried in safety through a country of such bad repute as Baluchistan, it could have been carried, under more favourable circumstances, along the coast-line of the Persian provinces of Luristan and Fars, or by any possessions of the Imam of Maskat on those shores.

Once at Abu-Shehr, or Bushire, the line should have been carried to Baghdad by the Dashistan and Khusistan (ancient Susiana), through the towns of Shuster and Dizful; for the delta of the rivers Euphrates and Tigris is peopled by lawless Arabs of the Chaab, Anezeh, and Muntifik tribes, who are perpetually at variance with their Persian and Turkish rulers. The Persians have ever shown themselves much interested in the progress of electric telegraphy, and they could have afforded an amount of protection to a line carried through the populous and thriving province of Khusistan, such as the Turks could not give to it in the delta of the great rivers. Instead of this, the line was carried to the Arabian side of the gulf, to a place called Fah, thence to Basra, or Bussora, and thence by the country of the Muntifik Arabs to Baghdad. The consequence has been, that when, in 1863, the sheikh of the Muntifiks died, and Namik Pasha, the Turkish governor of Baghdad, insisted upon appointing a successor, the Arabs revolted, and drove away those who were engaged in carrying out the line at Hillah, overthrowing the posts, breaking the wires, and taking possession of the materials. The English have hence been induced to enter into engagements for the protection of the line independently of the Turks; but such a protection will never be as effectual as what could have been obtained from the Persians for a Susianic line.

Again, when at Bushire, the line which is in process of construction from Baghdad to Teheran, by the difficult passes of the Zagros, in order to provide against any accidents that may happen to the Assyrian line (incorrectly termed Mesopotamian), could have been carried with comparative facility and every safety by the Dashistan to Shiraz, and thence by Isfahan to Teheran, where it is to join the existing line by Tabriz to Tiflis and Russia. As it is, neither the Turkish line from Scutari to Baghdad, nor the Russo-Persian line from Tiflis to Teheran, work well, and a satisfactory communication with India will not be established till the English obtain a cession of the before-mentioned line from Constantinople to Baghdad, or construct one for themselves along the high road from the Bosphorus to the City of the Khalifs—that is to say, by Dyarbekir and Mosul (Nineveh), and thence to the east of the Tigris, along the established post-road. The best line of communication between Europe and India will, however, undoubtedly be found one day to be by the highway from Constantinople to Teheran, and thence by Herat and Kabul to Peshawur. Political disturbances have for a long time opposed any attempts at establishing such a line; but these are less likely to be durable than the lawless habits of petty tribes—Arabs, Kurds, Baluchis,

or others—along the line of the Persian Gulf. If a railway, however, was ever constructed along the line of the Euphrates valley, it would naturally give permanent security to a telegraphic line, as far as it might be carried, and which, considering the encroachments of Russia in Central Asia, it is most desirable it should be, not only to the Persian Gulf, but along the coast, to the mouth of the Indus. There will then be a British *versus* a Russian line of highway to India.

In North America, telegraphic wires have been carried across vast prairies and mountainous regions still tenanted by the Indians; but the latter have in no case attempted to destroy the wires. The Red Skins are, indeed, said to look upon the copper wire with superstitious feelings. They say it speaks, and the Great Spirit resides in it!

The following are the estimated distances which the electric girdle would have to run round the earth. It must be understood that they can only be taken as rough approximations, for many deviations from straight lines have to be made in practice which cannot be ascertained by theory:

	Miles.
From London to St. Petersburg	1,800
From St. Petersburg to Kazan	800
From Kazan to Omsk	1,100
From Omsk to Irkutsk	1,400
From Irkutsk to Mouth of Amur	3,000
Mouth of Amur to Behring's Straits	2,500
Behring's Straits to Sitka	1,600
Sitka to New Westminster	600
New Westminster to Cape Race	3,700
Cape Race to Cape Clear (with depth included)	2,500
Cape Clear to London	850
Total	19,850
From New Westminster to San Francisco	800
From San Francisco to Cape Race	3,900
Total	20,850

Making a difference of about one thousand miles in favour of the route *via* British Columbia and Canada, over that by San Francisco and the United States. Of the above, from London to Irkutsk is completed; and, considering the known circumference of the terrestrial globe, it is obvious that the remaining distances (taken from Collins, in what refers to the tract partly land and partly submarine between the Amur and San Francisco) must be considerably underrated. But granting this, the differences would probably remain in still greater excess in favour of the route by British America, on which, excepting some deviations necessitated by the Rocky Mountains and the Winnipeg Lake District, all would be comparatively straight work. The length of the Transatlantic line is rather overrated than underrated.

WOODBURY.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART THE SIXTEENTH.

I.

THE INQUEST.

THE distress of the family at Woodbury Hall was renewed the day on which the inquest took place. Mr. and Mrs. Percival were present at it, but Madeleine, not being required as a witness, was kept out of the way; though in her dislike to her sister—a dislike which had been long growing in her mind, and had become considerably strengthened by the death of the boy whom she had hoped would be the heir of Woodbury, and throw Agnes's children into the shade—she was desirous of proclaiming her belief, or her pretended belief, that Mrs. Percival was the cause of little Charlie being drowned.

"I *will* tell the coroner and the other people that she drowned him," cried Madeleine. "You may forgive her, or you may choose to say it is not the case, but my poor darling must have been thrown or pushed into the water—you do not suppose he would have walked into the river himself? And you know she hated him, and she hates me."

"If she took him to the banks of the stream and pushed him in, with the intention of drowning him, of taking his life, poor child, why did she call the gardener, and send him down the river in a boat after him? The body would have been carried to the sea, and none of us would ever have known what had become of our dear boy," replied Alfred.

"She knew very well that my poor Charlie would be found by somebody in the river, so she thought it best to give the alarm, to save suspicion falling upon herself."

"Did Charlie go out with her?"

"No, I sent him for a walk with Hortense. But Hortense says she missed him suddenly. And no more was seen of him, until Agnes gave notice that he was in the water. She knew he was there, because she put him in."

"Where did Hortense miss him?"

"I don't know. Near the river, of course."

"This must be inquired into," said Alfred, as he left Madeleine.

At the inquest it was ascertained that his aunt, Miss Stuart, had sent Master Charles Stuart Percival out to walk with her French maid, and that on coming towards home, near a spot where the path branches off in two directions, the one leading to the house, the other to the stream and the boat-house, Hortense had stopped to speak to an under-gardener, a young man who was in the habit of doing commissions for her in the village when she had not time to go thither herself—a young man, in short, with whom she was "keeping company," as the lower class call it—and that while engaged talking to him, the little boy had run on, riding, as usual, on a stick. When she missed him, she made sure that he had run

home, and she followed him as fast as she could. The child was not in the nursery when she reached the house, therefore she concluded that Miss Madeleine had taken him up to her own rooms, and that he was there safely. She added, that his aunt was often in the habit of taking the little boy to her own apartments to give him bonbons.

The gardener proved having been summoned from his work by Mrs. Percival, who informed him that she feared a child had fallen into the river, and sent him off in a boat to the rescue of the child. He described where he found the body, with the face downwards among the tall reeds, which somewhat obstructed the free course of the water, a little way farther down the stream. He believed life was even then extinct, and added that every effort to restore animation had been tried without success.

Mrs. Percival, in a very low tone of voice, and in a state of much agitation, told how she had been sitting under the shade of some trees, on the banks of the river, when she saw a child's straw hat float past, and immediately afterwards a dark substance under the water with something like a foot above its surface, and that she had instantly given the alarm, &c. &c.

Another witness had been hunted up by old Winslow, who took great interest in the sad event which had happened at Woodbury Hall, and this was a lad about fifteen years of age, the son of one of the cottagers on the property, who had been fishing for roaches and eels in a pond communicating with the river. A short way below this pond he saw a little boy stooping over the water, and touching with a stick the swans, some of which had approached near the bank. He thought it was Master Charlie Percival, but he was not quite sure, and he supposed if it were him, that the nurse would be close by. The child was on the other side of the stream from himself, and he was just going away when he observed him. He did not think there was any danger.

It was proved that Master Charlie was in the habit of taking out pieces of bread to feed the swans, and it was also proved that the stick on which the child had been riding was found on the bank of the river, at the spot where the lad who had been fishing said he had seen him. It was, moreover, ascertained that the banks of the stream were slippery from the recent rain, and rather high at that place. There could not, of course, be a doubt that the poor child had been stretching forward to play with the swans, and had either overbalanced himself and fallen into the water, or had slipped down the bank into it.

The verdict was—**ACCIDENTALLY DROWNED.** But the jury conveyed a reproof to the French maid for having so carelessly lost sight of her little charge.

Mr. Daniel O'Flynn, meanwhile, had been much annoyed at not having been able to obtain an interview with his quondam friend Mr. Alfred Percival. It was his opinion that, whatever disaster might have happened at Woodbury, his former patron ought to have received him. He was anxious to be installed in his old quarters at Mr. Percival's house, and tired of living at the little inn which was kept by the father of Robert Charlton's wife.

There was no one to welcome him back to England or to Woodbury;

he had never been liked in the village, and had but seldom obtained admittance into the houses of the neighbouring gentry. Mr. Percival had been the only one among these who had been on intimate terms with him. Mr. Black, his rival village lawyer, and the village doctor, greeted him very coldly, and neither of them gave him the shadow of an invitation to visit their families. Mr. and Mrs. Percy were from home for a few days, and with the new curate he was quite unacquainted. He felt a total stranger in the place where he had formerly lived; had he been suddenly thrown on a desert island, or an island inhabited by a race utterly unknown to him, he could not have been more lonely.

"Well, I will go and see Rose Ashford," he said to himself. "I dare say she'll be glad to see me, as an old friend of Percival's. I thought she would have married young Charlton, but I suppose he found out her tricks, and had no idea of taking Mr. Alfred's cast-off mistress. He has got a deuced ugly wife, though; I should not like to marry such a fright. I wonder if little Madeleine is as pretty as ever. I hear she is still at Woodbury. She would be a nice wife enough, if Percival would only come down handsomely with the tin. *Would only—he must—faith, he shall!* I have got *him* under my thumb, at any rate."

Mr. O'Flynn laughed, and the sound of his laughter, had there been any one near to have heard it, would have been as disagreeable as that which proceeds from the laughing hyæna.

When he reached the cottage occupied by the lame toll-bar keeper and his daughter, he thought things seemed changed here too; the old man was no longer, as of yore, sitting in the little porch, ready to receive the money for the toll, cheerful and chatty, and with a civil word for every one who passed, nor was Rose's pretty face and figure to be seen at her low window, or flitting about the neat small house. The geraniums and other flowers were not in such trim order as they used to be, and there was an air of dulness about the place which it never wore formerly. The bird-cage which used to hang in the window of the little parlour was taken down, Rose's gay carolling was hushed, and all seemed silent within, while without a rough-looking lad was pacing up and down, cutting notches in a stick, while waiting for the advent of carriages, carts, and horses.

"Where's old Ashford?" demanded O'Flynn, abruptly.

"In there," replied the youth, pointing with his thumb to the interior of the cottage.

"Where's Rose?"

"In there."

"Where's the old woman?"

"Dead."

The lad had stood still while he gave these laconic answers; he immediately resumed his quarter-deck walk, and accompanying it with low whistling, took no more notice of the ex-attorney.

"I say, my lad, is anything the matter with old Ashford, or Rose?" asked O'Flynn.

"Yes."

"What?"

"He's ill."

"Just go and tell Rose that an old friend wants to see her."

The boy hesitated, but sixpence bestowed on him by O'Flynn, induced him to take in the message. A white muslin window-curtain was moved for a moment, but the face which appeared at it was quickly withdrawn, and O'Flynn had not observed the movement.

"She can't see you," said the plain-spoken lad. "She can't see nobody."

"Nonsense!" cried O'Flynn, getting angry. "Rose Ashford to take such airs, forsooth!" And he walked into the cottage, but he did not succeed in seeing Rose, for having perceived, when she peeped for a moment through the window, who the visitor was, and remembering his impudence of old, she had bolted the door of her father's room, where she was. Rose knew that O'Flynn had returned from America, therefore she was not taken by surprise. He went through the house looking about for Rose, at last he tried to open the door of her father's small room, but he could not get in; and repulsed here, as he had been at Woodbury Hall, he returned in very bad humour to the inn where he had engaged a room.

It was the morning of the inquest, and the whole village were talking about it, and in excitement about it. On his return from his vain attempt to see Rose, Mr. O'Flynn ordered a gig to be got ready for him to drive over to Mr. Percival's, but to his surprise both the innkeeper and his son-in-law, Robert Charlton, who happened to be at the inn, strongly objected to his intruding on the Percival family that day.

"Zounds, sir," said the innkeeper, "if Mr. Percival knows you have come back from America, and he wished to see you at once, he would send his phaeton for you."

"He must know that I have come back. I went to Woodbury Hall from the railway, before I came here; it was the day the child was drowned. I left word that I would call again, so I suppose he is expecting me."

"Not a bit of it," replied the innkeeper; "he won't think of you to-day. The inquest is to be held this morning, and that is no time for strangers to be calling on the poor family."

"I am not a stranger. I could not be more intimate with Alfred Percival than I am if I were his own brother."

This boast made the innkeeper laugh, and Robert Charlton frown. The latter said:

"Mrs. Percival has not even seen her great friend Mrs. Barwell yet, and I rather suppose *she* will be the first to be admitted."

O'Flynn still persisted on demanding the gig, until the innkeeper, angry at his obstinacy, point-blank refused it to him, and told him if he must needs thrust himself upon the gentlefolks at "the Hall," he might go there on his own legs.

O'Flynn did not feel inclined to give his legs so much fatigue as a walk to Woodbury Hall, and perhaps back without resting, for he could not be certain that Mr. Percival would receive him. He wrote, however, to that gentleman, and his note was answered by Alfred Percival, who agreed to see him the next day at one o'clock.

Mr. O'Flynn was surprised and annoyed that he had not been asked to breakfast at Woodbury Hall, and indeed that he had not been invited to take up his abode there.

That will be arranged, however, to-morrow," he said to himself, and Percival can easily send for my luggage." But to send for his luggage, or allow Mr. O'Flynn to establish himself in Woodbury Hall, did not at all enter into Alfred Percival's contemplation. He had only one wish—that O'Flynn would either fall into a fiting the night and die before morning, or break his neck on the road on the village the next day. If Mr. Percival had possessed a very good horse he would have sent it for his former dear friend, but as it was not the case, he allowed him to find his way to "the Hall" as he could.

Five minutes before one o'clock Mr. Daniel O'Flynn drove up to Woodbury in the gig which had been refused him the previous day. He was ushered by the tall footman, who had looked at him with such contempt on their first meeting, into the study, and there received with anything but cordiality by the master of the house.

O'Flynn determined to seem quite at his ease, though on his first meeting at Mr. Percival he had perceived how unwelcome he was.

"Well, here I am in the old country again, Percival," he exclaimed, with a grin, "and deuced glad to get back, too. Yankee-land is not a very pleasant place for an honest man to get on in, unless he has his pockets lined with gold."

Mr. Percival felt much inclined to reply, "You must have felt quite at home among the rascals there, I think," but he said more prudently:

"So you did not like America?"

"No, I did not. And, by-the-by, you did not keep your word. I thought to have had more money."

"It appears to me that I was never done sending you money," replied Mr. Percival, bitterly.

"My good fellow, what you sent was only a drop in the bucket to what I wanted. It is all very well for you to act as if promises were made of pie-crust, but that won't suit *me*."

"I do not understand you," said Alfred.

"Well, you will understand this, that I am not going to be running about the world like a vagrant, and little better than a pauper, while you are sitting down here in comfort. A bargain's a bargain, and so I——"

"Hush, hush, O'Flynn," cried Alfred Percival, turning still paler than he had been when O'Flynn had made his appearance. "You need not speak so loud, I am not deaf."

"None so deaf as those who won't hear," replied O'Flynn, sullenly. "But I'm not going to mince matters. I have got two proposals to make to you, and if you don't feel inclined to agree to them—why—I'll let the cat out of the bag."

"And what good would that do you?"

"I would get my revenge for having been done out of what I had a right to, and the other party would, no doubt, pay me handsomely for the information."

Alfred Percival buried his face in his hands for a minute or two, then looking up with bloodshot eyes on his dreaded visitor, he asked in a hoarse tone what were his terms—his proposals.

O'Flynn, observing Alfred's trepidation, grew bolder.

"I'm inclined to be reasonable, but not to leave all the loaves and fishes to you."

to you. Here you are, the owner of Woodbury, and a lot of money besides, and I am a poor devil, dependent on your bounty, as it appears. Is this fair? You would not have got the property without *my* assistance, and why should I not benefit by the exchange, as well as you? You have feathered *your* nest—mine is empty."

Alfred Percival groaned. It would have been better if he had shown more determination to resist his persecutor, but he felt that he was in the man's power, and the fiery whips of conscience were scourging him.

"Your terms?" half gasped Mr. Percival.

Daniel O'Flynn rose and paced two or three times up and down the study. The two, formerly such intimate friends, scowled at each other, the one with glances of mingled terror and hatred, the other with looks partly of triumph, partly of suspicion. At length O'Flynn drew a chair near to the one on which Alfred Percival was sitting, and commencing with one of his atrocious grins, said:

"In the first place, I wish to marry your sister-in-law, Miss Madeleine."

Alfred started, and turned crimson to the roots of his hair.

"You see," continued O'Flynn, "I'm tired of living and roving about alone; I would rather settle down now as a married man, and I remember what a charming little creature Madeleine was. I thought she would have been snapped up long ago, but it is a good thing that she is not. She can't live on air, however, any more than me, and I know very well she has not a penny, so *you* will have to find the tin. Let me see, ten thousand pounds down, either to set up somewhere in business, or buy a house, or invest profitably, and—I will be very moderate—seven hundred or eight hundred pounds a year for my life. If I have any family, we can see about making some little provision for them by-and-by. The chickens are not hatched yet, so there is no need to fix anything about them at present."

And Mr. O'Flynn laughed his hyæna laugh, partly at the thought of the future little O'Flynn, partly at the expression of his late patron's countenance.

"Go on!" said Alfred Percival, in a hoarse voice.

"Well, I think I've said my say."

"Had you not better at once ask for Woodbury Hall, and all its belongings? No doubt you think you have a right to Woodbury."

"Humph! If the truth were known, *I* have about as good a right to Woodbury as *you* have."

"Possession is nine-tenths of the law," said Alfred, angrily.

"But if a prosecution were commenced, the law might——"

"Be quiet, O'Flynn! You had better let the law alone in this matter. You could not go to law without money, and you do not suppose I am such a fool as to supply you with the money to use against myself."

"No, certainly; but your cousin, Captain Howard, might, and *would*, no doubt, if I were to make certain communications to him."

"Not if Mrs. Percival appealed to his kindness, rest assured. You don't know what influence she has over him."

"That's fine talking, but Edgar Howard is not going to throw away a large fortune for any woman."

"At any rate, *your* part of the business is merely whether you can squeeze most out of Edgar or out of me."

O'Flynn grinned, and nodded his head.

"Very well, I must have some time to reflect on your proposal. I cannot determine on a matter of so much importance in a minute."

"Oh, take time, by all means," said O'Flynn, who had been reflecting that he had much more chance of driving a good bargain with Alfred than with his cousin Edgar. "I can be very comfortable here for a while, and make love to Miss Madeleine. I'm in no particular hurry. So you can send to the "Woodbury Arms" for my traps, and I'll take possession of my old room, or some other one."

"I am sorry, Mr. O'Flynn, but I cannot ask you to stay here at present. You must have heard of the sad affliction which has so recently fallen upon us, in the sudden death of our darling boy." Alfred's voice trembled for a moment, and his eyes filled with tears. "His poor mother is in the deepest grief, it is a house of mourning, and the funeral has not even taken place yet. Mrs. Percival will admit no visitors at present."

"I need not be any trouble to Mrs. Percival. I shall be satisfied with seeing you and Miss Madeleine."

"Miss Madeleine doted on our poor boy, and is plunged into the greatest sorrow. In fact, she is quite ill, and has kept her room since the deplorable occurrence."

"I don't care to stay at the village; it is very tiresome," whined Daniel O'Flynn.

"Then go to London, or Torquay, or Bath, or Bristol, or Ireland. Why not take a trip to Ireland?"

"Well, that might not be a bad plan. I've got some relations in Tipperary. But I can't travel without money."

Under the pressure of the circumstances, Mr. Percival furnished his *bête noire* with a handsome sum of money, and he fervently thanked Heaven when that individual had started for Milford Haven to cross to Waterford, after promulgating his intention of being absent about two months.

Two months was at least a reprieve to Alfred Percival, whose thoughts were divided between the loss of his child and the probable loss of his fortune, for though he had tried to alarm Daniel O'Flynn with the mention of his wife's influence over his cousin, he by no means put much faith in it himself. Judging by his own feelings, he did not think that any appeal or any entreaty from Agnes would work upon Edgar so far as to make him refuse to take legal steps for the recovery of any property to which he thought he might be entitled. And, moreover, he did not suppose that Agnes would be induced to make any appeal to his cousin's kindness. Formerly, he believed she would have done it at a word from him, but now there was such a wide breach between them, that she would most probably not fall in with his wishes; on the contrary, her strict ideas of right and wrong would militate against him.

"And the fellow has the effrontery to expect to marry Madeleine!" he exclaimed to himself. "Would she take him? It is possible, in her anxiety to escape from Woodbury. But I cannot allow such a marriage. No, no, certainly not. I should be utterly ruined with their extravagance. Both would think they had a right to pillage me, and if they agreed in nothing else, they would unite in robbing me. He shall not marry her. I swear that he shall not."

II.

MARRYING IN HASTE, TO REPENT AT LEISURE.

BETWEEN four or five weeks after the death of poor little Charlie, whose remains had been deposited near those of Mr. Montague, Mr. Babington was again a guest at Woodbury Hall. Alfred Percival had gone to London for three or four days, and had brought his new friend back with him. Mr. Babington had been the more anxious to avail himself of Alfred's second invitation, as that gentleman had told him, in confidence, of an offer of marriage having been made to him for Madeleine, which he had not yet communicated to her, but of which he must soon inform her, as her suitor, who had gone away on account of the distress in the family, would be returning in a few weeks.

It was by no means pleasant news to Mr. Babington to hear of a rival, and he was determined to carry off the prize before that individual, whoever he might be, could return to enter the lists with him. Alfred had declined telling him the name of Madeleine's admirer, and he did not know but that he might be a person of higher rank than himself, and perhaps of larger fortune. Besides, he knew that he would be obliged soon to return to the West Indies, therefore he made up his mind, according to himself, "to pop the question."

Madeleine received the offer with well-acted surprise, but she did not throw cold water upon it, and all went on smoothly. She expressed a wish to put off the wedding for two or three months, on account of her being in such deep mourning for the loss of her dear little Charlie; but Mr. Babington said he could not wait so long, as he must leave England at no distant period. And Alfred was extremely anxious to have Madeleine married before O'Flynn's return, though he did not say this.

Did he ever say what he thought? Did he ever speak the undisguised truth to any one? Scarcely ever. Dissimulation was a vice inherent in his nature, and it had been largely increased by necessity—the necessity of concealing his various evil acts. As long as deceit and concealment were successful, Alfred Percival was quite satisfied; he had no qualms of conscience, no feelings of remorse; it was not the knowledge that he had done wrong that ever gave him an uneasy thought, it was only when he glanced at the possibility of his misdeeds being discovered, that he felt uncomfortable. And now the full tide of dismay had rushed upon him, for his companion in guilt had threatened to betray him!

The owner of the greater part of Mr. Montague's property was thoroughly wretched. To be disgraced, to be obliged to refund what he had ventured so much to obtain, to be reduced to comparative poverty! All this was hanging over him, and he knew the unscrupulous and merciless person with whom he had to deal. It flashed across his mind once or twice that he had better confess, of his own accord, to his cousin what he had done, throw himself on Edgar's generosity, and trust to his entering into some arrangement for the future, which would not quite ruin him, and which might be managed without giving publicity to the past.

But his pride and his greedy selfishness prevented his following these wiser dictates of his mind.

"No," he said to himself, "O'Flynn only wants to frighten me into giving him more money; he knows full well that if he tells the whole affair to Edgar he will get nothing out of him, whereas I can bribe him to silence. The worst is, that the bribe must be always increased. His demands were nothing at first to what they are now. And what I fear is that he will become more and more rapacious. I must try to get him out of the country; perhaps Babington might procure some situation for him in the West Indies. It is horrible to live in this state of miserable anxiety and dread! My poor father! I can now conceive what he must have suffered before he fled from the ruin that was to overwhelm him, and took his own life to escape it."

Dark thoughts for a moment entered the wretched man's mind, but they did not linger there, he was too fond of life and its pleasures—its vicious pleasures—to contemplate long the prospect of death. It was not that he trembled at the idea of eternity, or of punishment in the next world; he assured himself that nobody knew anything about the world to come, nobody could *prove* that there was another life beyond the grave, it was only a matter of belief. The body certainly decayed, and why might not that which caused life expire with the body? But he had no fancy for the gloomy grave; the storm might blow over, and O'Flynn be brought to reason. All he could do now was to try to get rid of that wretched Irishman, whom he heartily wished he had never seen, for it was *he* who had acted the tempter's part, and drawn him into the meshes from which he would find it so difficult—nay, so impossible, to extricate himself.

Agnès habitually avoided as much as possible the society of her husband and her sister, or she might have seen how unhappy Alfred was. She certainly did observe that he seemed very gloomy, and that there was a certain amount of restless agitation about him, but she attributed the gloom to the death of his favourite child, poor little Charlie, and the agitated restlessness to the approaching parting with Madeleine, and she did not feel that there was any claim upon her for her sympathy. So she remained as cold and distant as usual. She little knew that Alfred, in his misery and terror, was hungering and thirsting for a few kind words from her, that he was lamenting the loss of her devoted affection, and longing for some friend to whom to confide the anxieties that were weighing so heavily on his spirits.

Madeleine, meanwhile, saw nothing to remark about Alfred, except "that he was often very cross." She was quite taken up with her own prospects, with her trousseau, and with the wedding presents she expected to receive, and she horrified Mrs. Percival one day by expressing her great regret that Lord Darlington and her mamma had quarrelled, for if his lordship had been still living with Mrs. Stuart, he would no doubt have sent her a very handsome wedding gift.

Madeleine fully expected that her "dear mamma," when she heard of her intended marriage, would give her the long-coveted pearl necklace, but Mrs. Stuart never alluded to it, and bestowed nothing on her "dearest Madeleine" except congratulations and her blessing—gifts not at all prized by the dutiful daughter.

She had, however, several very handsome presents made her from her cousin Octave, from Mr. and Mrs. Barwell, and Lady Eskdale—Lord

Eskdale sent nothing—from Alfred, Agnes, and Mrs. Black, who considered it necessary to put herself to some expense on account of her former intimacy with the young lady. Mr. Babington thought he did enough in presenting her with *the plain gold ring*, to which he added a mother-of-pearl card-case he had won at a raffle at Scarborough.

The wedding was an extremely quiet one: it could be nothing else so soon after the death of the little heir of Woodbury. Alfred gave away the bride, and Mr. Percy performed the ceremony in his usual pompous way, but at a very early hour in the morning, as the party had to proceed to the nearest town where there was a Roman Catholic chapel, in order to be re-married according to the rites of that Church. This little town lying on the road to London, the wedding breakfast was ordered at its best inn, after partaking of which, the bride and bridegroom, accompanied by Madeleine's French maid, Hortense, went to Exeter on their way to town, and the rest returned to Woodbury.

III.

DANIEL O'FLYNN'S REVELATIONS.

O'FLYNN came back to Woodbury in a towering rage. He considered himself very ill used in not having been told of Madeleine's engagement—indeed, if the engagement had existed before he informed Mr. Percival of his wish to marry her, that it had not been broken off to meet *his* views.

He seemed to look upon Mr. Percival as a poor, wretched creature, who was entirely in his power; and he assumed the most imperious tone towards him, and strutted about as if he were lord and master of the whole establishment.

Between anger at his insolent assumption, and dread of his power, Alfred Percival was almost at his wits' end. At last things came to a crisis. O'Flynn made so very large a demand as the price of his continued secrecy, that Alfred, in a fit of mingled fury and despair, point-blank refused to agree to his terms; and O'Flynn, enraged and disappointed, determined "to shilly-shally," as he called it, no longer, but to transmit to Captain Howard a statement of the manner in which he had been defrauded of the fortune his grand-uncle had intended for him.

Daniel O'Flynn did not say that it was *he* who had suggested to Alfred Percival to tamper with Mr. Montague's will; he gave Captain Howard to understand that he had unwillingly been dragged into the commission of that evil act by his friend Mr. Percival, to whom he, at that time, considered himself under great obligations. He begged a thousand pardons, and apologised most humbly for having permitted himself to have been so led away, and declared that he had always lamented his weakness, and could have no peace of mind until he had confessed his guilt.

The statement he made was, that Mr. Montague, some time before his death, had occasionally spoken of his intention to alter his will, and to leave more to his nephew, Alfred, than he had originally intended, partly on account of Alfred's father having died a bankrupt, partly because he was a married man, and the old gentleman wished to make a

suitable provision for his wife and family. This tallied with the contents of a letter Edgar Howard had received from his uncle, not long after Alfred Percival's father had committed suicide, and which had prepared him to expect some change in his uncle's will.

O'Flynn continued, that Mr. Montague, though intending to alter his will, had put off doing so, until he was suddenly taken ill, when Alfred became much alarmed lest the old gentleman should die without making the proposed change in the disposition of his fortune. It was therefore agreed on between them to draw up a new will, leaving all the legacies as they stood in the original testament, and making no change except putting Alfred Percival in Captain Howard's place, and bequeathing to the latter the twenty thousand pounds for which Alfred was down in the first will.

If the old gentleman appeared likely to recover, this false will was to be suppressed; if death seemed approaching, he was to be coaxed, or compelled to sign it. They feared that Winslow, Mr. Montague's confidential servant, who was much attached to his master, and was constantly in attendance on him, would be a serious impediment to their plans, therefore they despatched him to London to bring down a first-rate physician to see the old gentleman. And as Mrs. Winslow and Mrs. Percival would have been almost as much in their way, he (O'Flynn) had procured a sick-nurse from a town at a little distance, who would doubtless be less watchful than Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Winslow. Mr. Percival had prevailed on his wife and the housekeeper to retire to their rooms to take some rest, they then gave the sick-nurse some very strong toddy, which quickly put her to sleep in an easy-chair in the dressing-room adjoining Mr. Montague's bedroom, and finding that the old gentleman was sinking fast, they brought forth the forged will, and insisted on his signing it. He resisted, exclaiming over and over, "*I have not got my own consent!*"* But he was not long able to oppose them, and he was forced, in the agonies of death, to sign the will, or rather his hand was guided, and that the pen remained in the grasp of the dead man's hand. That the sick-nurse was called to witness Mr. Montague's signature; she was nearly stupified by the effects of the strong potation she had imbibed, but she was able to affix her name as a witness to the document in question.

Mr. O'Flynn urged Captain Howard to take legal steps to recover his property, and offered every assistance in his power, adding, that he would trust to Captain Howard's generosity to reward him, a poor man, for the part he had taken and would take in helping the captain to be restored to his rights.

Edgar Howard read O'Flynn's letter and statement with mingled surprise, disgust, and regret. He could not believe that his cousin Alfred, his friend from childhood, could have acted in the manner described by O'Flynn, and been guilty of committing such a fraud. Yet certain recollections would force themselves on his mind. He had thought Alfred's conduct and manners rather strange when he followed the Percivals to Spa. There was something sinister about him. Alfred had never seemed to like to look him straight in the face; there was always an averted

* This was *really* said by an old gentleman under similar circumstances.

glance, often an uneasy look, as if he had something to conceal. Yet, again, he remembered that, as a boy, Alfred had the same unsatisfactory manner, and that their grand-uncle used to call him selfish and artful, though he, Edgar, used always to defend him from such imputations. Agnes thought highly of her husband; *her* excellence he could not doubt, and had she had reason to blame his conduct, she might have borne with him as a duty, but she could not have seemed proud of him, nor could she have been so devotedly attached to him.

No, it must be all a malignant falsehood, got up by Mr. O'Flynn to extort money from him, hoping that he would be simple enough to be his dupe. He had heard Agnes speak of this vulgar village attorney in terms of great displeasure. She had described him as being cunning and unprincipled, as well as low bred and presumptuous; a person without truth or honour, and most censorious, maligning those who were kindest to him, and imposing upon all who were so benevolent as to notice him.

Captain Howard was at Malta when O'Flynn's communication reached him. He took a few days for reflection, and then wrote to Daniel O'Flynn that he could not credit the extraordinary tale which he had been pleased to relate to him; that he did not require Mr. O'Flynn's assistance, and that he did not intend to enter into any controversy with his cousin about the property of the late Mr. Montague.

Edgar's magnanimity was a bitter disappointment to Daniel O'Flynn. He cursed himself for not having gone more cautiously and circuitously to work.

"I should first," said O'Flynn to himself, "have written him in a mysterious manner, so as to have roused his curiosity, and by degrees let him hear the facts of the case. I was a born fool to let it come upon him all of a heap. Winslow says he always was, and is still, as much attached to Alfred Percival as if they were brothers, and I hear too, now, that Mrs. Percival can wind him round her finger, and that he was a great admirer of Madeleine's. I wonder she did not take him, but I suppose Percival prevented her, for fear that Howard would give up the sea, and come to settle down with his young wife on shore, and that some day or other the forgery, or the fraud, or the swindle, whatever it may be called, would ooze out. What's to be done now? I must go and get some more money out of Percival, with threats of exposure; he won't know that I have written to his cousin."

But Mr. O'Flynn reckoned without his host, as he would himself have said, for Edgar Howard had sent a copy of O'Flynn's despatch to his cousin Alfred, in order to put him on his guard against such an impudent lying scoundrel, and assuring him, at the same time, that he considered the story of the false will a vile fabrication got up to extort money from him, Edgar, or to injure Alfred in revenge for some imaginary wrong.

When O'Flynn next found his way to Woodbury, he was received very differently from what he expected. Alfred Percival treated him with the utmost contempt, informed him that he knew every word that he had written to Captain Howard, that he had nothing more to tell, or nothing more to conceal now, and that having acted so dishonourable and rascally a part—for so Mr. Percival chose to term his quondam friend's volunteering to give evidence against him—his claims were at an end, and he never should wring another shilling from him.

Alfred Percival ordered O'Flynn out of his house, and told him that if he did not go quietly, he would ring for his servants to turn him out.

O'Flynn was furious, no money, and set at defiance! Of course he determined to do his utmost to blast Alfred's character, but scarcely any one associated with himself at Woodbury; therefore he had very little opportunity of proclaiming his former patron's iniquity. Intimate as he had once been at Woodbury Hall, he thought it would be unpleasant to remain in its neighbourhood without visiting there; therefore he soon left the village, but not until he had done what he rightly guessed would annoy Alfred Percival extremely—namely, communicate the affair of *the will* to Mrs. Percival.

IV.

A FRAUD CONFESSED.

POOR Agnes was extremely shocked. At first she thought it was quite impossible that Alfred could have been guilty of such baseness; but reminiscences poured in upon her, and, like Edgar Howard, she began to be staggered in her conviction of his innocence. She could not but revert in thought to his frequent mysterious conversations with O'Flynn, and the extreme influence that very inferior individual seemed to have acquired over him, to the night of poor Mr. Montague's death, a strange sick-nurse being engaged, Winslow despatched to London, herself and Mrs. Winslow having been persuaded to leave the invalid's chamber, the old gentleman's groans and opposition to something that was urged on him both by Alfred and O'Flynn, and Alfred's livid countenance and agitated manner when he came into her room after all was over.

"Can it be possible?" she asked herself. But then came the desolating answer:

"Even worse things have been possible. He has been weak, very weak, and too easily led into temptation; that wretched, vicious Madeleine lured him on into guilt of one kind, and O'Flynn, a thoroughly unprincipled scoundrel, must have undoubtedly dragged him into the commission of this other dreadful act. Still this may be a false accusation, a wicked attempt to extort hush-money from me."

She determined, little communication as there was now between herself and her erring husband, to show him O'Flynn's letter, and suggest that some steps should be taken to prevent him from bringing such shocking accusations against his former friend and patron. It was very painful to enter on such a subject with Alfred; no doubt he would be deeply offended, and he would probably be very angry at her for placing it before him. But his character was at stake, and if O'Flynn, from whatever motive he acted, chose to spread such a dreadful report about, and it were left uncontradicted, a few—indeed many—might believe in its truth; for, as Agnes justly thought, "The world is more prone to think evil than good of every one."

She repaired with a beating heart to Alfred's study, and there she found him sitting at his writing-table, his elbows resting on it, and his face covered with his hands, a short convulsive twitch of one of his feet evincing that he was ruminating on something which rather agitated him.

"Can he be grieving for the loss of the poor child, or—or for that girl Madeleine's departure?" Agnes asked herself. Perhaps the idea that he was distressed at being deprived of her sister's society nerved Agnes to the task that she had undertaken; she walked resolutely up to the table, and said: "I regret to intrude upon you, but I have received a very extraordinary letter from Mr. Daniel O'Flynn, containing a statement which I, of course, believe to be false. He has taken the unwarrantable liberty of accusing you of an act of which you are doubtless innocent. Why he has done this I cannot imagine, and I do wonder that he has had the effrontery to tell *me* such a tale. I considered it my duty to mention this to you."

Alfred started as if he had received an electric shock; he rose suddenly, and as suddenly sat down again. For a moment he looked quite scared, and then he faltered:

"Wh . . . wh . . . what do you mean?"

"This letter from that bad man will explain everything to you." And she placed O'Flynn's unwelcome statement before him.

For a moment she felt inclined to leave the room, and permit Alfred to read the document alone. But again she thought so serious a matter demanded some investigation, and she had better see how he took the communication, and what he proposed doing to stop O'Flynn from getting up such injurious fabrications.

"I will look at it by-and-by; there is no hurry, I suppose? You will hardly answer it by this day's post?"

"The answer should be given without delay," replied Agnes. "Whatever may be this person, O'Flynn's, motive for endeavouring to blacken your character, he must be checked, and, if necessary, threatened with being prosecuted for defamation. We do not know to whose ears he may convey his libellous attacks upon you."

"His motive is to extort money," said Alfred Percival, in a low voice.

"I believe, indeed, that he would perjure himself for a guinea," she replied. "But the word even of such a low miscreant may do much harm. For instance, if he were to write this wicked story to your cousin, Edgar Howard, it would be unpleasant that the faintest suspicion of unfair play should be presented to his mind—that he should for one moment be led to fancy that you had usurped his rights."

Alfred cleared his throat, looked supremely uncomfortable, and then—said, in a hesitating manner:

"O'Flynn has already written to him. Edgar has forwarded a copy of his despatch to me . . . to put me on my guard against him, he says . . . He does not believe O'Flynn."

Agnes, who had been standing near the table, staggered to the nearest chair, and sat down, trembling.

"Good Heavens! How dreadful!" she exclaimed. "But O'Flynn must be insane to assert such things, if he knows he is telling downright falsehoods. Are you sure, are you quite sure, that there is no shadow of a foundation for his—his assertion?"

She fixed her eyes on Alfred's face, and he looked away.

"If you are in the slightest degree in that man's power, he will ruin you. What have you done with Mr. Montague's old will?"

"It is there."

"And with the draught of the last will?"

"It is torn up."

"It was copied, or drawn up—prepared, in short, by Mr. O'Flynn's clerk, was it not?"

"Yes," replied Alfred, briefly.

"That is a pity," said Agnes. "If any inquiry were instituted into the alteration of Mr. Montague's will, with a view to—to disproving the validity of the last one, I fear the circumstance of Mr. O'Flynn being employed, instead of Mr. Black, would not look well. The old gentleman's dislike to Mr. O'Flynn was known to every one. Any little business that he had which required the assistance of a lawyer was always entrusted to Mr. Black. If there were to be a lawsuit——"

"But there will be *no* lawsuit," hastily interrupted Mr. Percival. "Edgar will not listen to O'Flynn. You will see by this letter from Malta that O'Flynn asks money for the—the confession——"

"Confession!" interrupted Mrs. Percival, in her turn. "Confession! Then there *is* something to confess?"

It was a slip of the tongue, but rather an inconvenient one. Alfred saw his mistake; he said, while his hitherto pale cheek flushed to the deepest red:

"Communication, I should have said. That fellow O'Flynn will stick at nothing to make money."

"But if he cannot in any degree substantiate his charges, he must know that he could be punished for obtaining money on false pretences."

"Never mind him," replied Alfred, somewhat impatiently. "Let him talk, nobody will believe him."

"Excuse me, a great many will. It would be better to disprove the accusation at once. You may not be willing, on account of your former friendship for him, to prosecute Mr. O'Flynn, and show up his perjury, but you should think of your own character. The world is very lenient to many faults, but never to those which bear upon money matters. It would be horrible to be looked upon in the neighbourhood as . . . a swindler."

"You use strong terms," said Alfred.

"I trust and pray that you may be able to prove your innocence of this fraud," continued Agnes, earnestly; "the testimony of the sick-nurse would, no doubt, be in your favour. Let us seek her out; it is a duty which you owe to yourself and your daughters to disprove the infamous assertions made by this low attorney."

Alfred stooped over the table and hid his face again with his hands, but he made no answer.

"Something *must* be done. Let us consult Mr. Barwell."

"Not for the world!" groaned Alfred.

"Alfred Percival, why this hesitation to clear yourself of a foul charge? Great as is O'Flynn's effrontery, and liar as he may be, he must have *some* small foundation on which to base the accusation he is promulgating. If it be possible that his former influence over you led you into the commission of some wrong act, some act which, tempted by himself to do, he would now denounce in order to extort money, regardless that he is sacrificing his benefactor, confess it at once, and offer without delay to make restitution. This can be managed without any lawsuit. You

have told me that you have frequently assisted O'Flynn with money, and that his demands were always increasing. Was this money given from pure friendship, or as bribes to silence?"

Agnes wondered at herself how she had the courage to say all this; but it was a critical moment, and the respectability of her family was in jeopardy.

"Consider for a moment," she continued, for Alfred did not answer her last question, and conviction of his guilt was forcing itself upon her mind. "Just consider how you may be placed if that man O'Flynn has it in his power in the slightest degree to substantiate his charges. Edgar refuses at present to believe his statement, or take any steps to investigate its truth or falsehood. Will he always feel inclined to be so magnanimous? If the affair reaches his father's ears, which perhaps O'Flynn may contrive it shall do, *he* will not have so much consideration for you, and his wishes and representations may induce so devoted a son as Edgar is to pursue a different line of conduct. Edgar told me that his father was cruelly disappointed at the change in the disposition of the bulk of Mr. Montague's fortune: much more disappointed than he himself was, and, moreover, that the elder Captain Howard thought it was *my* doing."

"Edgar never mentioned the subject of the will to me," said Alfred.

"No; because he did not like to do so, as you never alluded to it. *I* spoke of it first to him, and told him how grieved we were that Mr. Montague had not divided his property more equally. I also told him that we had talked about transferring a large portion of the money not in Woodbury to him; but that you had said the proposition would only offend him, and that he would not agree to it."

"I am glad you told him all this," said Alfred. "I almost wish the offer *had* been made; it might have satisfied that man, the father."

"Satisfied him?" echoed Agnes, inquiringly.

"Prevented him from now . . ." Alfred stopped abruptly.

"Alfred, Alfred! have mercy upon yourself and your family! Tempt Providence no longer! *If* you took any underhand steps to obtain the fortune destined to your cousin—no matter who suggested these steps, or assisted you in them—make restitution now. If this sin be on your soul, you will be happier when your conscience is clear of it. You will still have enough to live on in comfort; you can remove to some other part of England, where O'Flynn's malevolence has not tarnished your good name, or you can live abroad even in luxury on what your uncle left you by the will which was not acted upon. If, indeed, you have appropriated to yourself what was not intended for you, for Heaven's sake give it up; do not wait to be compelled to do so by a court of law. Think of the disgrace to have to stand, like a felon, at its bar!"

Alfred literally shook with horror at the idea presented to him.

"Sooner or later retribution will fall upon you. Forestal it—avoid the coming storm—throw yourself on Edgar's generosity, and confess all, if there be anything to confess!" cried Agnes, clasping her hands, and half kneeling to him.

There was a long pause; at length Alfred said, almost in a whisper:

"You have conquered. The will might be disputed; O'Flynn's evidence might be received. He has deceived me, betrayed me, fleeced me, and will not rest till he ruins me."

"Have confidence in your cousin Edgar's kindness. Write to him the painful truth, whatever it may be."

"I cannot. No—no—no—I cannot. I would rather put a pistol to my head than write to him myself."

Agnes shuddered while she exclaimed :

"Oh ! do not follow your unfortunate father's example ! Do not rush, with all your sins on your head, into the presence of your Creator and your Judge. Let me write to Edgar Howard. Let me tell him how this riper, O'Flynn, first lured you into the commission of wrong, and then, having plundered you over and over, fancied he would be well rewarded for betraying you, and seeks to give evidence against you. Let me say that you deeply regret your having listened to his evil counsels, and given way to the temptation he placed before you ; and that you are anxious now, as far as possible, to make restitution to him whom you have wronged."

"But if you write all this, he may use your information against me !"

"I feel convinced that he will not do so. And why should he, if you give up Woodbury and all that is his?"

Alfred groaned, and muttered :

"Better let things alone. The storm may blow over."

"It will *never* blow over ; it will burst upon you when least you expect it. And now that I know how Mr. Montague left his property, I cannot be an accomplice in defrauding your cousin."

This last consideration took great effect upon Alfred's mind. He knew his wife's rectitude, and her strong ideas of right and wrong, and he felt that he had inadvertently placed himself in the power of one who could not be bribed, or frightened, or worked upon by any fondness for himself, into silence and connivance in his guilt.

"I was a fool," he said to himself, "to let her into the secret ; she will be worse to deal with than O'Flynn himself, with her scruples and her cursed notions of honesty and duty, and her horror of breaking the Ten Commandments. If she had cared for me still as she used to do, before that pretty little sinner, Madeleine, came between us, I might have been able to have thrown dust into her eyes, and persuaded her that the will was all right. But now, I might talk myself hoarse without quieting her. How beautiful she is ! But so cold. Formerly she would have thrown her arms round my neck, and tried to coax me into agreeing to follow her advice, or she would have told me that she could believe nothing against me. Now, she has no hesitation in thinking me—a rascal. She says she won't be an *accomplice*, that means she will join O'Flynn in ruining me. What shall I do ?"

There had been a long silence while these thoughts were passing through Alfred Percival's mind. Agnes had sat down again, waiting to hear what he would say. At length he spoke :

"If you are determined to follow in Daniel O'Flynn's wake, of course I cannot prevent you. This matter will give you an opportunity of revenging yourself on me. Take advantage of it—use it—disgrace your husband if you will."

"You no more believe that I am seeking an opportunity of disgracing you, for the sake of revenge, than you believe that I drowned poor little Charlie from the same unchristian motive. Such stinging speeches will not drive me from my purpose—namely, to save you from public disgrace."

I am willing to undertake the humiliating task of acquainting your cousin of the fact that he has been wronged, and of entreating his mercy; but at the same time I must be empowered to say that the injury shall be atoned for as far as possible."

There was another pause; at last Alfred gave way, and consented to let Agnes make the mortifying confession, which he had not the moral courage to make himself.

It was a dreadful trial to poor Agnes to compile this awful letter to Edgar Howard. She could not in any way excuse the fraud, but she endeavoured as much as possible to throw the greatest share of the blame on Mr. O'Flynn, who had played the tempter's part, and been as cunning as his master, the great enemy of mankind, when he caused the misery of the human race by the fall of its first parents. She described Alfred's unhappiness, she dwelt more on his contrition than facts really warranted, for his regret was rather at the discovery of his wickedness than at the wickedness itself; but she painted in strong colours what she supposed might be his feelings. She spoke of her own shame and deep sorrow, and apologised in the humblest manner for the injury that had been done to Edgar. Restitution, she said, would be made as far as possible. Woodbury Hall would be handed over to him, and all the money mentioned in Mr. Montague's will—the will made some years before his death, when his two grand-nephews were scarcely beyond boyhood. Alfred and herself would leave Woodbury, and everything in it, which she unwittingly had used, and when these acts of justice were performed, *she* threw herself on Edgar's kindness and mercy not to hold her and his erring cousin up to the scorn of society, but to permit them to retire without a branded name to some distant part of the world, where her poor daughters might live undisgraced by transactions in which they had had no hand. It was in his power, she said, to blast the future of these innocent children, and it was for *their* sakes that she prayed him to be merciful.

It was not likely that such a man as Edgar Howard could resist her appeal, or that he would be inclined to deal harshly with the friend of his early years.

He was exceedingly distressed to find that O'Flynn's revelations had not been entirely malignant falsehoods. But he was most anxious to save his cousin, faulty as he had been, his amiable wife and innocent children, from the obloquy which might fall upon them if the truth about Mr. Montague's will were to come to light.

He wrote to poor Agnes in the kindest terms. He could not exactly exonerate Alfred from the guilt of the fraud; but he declared his belief that his cousin had been led away by the unfortunate influence which that bad man, Daniel O'Flynn, had acquired over him. He expressed his perfect conviction of Mrs. Percival's entire innocence in regard to O'Flynn's plot, which he did not doubt was deliberately set on foot by the fellow in order to have a hold on poor Alfred, and compel him to supply him with money in large quantities. He begged, for the honour of the family, as he and Alfred were of the same stock, that no apparent change might be made. It was his earnest wish and request, he said, that Alfred should continue to reside at Woodbury, and to receive the rents of the estate. All he wished transferred to him was about 20,000*l.*

of their late uncle's capital, which had no concern with the landed property, and could be easily made over to him without exciting observation. This sum, he said, he wished to have to enable him to increase his father's comforts, and to provide a suitable establishment in case he ever should marry, which, however, was very improbable. He added, that he should not breathe to his father, or to any one else, a syllable of what had taken place, or was now about to take place, that he never wished to refer to the past, and trusted that the future would be more serene.

It was a great relief to Alfred Percival to find that Edgar was inclined to be so forgiving; but Agnes was by no means willing to accept of the kind propositions he made. She was most anxious to give up Woodbury, and everything except the sums actually intended for them. The greater part even of these she would gladly have made over to Edgar, in some degree to replace the interest of the money he had lost. But there was no working either on Alfred's feelings, or honour, or shame. He caught at his cousin's generous offer, and determined to remain at Woodbury. All that Agnes could wring from him was to make a will, leaving Woodbury and all its belongings to Edgar Howard, or his heirs, at his own death. He could not take the fortune so unjustly acquired to the grave with him, and he did not much care about its being lost to his family after his death. The will was written by a respectable notary in London, and placed in his hands; so that nothing was known about it in the neighbourhood of Woodbury.

V.

MR. BABINGTON TURNS A DETECTIVE.

AND what were the lately married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Babington, about while these trying scenes were going on at Woodbury?

There were scenes between them also. Mr. Babington found that he had been taken in, and Madeleine only laughed at his vexation. They had gone to Paris, and there she sent him such large bills to pay that he became quite rabid, and insisted on returning to England sooner than she wished. Credit, however, could be obtained in one metropolis as well as in the other, and, moreover, in London Madeleine met an old admirer, who was quite willing to renew his former attentions. His being now a married man and she a married woman was no obstacle at all to their not very faultless intimacy, and Mr. Babington discovered that Captain St. George was rather a more frequent visitor of his young wife than he thought quite expedient.

He remonstrated, and she sometimes laughed at him, sometimes became angry and stormed at him. He was very rude to Captain St. George whenever he happened to meet him, but that nonchalant individual only treated him with supreme contempt.

At first, Mr. Babington fancied the intimacy between his wife and the gallant captain was only what he had heard called flirtation—for of the greater or smaller flirtations that go on in society he knew nothing himself—but he soon began, according to his mode of expression, to smell a rat, and he determined to find out what was really going on.

In those days, the "PRIVATE INQUIRY OFFICES" had not been instituted, at least not established on the footing on which they now are; and these extremely *respectable gentlemen*, who now conduct them with their staff of employés, and who, with the utmost effrontery, advertise their noxious trade in the columns of all the leading newspapers, were not in waiting to dog the steps of ladies and gentlemen, to watch people and watch houses, to listen to tales of evil whether true or false, to give bribes, and to hold little private courts of justice of their own; their activity, of course, being commensurate to their pay.

England boasts of being the freest country in the world, and yet its law-givers permit a set of blood-suckers to prey upon the public; and for one or two guineas a day, or perhaps twenty guineas the job, if it be not too long a one, to carry out the wicked wishes of malevolent and ill-disposed individuals, and keep up a system of scandalous espionage on persons who are probably perfectly respectable. It is an absolute disgrace to the country that *this self-constituted, underhand police*, should be permitted to assume the functions it does, amenable to no authority, responsible to none for the injustice and mischief it may do.

How strange it is that, amidst all the *reforms* that are always being clamoured about, the reform, or rather the suppression of this abuse, has never been brought forward. Strange that no clean-spirited member of the House of Commons has ever denounced these associations of paid spies!

But even before spying became a licensed and a lucrative trade, bribery could obtain spies. These, however, were generally only to be had when something very suspicious was going on, and the post was usually filled by servants, who have, indeed, much to do in the machinery of the "*private inquiry offices*."

Mr. Babington bribed Hortense, and was soon made acquainted with sundry past, as well as some present, doings. He was very much enraged at what he heard, and resolved to turn detective himself. So one day he told Madeleine he was going to the City on urgent business—that was nothing new, for he frequently went to the City—but that he might be detained so late in Mincing-lane, that he would take a chop at the Jamaica Coffee House and not return to dinner.

In a little perfumed billet the welcome intelligence was conveyed to Captain St. George that the coast was clear, as "The Beast" was to be absent all day. The captain called Madeleine and Mr. Babington "Beauty and the Beast," and Madeleine had adopted that appellation for her spouse.

The friends, tête-à-tête, were profiting by his absence, when he unexpectedly returned and burst in upon them. It was a disagreeable rencontre for the whole trio. Madeleine, for once in her life, was embarrassed and frightened; and both the gentlemen were in great wrath. Mr. Babington seized Captain St. George by the throat, or rather by the cravat, and bestowed upon him liberally the agreeable epithets of "rascal, villain, scoundrel," while St. George endeavoured to shake him off, and threatened him with a horse-whipping if he were not instantly quiet. Hortense, well knowing what was going on, rushed into the room, pretending to have been passing the door, and alarmed at the "bruit."

The captain took himself off; and when he was gone, Mr. Babington took himself off also; and Madeleine was left to her own reflections.

It had been settled that the Babingtons were to have gone to the English Opera that evening; but Mr. Babington did not come home. He went to an hotel for the night, with the full intention of suing for a divorce from his frail better-half.

However, after making the needful inquiries, he ascertained that to obtain a divorce would be a very tedious and expensive process. The Divorce Court, so crowded with applicants now-a-days, was not then in existence. And he had not the time to spare for the long trial, nor was he inclined to waste any more money on so worthless an object as the fair Madeleine. It was not likely, he thought, that, even if free of her, he would marry a third time. Oh no! He could be very comfortable without a wife; and, in fact, he only wondered what the deuce had possessed him to marry that good-for-nothing Madeleine Stuart.

Mr. Babington took his passage by the very first packet to the West Indies; he sent for his clothes and other effects to the lodgings in a street leading into Piccadilly, which he had engaged for Madeleine and himself for a short time, and she received a few lines from him, enclosing her fifty pounds, and telling her that he never again would see her, or have anything to do with her; and that no application from her would meet with the slightest attention from him.

He was gone—Madeleine saw his name in the list of passengers by the West India packet, for she had exerted herself to inquire whether he had sailed or not. He was gone—and she was left, with only a trifling sum of money, to do as best she could. What should she do? She wrote to Captain St. George, and told him what had happened, and how she had been deserted.

But Captain St. George did not fly to the rescue as she expected. He took a prudent view of the case. He really could not have Madeleine thrown on his hands. So he wrote her that he was obliged to go to Ireland immediately with Lady Alice, and advised her to join her mother, or return to Woodbury.

Return to that hateful Woodbury! How could St. George be so cruel as to propose such a miserable existence for her?

St. George was not thinking of *her* miseries, he was thinking only—what was of much more importance to him—of his own purse; and he was very thankful that he had got off so cheaply, for the idea of *damages* had been haunting him.

THE STATESMAN'S FUNERAL.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

TOLL out, ye booming bells,
Your deepest and most solemn knells !
Call, with your iron tongues, unto the tomb,
The world-famed Statesman, who will lie
Amid the glorious, that have made death's gloom,
By fame's clear light which cannot die,
Radiant as sunshine in a summer's sky.
Abbey, receive another guest !
Open, ye doors, and let him sleep,
In pomp serene and deep,
Where Pitt and Canning from their labours rest !
Where others, famed in story,
King, poet, priest, and sage,
Gathered from many an age,
Flash from their very dust a deathless glory.

Who are the great of earth ?
Not they who draw the red, aggressive sword,
And leave upon the world their trail of gore,
Who to their fellow-men no love accord,
Still casting down what others raised before.—
Who are the great of earth ?
Not they who at the shrine of Mammon bend,
And dedicate their energies and years
To heaping sordid gold—their being's end,
The source of all their joys, and dreams, and fears.—
The great are they who consecrate their powers
To learning, progress, and their country's weal,
Who, though they err as mortals, scatter flowers
Of good around, all honest in their zeal—
These are the great of earth !

And thou wert great, around whose bier
Prince, prelate, noble, gather here ;
The foremost Senator of modern time,
Whose name through England, and each distant clime,
Hath sounded like a trumpet for long years,
Not raising anxious dread, but quelling fears ;
The cheerful, genial friend, the generous foe,
Whose wit, while brilliant, did no rancour know ;
The Counsellor, the Statesman, whose slight word
Kings bent to hear, more potent than the sword.—
A nation, wide-spread Europe, mourn for thee ;
Loved wert thou by the large of heart, the free ;
Loved wert thou by the peasant of the soil,
Who, pausing midst his weary toil,
Hearing what ruthless death had done,
Wiped off a tear, and sighed for Palmerston.

They bear the coffin onward slow,
In pomp becoming his estate ;
The organ peals grand notes of woe,
Yet mournful as the voice of fate :

The solemn words are uttered for the dead,
Grief, like an atmosphere, around is spread;
The voices, rich, melodious, now are swelling,
Of immortality and glory telling;
The strain peals heavenward, as upborne on wings,
And touches all the heart's responsive strings.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life!"
Those words of hope and glory float around,
And all the graves that guard the clay
Of great men till the judgment-day,
Seem softly echoing back the sacred sound.
Anon the anthem like a wail doth seem,
For pomp, and life—a fleeting dream;
Then, surging through the aisles, it gently dies
Among the tombs, like melancholy sighs.

They bear along the dead,
With measured, solemn tread;
Ye mighty ones who sleep on earth's cold breast,
In gorgeous tombs, where fame
Embalms each honoured name—
Receive a worthy brother to your rest!

See! at the instant through the painted glass,
Beams suddenly, with lambent splendour, pass!*

They crown the coffin with a nimbus bright,
As if some angel, looking from the skies,
Smiled down in love—and this, the smile of light,
Bids the soul welcome unto Paradise.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!"
He hath departed full of years,
Yet the great Statesman claims our tears;
Mourn for the good, the just!
And here in honour let him lie,
Where Britain's genius breathes a sigh
O'er Pitt, illustrious Canaing's grave;
There Fame her greenest wreaths shall wave,
And Glory watch the matchless three,
Resplendent stars in history!

Rest, noble Statesman, rest!
Thy good renown for many a year shall live,
Thy world-taught wisdom shall high lessons give,
And more—thy name for manly, honest worth,
For truth that ne'er deceives, shall shine on earth.

Rest, honoured Statesman, rest!
Thou now hast done with life's poor hopes and fears,
And while, like gold, thy memory men will keep,
With the great spirits of a thousand years,
We leave thee here to sleep.

* burst of sunshine, the sky having been previously gloomy, shone down through
ntern on the coffin, as it stood before the altar steps.

ABOUT TOIL AS A BOON TO SORROW.

A MEDLEY OF ANNOTATIONS.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

THE youngest of the Brontë sisters—three weird sisters in their way—opens a chapter in one of her fictions with the remark, that we often pity the poor, because they have no leisure to mourn their departed relatives, and necessity obliges them to labour through their severest afflictions; but with justice she asks, is not active employment the best remedy for overwhelming sorrow—the surest antidote to despair? It may be a rough comforter, she goes on to say: it may seem hard to be harassed with the cares of life when we have no relish for its enjoyments; to be goaded to labour when the heart is ready to break, and the vexed spirit implores for rest only to weep in silence; but is not labour better than the rest we covet? and are not these petty tormenting cares less hurtful than a continual brooding over the great affliction that oppresses us?*

Mr. Oldbuck, if more kindly in seeming, was less shrewd than usual, when he objected to old Mucklebackit the fisherman working at mending his boat, on the very day of his son's funeral. "And what would you have me do?" answered the fisher, gruffly, "unless I wanted to see four children starve, because ane is drowned? It's weel wi' you gentles, that can sit in the house wi' handkerchers at your een when ye lose a friend; but the like o' us maun to our wark again, if our hearts were beating as hard as my hammer." "Come, come, Saunders," the Antiquary says, after a while, "there is no work for you this day—I'll send down Shavings the carpenter to mend the boat, and he may put the day's work into my account—and you had better not come out to-morrow, but stay to comfort your family under this dispensation, and the gardener will bring you some vegetables and meal from Monkbarns."† One would have thought a man so sagacious as Monkbarns, and so observant of the ways of men and the practical philosophy of life, must have taken the opposite view to what he did, in dealing with the rugged old mourner; and that his cue would be to encourage that dogged resort to manual labour, rather than check recourse to toil as likely to dull the edge of a great sorrow.

Not long ago the English press made free to remind an illustrious personage, that, as soon after a bereavement as nature feels a healthy reaction, every effort should be made to resume that working life which is, after all, the most sovereign remedy for sorrows, and which, in the humbler classes, is God's own cure for the most cruel bereavements. "The widow of the cottage cannot lose a day. She must instantly go to

* "Besides, we cannot have cares, and anxieties, and toil, without hope—if it be but the hope of fulfilling our joyless task, accomplishing some needful project, or escaping some further annoyance."—*Agnes Grey*, ch. xx.

† The Antiquary, ch. xxxiv.

work, go through her daily round of duties, and mix with her neighbours as she did before. With her, to give way to sorrow is to starve." The widow of the palace may in like manner find, that

—daily duties paid
Hardly at first, at length will bring repose
To the sad mind that studies to perform them.*

Lord Brougham, in his animated defence of the character and career of John, fourth Duke of Bedford, referring to the sudden death of his son and heir, affirms that the story of the father's affliction having been less poignant than might have been expected, rests on his having, as speedily as he could, sought the distraction which is to be found in the discharge of public duties. "But I can add, that woeful experience speaks to the possibility of performing these during a course of years, when domestic affliction has wholly prevented its victim from indulging in the most ordinary relaxations of social life."† It may not have been from want of feeling that stern old Cato the Censor, on the loss of his eldest son, betook himself to public business as assiduously as before. "He bore this loss," says Plutarch, "with the moderation of a philosopher, applying himself with his usual activity to affairs of state."‡ That the sire was attached to and proud of his son appears from frequent mention of him in his writings as a "brave and worthy man." But to some people, even in ancient Rome, the impassive veteran's adherence to his official post may have seemed to betoken him another Brutus, paternally considered,—a stoic without heart, a man without a tear. It was no stoic poet, however, who wrote the elegiacs:

Sic animum tempusque traho; meque ipse reduco
A contemplatu, summoveoque mali.§

Often quoted and always instructive is the instance of Goethe concentrating all his powers of attention—and they were in his case exceptionally great—upon the study of a science, to dull the pangs he suffered from the loss of his only son.—In one of his prose fictions he writes of a distressed Frau: "Nothing could save her from utter bewilderment, except patiently to do the duty which each day brought with it."|| With her wonted calm good sense, Lady Theresa Lewis stills the imaginary sorrows of one of *her* distressed heroines, by a like recipe: "Oh! what shall I do!" the young lady is crying; when, very opportunely, the dressing-bell rings, so it is clear that the first thing to be done is to dress for dinner. And happy for us is it, the authoress metaphorically observes, that "these ordinary domestic habits of life watch over its imaginative distresses with the sagacity and decision of sheep-dogs, and bark and worry them till they fall into the proper path of the flock."¶ Without affecting to put forward specifics for real afflictions, or pretending to teach refined methods for avoiding grief, Mr. Arthur Helps remarks, however, in his "Aids to Contentment," that, as long as there is anything to be done in a matter, the time for grieving about it has not come. But when

* Talfourd: *Ion*, Act V. Sc. 2.

† *Statesmen of Time of George III.*, vol. v.; "John, fourth Duke of Bedford."

‡ *Plutarch's Lives*: Cato the Censor.

§ Ovid.

|| *Wahlverwandschaften*, § viii.

¶ *The Semi-attached Couple*, ch. iii.

the subject for grief is fixed and inevitable, sorrow is to be borne like pain. It is, he adds,* only a paroxysm of either that can justify us in neglecting the duties which no bereavement can lessen, and which no sorrow can leave us without. Against the recurrence of paroxysms with accumulating force, the discharge of the duties is the surest safeguard.

Count, said Pelayo, Nature hath assign'd
Two sovereign remedies for human grief;
Religion, surest, firmest, first and best,
Strength to the weak and to the wounded balm;
And strenuous action next.†

So wrote Southey, in one of his most thoughtful poems; and his letters attest his personal experience of the truth. "In all such calamities," he writes,—“and I have had my share of them—I always apply myself with intense application to study.”‡ A year or two later, to another intimate correspondent: “My head feels as if it would be easier if I were to let a little water out; but tears, Senhora, are a bad *collyrium* for weak eyes, and I shall go to work. Idleness is the mother of sins, they say; and it may be said that she is the wet-nurse of melancholy. My motto you know is ‘*In Labore Quies*.’”§ To another old friend he writes: “Whenever anything distresses me, I fly to hard employment, as many fly to the bottle.”|| Béranger writes to a bereaved mother: “Vous avez raison de vouloir travailler: veuillez-le bien et vous le pourrez; c’est la distraction qui vous est nécessaire.”¶ But, in fact, the same theme is harped on in every collection of letters which includes one of condolence. So Gibbon, in one of that kind to his trusty friend Lord Sheffield: “What can I think of for your relief and comfort? I will not expatiate on those common-place topics, which have never dried a single tear; but let me advise, let me urge you to force yourself into business, as I would try to force myself into study. The mind must not be idle; if it be not exercised on external objects, it will prey on its own vitals.”**

In one of “Daddy Crisp’s” clever and hearty letters to his endeared little Fanny Burney, he says: “I have more than once observed that the unavoidable necessity of attending to business of indispensable consequence, and that with strict, unabated perseverance, has contributed more to divert, and dissipate, and finally to cure deep sorrow, than all the wise lessons of philosophers, or the well-meant consolations of friends.”†† Some ten years later, Miss Burney found occasion to enter in her Journal the following avowal on the part of great George her King,—with whom her official duties at the time brought her into such near association. “I, too,” said the King, on hearing that Dr. Burney was soothing his “retirement and pain” by trying such difficulties of (musical) composition as, in better health and spirits, would have rather proved oppressive and perplexing than a relief to his feelings,—“I, too, have

* Essays written in the Intervals of Business.

† Roderick, the Last of the Goths, b. xiv.

‡ To (Dr.) H. H. Southey, Dec. 7, 1804.

§ Southey to Miss Barker, Sept. 25, 1806.

|| To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M.P., Dec. 7, 1804.

¶ Lettres de Béranger à Mme. L. Colet, Oct. 20, 1843.

** Gibbon to Lord Sheffield, May, 1793.

†† Diary and Letters of Madame d’Arblay, May 15, 1781.

self sometimes found, when ill or disturbed, that some grave and even difficult employment for my thoughts has tended more to compose me than any of the supposed usual relaxations."* Frederick the Great, in a letter of condolence to D'Alembert, on the death of Mdlle. de Lespinasse, refers to his own sufferings under *de telles pertes*, and advises resolute course to scientific distractions. "Le meilleur remède est de se faire l'occupation, pour se distraire d'une idée douloureuse qui s'enracine trop dans l'esprit. Il faut choisir quelque occupation géométrique qui demande beaucoup d'application, pour écarter autant que l'on peut des idées vaines qui se renouvellent sans cesse, et qu'il faut éloigner le plus possible."† And his majesty cites the example of Cicero, who flung himself into composition, on losing his darling Tullia; with special ardour and persistence,—the result being the production of several of the masterpieces in which he being dead yet speaketh.

Shake off black care with a good gallop, is the counsel of some jovial fellows, who will not believe that *post equitem*—so riding—*sedet* (much as *æternumque sedebit*) *atra cura*. There may be, as Colonel Whyte Melville says there is, nothing like "pace" to drive away unpleasant conversations; but without "pace," black Care is pretty sure to abandon no seat on the cantele of the saddle, and, springing nimbly to the front, looks at us in the face. And the colonel illustrates his description of black thoughts which the most thoughtless of men cannot but devote to reflection, by telling how a fast-going youth, a friend of his boyhood—"now, alas! gone to Jericho *viâ* Short-street"—used to read with great energy while he was *dressing*. "It was the only time," he said, "that his science could get the better of him, and during which he had leisure to think of his sins and his debts. He smothered the accusing voice and painful accessories by a course of severe study, and so got the anodyne of the information at once."‡—But to recur to the muscular consolation and counsel givers. They may wonder, says the authoress of "Life in a Sick-room," at the devices of the distressed (in her then condition) to relieve their trouble,—they, who, when anything harasses them, mount a horse, and gallop over the sea-sands or the race-course, or rush to see their friends, or romp with children, and so on. "Let them remember that we cannot do these things—that the very weakness which subjects us to these troubles, forbids our escape from them." Also, that the sufferers are most subject to the tyrant of black thoughts, in the night, and in mid-winter,—at times when they cannot look abroad; and may even happen, too, that the tyrant dims the sun at noon-day, and shuts out the landscape, or renders them blind to it. "What then is to be done? We evade the misery, when we can, by stirring books (the best objective that can be had), or by seeing what we can of the world through the telescope, or by resorting to some sweet familiar spring of fancy,"§—though this last seems an unlikely prescription, under the unusual peculiarities of the case. A reverse view is glanced at in the poet's lines:

* Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay, May 2, 1792.

† Correspondance de Frédéric-le-Grand.

‡ Market Harborough, ch. xii.

§ Life in a Sick-room, Essays by an Invalid, p. 169.

Devices these by poor weak nature taught;
Which thus a change of suffering would obtain;
And flying from intolerable thought
And piercing recollections, would full fain
Distract itself by sense of earthly pain
From anguish that the soul must else endure.*

A melancholy illustration of this view may be noted in the personal memoirs of the Duchess of Angoulême. At the time of her father's condemnation she was suffering from a bad foot—the result of bitter cold and privations endured in their common captivity. “*Heureusement le chagrin augmentit mon mal,*” writes the unhappy daughter of Lewis the Sixteenth. And a master of French criticism† fastens on this *heureusement*, a word perhaps unintentionally used, “dans cette image de douleur,” as producing a strange effect, such as the most artfully selected word of a Bossuet could not equal.

Present anguish drops its coil
Before the holy bliss of toil,

writes Mr. Chauncey Hare Townshend.‡ All are familiar with the truth, observes Mr. Herbert Spencer, that bodily activity deadens emotion. And just as, under great irritation, we get relief by walking about rapidly, so, “those who are forced to exert themselves after a misfortune, do not suffer nearly so much as those who remain quiescent.”§ When two loving hearts, as Mr. Charles Reade puts it, are torn bleeding asunder, it is a shade better for the one that is driven away into action than for the bereaved twin that petrifies at home. “The bustle, the occupation, the active annoyances, are some sort of bitter distraction to the unfathomable grief.”|| That is a pregnant passage in which Clarendon records his exhausting grief at the loss of his wife, and the counter-irritant he found at the time in the hostile manœuvres of his political foes. “And he might,” writes Clarendon, using the third person, as his manner was,—“and he might possibly have sunk under it [the sudden, unexpected, and irreparable loss in question], if his enemies had not found out a new kind of consolation for him, which his friends could never have thought of.”¶ This was on the occasion of the Duke of York being sent by the King to desire his Chancellor to resign.

Southey's Roderick finds even the toil of grave-digging a relief in the solitary sorrow caused by the death of his fellow-recluse :

It was a task,
All gloomy as it was, which had beguiled
The sense of solitude; but now he felt
The burthen of the solitary hours ;**

and beside Romano's grave, now dug, and occupied, the silence of that lonely hermitage lay on him like a spell, and with unbroken leisure came wilder and wilder forms of poignant penitence, darker and darker shadows of remorse.

* Southey, *A Tale of Paraguay*, canto i. st. 8.

† Sainte-Beuve.

‡ *The Three Gates*, p. 385.

§ *The Physiology of Laughter*.

|| *It is Never Too Late to Mend*, ch. iv.

¶ *Continuation of the Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon*.

** Roderick, the Last of the Goths, § ii.

There are positive torments, says De Quincey, from which the agitated mind shrinks in fear; but there are others negative in their nature—that is, blank mementoes of powers extinct, and of faculties burnt out within us. From both forms of anguish—"from this twofold scourge—poor Coleridge fled, perhaps, in flying from the beauties of external nature," when he left the Lakes for the world of London. The sense of decayed power is described by his sometime friend and kindred genius* as coming back upon his heart in the poignant shape of intimations and vanishing glimpses, recovered for one moment from the paradise of youth, and from fields of joy and power, over which, for him, too certainly, he felt that the cloud of night was settling for ever. Flying from poetry, he is spoken of as burying himself in the profoundest abstractions, from life and human sensibilities. Bear witness his own lines:

For not to think of what I needs must feel,
But to be still and patient all I can;
And haply by *abstruse research to steal*,
From my own nature, all the natural man;
This was my sole resource, my only plan.†

Coleridge's own account of himself, at a period of disappointment in life, and with life, as seen in his contemporaries, is, that his mind, always thoughtful, became pensive and almost gloomy: for to love and sympathise with mankind was a necessity of his nature. "Hence, as if he sought a refuge from his own sensibility, he attached himself to the most abstruse researches, and seemed to derive his purest delight from subjects that exercised the strength and subtlety of his understanding, without awakening the feelings of his heart."‡ Dr. Currie, in his life of Burns, discussing instances of what he calls "inordinate sensibility," puts the question, Is there no remedy for it? Are there no means by which the happiness of one so constituted by nature may be consulted? And the Doctor's prescription is, "regular and constant occupation, irksome though it may at first be," as the true remedy: "Occupation in which the powers of the understanding are exercised will diminish the force of external impressions, and keep the imagination under restraint."§ In that account which the "Excursion" presents to us—a citation from which will be found on a subsequent page—of an imaginary Scotsman, who, as the Opium-eater sketches him, to still the tumult of his heart, when visiting the cataracts of a mountainous region, obliges himself to study the laws of light and colour, as they affect the rainbow of the stormy waters; vainly attempting to mitigate the fever which consumed him, by entangling his mind in profound speculations; raising a cross-fire of artillery from the subtilising intellect, under the vain conceit that in this way he could silence the mighty battery of his impassioned heart—there, according to the most eloquent and fervid of the poet's commentators,|| we read a picture of Wordsworth in his own youth.—Once again to recur to Coleridge, the same author remarks of him, elsewhere, and in reference to those same lines of his already quoted, that if opium killed Coleridge as a poet—if "the harp of Quantock" was silenced for ever by the torment

* Autobiogr. Sketches, vol. ii. ch. iv.

† Dejection: an Ode; by S. T. Coleridge.

‡ Account of *Satyrase*, in Appendix D. to No. xiv. of *The Friend*.

§ Currie's Life of Robert Burns.

|| Autobiographic Sketches, by Thomas de Quincey, vol. ii. ch. v.

of that drug,—on the other hand, proportionably it roused and stung by misery his metaphysical instincts into more spasmodic life. "Poetry can flourish only in the atmosphere of happiness. But subtle and perplexed investigations of difficult problems are amongst the commonest resources for beguiling the sense of misery."* And for this we are said to have the direct authority of Coleridge himself, speculating on his own case,—in the sixth stanza, previously given, of the "beautiful though unequal" ode to, or rather concerning, Dejection.

From a letter of Coleridge's published in Mr. Wilkie Collins's *Memoirs* of his father, may be cited a corroborative fragment: "Poetry is out of the question," writes the poet to the painter. "The attempt would only hurry me into that sphere of acute feelings, from which abstruse research, the mother of self-oblivion, presents an asylum."† Strictly a paraphrase of the stanza under review.

Of the topics in *Consolations of Philosophy*, discoursed on by Boethius, while loaded with fetters in the prison tower of Pavia, and in almost instant expectation of death, Gibbon observes, that such topics, so obvious, so vague, or so abstruse, are ineffectual to subdue the feelings of human nature. "Yet," he adds, "the sense of misfortune may be diverted by the labour of thought;"‡ and in that way the victim of Theodoric may verily have had his reward.—The author of the excellent *Essays on the Formation of Opinion* declares some of the finest pleasures of our nature to be those of pure intellect, without any mixture of human passion. When the mind, he says, has been agitated by the cares of the world, irritated by folly, or disgusted by vice, it is an attainment of no despicable importance to be able for a while to divest itself of its connexion with mankind, by taking refuge in the abstractions of science, where there is no object to drag it back to the events of the past, or revive the fever of its sensibility.§ The elder Humboldt advises a distressed correspondent to turn away from inward contemplations to the study of matters objective. Giving his own experience, "If I am put out of temper," says he, "by anything (which seldom happens more than twice or thrice a year), or am ill, my surest way of getting rid of both evils is by applying to some rather difficult study."|| So the ill-starred man in Mr. Borrow's story,¶ who, not at one fell swoop, but by a rapid succession of blows, lost wife, and children, and all his friends, declares himself to have escaped madness, only by resolutely setting himself to the study of Chinese. Nothing but determined submission to such toil could "keep the misery out of his head." Byron took to learning Armenian, in one of his gloomy moods. "By way of divertisement," he tells Moore, "I am studying daily, at an Armenian monastery, the Armenian language. I found that my mind wanted something craggy to break upon; and this—as the most difficult thing I could discover here [at Venice] for an amusement—I have chosen, to torture me into attention."***—The bereaved man in Mr. Borrow's book has his

* On Coleridge and Opium-eating, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. lvii. p. 130.

† S. T. Coleridge to Wm. Collins, A.R.A., Dec. 1818.—*Memoir of W. Collins*, vol. ii. p. 148.

‡ *Decline and Fall*, ch. xxxix.

§ On the Variety of Intellectual Pursuits.

|| *Letters to a Female Friend*, by Wilhelm von Humboldt, No. 50.

¶ *The Romany Rye*.

*** Byron to Moore, Nov. 17, 1816.—*Letters*, No. 252.

low in Wordsworth's Recluse,—who, deprived of the darlings of his art, and in vain imploring the grave to reveal its secret, and in vain knocking up and asking the heavens for tidings of the departed, betook himself—also in vain—to the distractions of abstruse research :

Then my soul
Turned inward,—to examine of what stuff
Time's fetters are composed ; and life was put
To inquisition, long and profitless !
By pain of heart—now checked—and now impelled—
The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way !*

ese "toils abstruse" in his case availed not the Solitary of the Hills. He, the poet himself is free to approve the virtue of abstract science as a counter-irritant to grief; and earnest is his tribute, in another place, to the value of, for instance,

—books that explain
The purer elements of truth involved
In lines and numbers, and, by charm severe,
(Especially perceived where nature droops
And feeling is suppressed) preserve the mind
Busy in solitude and poverty.†

11, again, in the exemplary Wanderer's case, as in that of the less liable Solitary, all this abstruse research failed of its purpose :

From his intellect

And from the stillness of abstracted thought
He asked repose ; and, failing oft to win
The peace required, he scanned the laws of light
Amid the roar of torrents
. . . . But vainly thus,
And vainly by all other means, he strove
To mitigate the fever of his heart.†

• E. B. Lytton's *Guy Darrell*, a like *Solitary*, alike fails. Sismondi, in his account of the revival of letters in Italy in the fourteenth century, and the oppression which contributed to the maintenance of barbarism by weighing as it did upon the rest of Europe, remarks that ought was a pain to those capable of judging the state of the human species,—of studying the past; of comparing it with the present; and of foreseeing the future. "Danger and suffering appeared on all sides. The men who, in France, Germany, England, and Spain, felt themselves oppressed with the power of generalising their ideas, either smothered them, or to aggravate the pain of thought, or directed them solely to speculations the farthest from real life,—towards that scholastic philosophy which vigorously exercised the understanding, without bringing it to any conclusion." Farther on, again, the same learned historian adverts to the thinking men in France, who, "instead of brutifying themselves in order to suffer less from despotism, anarchy, and the invasion of the English, increased their understandings, and passionately embraced the study of scholastic theology."§ M. Victor Hugo presents to us in *Claude*

* The Excursion, book iii.

† The Wanderer.

† Ibid., Excursion, book i.

§ Sismondi, *History of the Italian Republics*, ch. vii.

Frollo a divine who, grieved and thwarted in his human affections, has thrown himself with so much the more ardour into the arms of Science, "who at least does not laugh you in the face, and who always repays you, though sometimes in rather light coin, for the attentions which you have bestowed upon her."* Upon this, as we have seen, opinions because experiences differ: so many baffled seekers after the self-oblivion promised by science, coming to the like conclusion (no effects) with Wordsworth's *Solitary*, or say with Byron's *Manfred*:

Forgetfulness
I sought in all, save where 'tis to be found,
And that I have to learn—my sciences,
My long pursued and super-human art,
Is mortal here—I dwell in my despair.†

Byron himself had to experimentalise with devices and shifts of all kinds, to counteract the oppression of unhappy thoughts. Of one of his poems he writes to Moore: "I have written this, and published it, for the sake of the *employment*—to wring my thoughts from reality, and take refuge in 'imaginings,' however horrible."‡ About the same time he commenced a *Diary*,—an early entry in which is on the same subject: "Were it not thus, it had never been composed; and had I not done something at that time, I must have gone mad by eating my own heart—bitter diet!"§ Still more emphatically he records in the same journal, a week or two later: "To withdraw *myself* from *myself* (oh that cursed selfishness!) has ever been my sole, my entire, my sincere motive in scribbling at all; and publishing is also the continuance of the same object, by the action it affords to the mind, which else recoils upon itself."|| Charlotte Brontë assures a literary friend that the latter part of "*Shirley*" was composed in the eager, restless endeavour to combat mental sufferings that were scarcely tolerable.¶ Her extant poems afford evidence, once and again, of her familiarity with this troublous frame of mind:

If still the paths of lore she follow,
'Twill be with tired and goaded will;
She'll only toil, the aching hollow,
The joyless blank of life to fill.**

So, in another place:

Rebellious now to blank inertion,
My unused strength demands a task;
Travel, and toil, and full exertion,
Are the last, only boon I ask.††

Deeply despondent at the condition and prospects of his country under the Second Empire, M. de Tocqueville sought relief in toilsome historical researches—often taking and making a mountain of notes, which would be finally condensed into a chapter of thirty pages, in his work on the *Ancien Régime*. "At any rate this study," he writes to another minister of state, "has for the moment the immense advantage of almost entirely absorbing me. In order to obtain this result more completely, I

* Quasimodo, l. iv. ch. iv.

† Byron to Moore, Nov. 30, 1813.

‡ Diary of Lord Byron, Nov. 16, 1813.

¶ Life of Charlotte Brontë, vol. ii. ch. vii.

** Poems by Currer Bell: Mementos.

† *Manfred*, Act II. Sc. 2.

|| *Ibid.*, Nov. 27.

†† *Ibid.*, "Frances."

have added to it the study of German, and that of many books distantly connected with my subject. I thus escape from my thoughts, which were very bad for me."* "You see how I am obliged to keep thought at bay by every help I can pick up,"† writes to her husband the charming mother of the present Archbishop of Dublin, à propos of certain Shakespearean criticisms and metrical exercises of hers, in time of dejection and distress.

Mr. Dickens is philosophical in his diagnosis and treatment of the case of Doctor Manette. An anxious friend takes counsel as to whether he may not be overtasking his brain—applying himself as he does, with such unusual ardour, to the acquisition of professional knowledge, the conducting of experiments, and varied scientific research. May he not, in all this, be doing too much? "I think not," is the reply. "It may be the character of his mind, to be always in singular need of occupation. That may be, in part, natural; in part, the result of affliction. The less it was occupied with healthy things, the more it would be in danger of turning in the unhealthy direction. He may have observed himself, and made the discovery." But if he were overworked now? urges anxious friend. "My dear Lorry," replies good counsellor—who, by-the-by, is Doctor Manette himself,—"I doubt if that could easily be. There has been a violent stress in one direction, and it needs a counter-weight."‡ Intense and prolonged misery had embittered this man's existence; and only in absorbing, laborious research could he still the pangs of ever instant remembrance.

There is a truthful touch in the Laureate's picture of Enid finding a sort of relief in the troublesome charge imposed upon her of driving the twice three horses through the wood:

—The pain she had
To keep them in the wild ways of the wood,
Two sets of three laden with jingling arms,
Together, served a little to disedge
The sharpness of that pain about her heart.§

So there is again in the truthfully touched-off character of Mr. Gibson, the country surgeon, in "*Wives and Daughters*," where he uses commonplace words that act like an astringent on Molly's relaxed feelings,—he intending that they should do so, as the truest kindness to her; "but he walked away from her," we read, "with a sharp pang at his heart, which he turned into numbness as soon as he could by throwing himself violently into the affairs and cares of others."|| A not unlike surgeon, in the book of a very unlike author—Theodore Hook—congratulates himself and his family on the necessity of active endeavour in a crisis of trial. "We have no time for thinking," said Maxwell, "we must act; and it is a great blessing that, in all cases of emergency, it is necessary to exert our energies to meet the difficulty, which prevents the mind from inertly dwelling upon its miseries."¶ How easily might a paraphrase of so trite a text be supplied from similar books by the score; as, for instance, from the most successful of Mr. Lister's tales of fashionable life, where we read that, in cases of affliction, the necessity of occupation,

* To M. Freslon (formerly Minister of Public Instruction), June 9, 1853.

† Remains of the late Mrs. R. Trench, p. 212.

‡ A Tale of Two Cities, ch. xix.

|| *Wives and Daughters*, ch. xxxvi.

§ *Idylls of the King: Enid*.

¶ Maxwell, vol. ii. ch. viii.

even though the duties that engage us be of a melancholy kind, is ever found a stern, but useful, corrector of our grief: that it is fortunate for us, when, after the loss of a cherished friend, or near relation, we are instantly plunged into a current of business which demands our close and constant attention; we being thereby prevented from indulging in that train of sad but unavailing thoughts which such a circumstance will naturally induce.*

It has been said of Alexander Cruden, of Concordance fame, that if madness was, in his case, softened into eccentricity, or directed to works of usefulness, he was probably indebted, for his escape, to that absorption of mind which such an undertaking as the Concordance must have involved. "What would have been to others intolerable drudgery, was a sedative to his agitated mind [both

—crazed with care, and cross'd in hopeless love];

and the labour, which would have wasted the energies of a happier man, was the balm of his wounded spirit."†

M. Daru chose for his ample subject the History of Venice, when requiring *une consolation virile* for the twofold affliction of family bereavement and *les malheurs de la patrie*. In this work‡ he buried himself day and night, "pour ne point se dévorer le foie à voir tout ce qu'il voyait." Count Moltke, afflicted with the sufferings of his country under the heel of Bonaparte, and striving, as Perthes words it, "with a forced resignation to live patiently through that evil time," sought to still the inward sorrow and satisfy his restless energy, by an earnest and persevering study of history,—particularly the history of the rise of the Italian Republics.§—a somewhat intricate theme, and therefore desirably exacting in its claims on the attention.—When M. Ampère lost his beloved father, by the guillotine of the Reign of Terror, he fell into a state of quasi-idiocy, passing the live-long day, and day after day, in heaping up little piles of sand, like children on the sea-shore. It was only by betaking himself to a resolute study of botany, that he gained deliverance from this tyranny of distress. Ten years later, another bereavement convulsed him, in the loss of his idolised wife. And as in 1793, at the death of his father, so now in 1803, at this fresh affliction, he found no outlet from the *stupeur* which overcame him, except in severe study of some hitherto untried subject. Then it had been botany, and Latin verse, conjoined. Now, it was metaphysics. "Il ne put échapper à l'abattement extrême et s'en relever que par une nouvelle étude survenante, qui fit, en quelque sorte, révulsion sur son intelligence."|| He must try and forget *moi-même* in the abstract metaphysical *Moi*.

Washington Irving was bereaved of his betrothed in 1809, and fell in consequence into a state of utter dependency. "I seemed to care for nothing," he writes, in those private memoranda together with which was found, after his death, a miniature of great beauty, enclosed in a case, and in it a braid of fair hair, and a slip of paper, containing her name in his own handwriting, "Matilda Hoffmann." (She died in her eighteenth

* Granby, ch. xli.

† Memoir prefixed to Cruden's Concordance, edit. 1845.

‡ Histoire de la République de Venise.

§ Life of Perthes, ch. ix.

|| Portraits Littéraires, par C. A. Ste.-Beuve, t. i. "M. Ampère."

year; he being then in his twenty-sixth.) "The world was a blank to me. I abandoned all thoughts of the law. I went into the country, but could not bear solitude, yet could not enjoy society. There was a dismal horror continually in my mind, that made me fear to be alone." Not at first, but eventually, he found a healthful distraction in the pursuits of literature. Of a nervously sensitive nature, writes his nephew and biographer, "he felt the necessity of combating grief, by applying himself to his literary occupation, as the only one that could really interest and absorb his mind." "By constantly exercising my mind," writes Irving himself,* "I have in a manner worked myself into a very enviable state of serenity and self-possession." Some thirty years later, in the "dreary sense of loneliness" caused by severe family bereavements, especially by the death of his "cherished brother Peter," we find him writing again,†—"I have been trying, of late, to resume my pen, and by engaging my mind in some intellectual task, to keep it from brooding over these melancholy themes." But this time he found it "almost impossible."‡ That he was some thirty years older, may have affected the result; indeed, could not but affect it.

Moore writes in his Diary, at a time of domestic trial: "9th to 16th [Feb.]. A melancholy week, but lucky for me that I am *obliged* to work, as it, in some degree, distracts my thoughts."§ And again, a few weeks later: "It has been most lucky for me that I have had compulsory work to do; work which I *could* not put off, and which is of a nature to *force* my mind to it."||

When the late Samuel Phillips lost his wife, Thomas Hood wrote him a letter of condolence, one paragraph of which runs thus: "I would not trouble you with this, but that, without any *selfish* view, I would earnestly recommend you, from my own experience, to resume your pen. I have had my share of the troubles of this world, as well as of the calamities of authors, and have found it to be a very great blessing to be able to carry my thoughts into the ideal, from the too strong real."¶ Practically this philosophy is the same, though verbally the opposite of that enounced in Byron's tragedy:

—Sorrow preys upon
Its solitude, and nothing more diverts it
From its sad visions of the other world
Than calling it at moments back to this;
The busy have no time for tears.**

While Dr. Johnson was writing a consolatory letter to Mrs. Thrale, on the death of her son, Boswell observed to him that the loss would be very distressing to Thrale, whereas she would soon forget it, as she had so many things to think of. "No, sir," replied Johnson; "Thrale will forget it first. *She* has many things that she *may* think of. *He* has many things that he *must* think of." And the corrected pupil applauds this as a very just remark upon the different effects of those light pursuits which occupy a vacant and easy mind, and those serious engagements

* To Mrs. Hoffmann, May 19, 1809.

† To his sister, Mrs. Van Wart, Sept. 22, 1838.

‡ Life and Letters of Washington Irving, vol. i. ch. xiv.; vol. iii. ch. lx.

§ Diary of Thos. Moore, Feb., 1829.

|| Ibid., April 1.

¶ Memorials of Thomas Hood, vol. ii. p. 193.

** The Two Foscari, Act IV. Sc. 1.

which arrest attention, and keep us from brooding over grief.* An entry in clever, captivating Mrs. Richard Trench's Diary, at a time of sorrow, records the failure of a visit to town to abate its oppression. She had done, she says, all that her friends desired—had seen a variety of things and persons, mingled in crowds, &c. &c. "Employment more *solid* would be better for a mind like mine." Some weeks later she writes to her husband: "My recent misfortune *will* recur so strongly when I am tranquil, that I am forced to seek variety in whatever shapes, fair or foul, it can be met with."† No doubt, however, she was right as to the expediency, in her case, of *solid* employment. There is, as A. K. H. B. observes, nothing very philosophical in the plan to "dance sad thoughts away,"—which peculiar specific, as prescribed in the chorus of some Canadian song, is not likely to do much good. "But you may *work* sad thoughts away; you may crowd morbid feelings out of your mind by stout daylight toils."‡

A different complexion, as well as an undue extension, might be given to this paper, by citing opinions and experiences which testify to the comparative futility, after all, of these aids and appliances to a wounded spirit. Francis Jeffrey, a lonely widower, yet busy in his loneliness, writes to Francis Horner: "Labour and exertion do infinitely less for our happiness and our virtue than you stern philosophers will allow yourselves to believe."§ And Goethe himself, so often quoted to the opposite purpose, writes to Schiller, just after losing a child: "One knows not whether in such cases it is better to let sorrow take its natural course, or to repress it by the various aids which culture offers us. If one decide upon the latter method, *as I always do*, one is really strengthened for moment; and I have observed that Nature always asserts her right through some other crisis."||—But to deal further now with this vexed question, would be to vex not only the question but the reader.

Another vexed question suggests itself, but must be given the go-by as to the comparative advantage of the sexes, in resorting to busy occupation in time of trouble. Mr. Anthony Trollope, in one of his earlier fictions, sends a crossed-in-love hero to hard work in chambers—recognising the necessity of labour, in order that the sorrow of his heart might thus become dull and deadened.¶ The less fortunate lady subsequently congratulates George Bertram on this easy mode of exit from sorrow. "You [men]," says Adela, "have but to work; to read, to write, to study. In that respect, you men are more fortunate than we are. You have that which must occupy your thoughts."** Contrast with this what Southey writes in one of his letters to Mrs. Hughes: "It is not easy [for us men], when the heart fails, to apply ourselves to the occupation that books afford; and when the eyes fail, that resource is cut off: but you [women] can always find occupation. Men are helpless creatures when compared with women in this respect."†† *Non nostrum tantas componere lites*. For if in one sense *Adhuc sub judice*, in another, of present application, *Coram non judice*, *lis est*.

* Boswell's Life of Johnson, sub anno 1776.

† Remains of Mrs. St. George, pp. 368 sq.

‡ Concerning Hurry and Leisure.

§ Life and Letters of Lord Jeffrey, vol. ii. p. 106.

|| Goethe to Schiller, Nov. 1795.—Lewes' Life of Goethe, vol. ii. p. 196.

¶ The Bertrams, ch. xxiv.

** Ibid., ch. xxvii.

†† Southey to Mrs. Hughes, Jan. 17, 1833.

THE DEMON WIFE.

VI.

THE ayah did not escape. Every visit to the village, every renewed effort to discover the child—and these were many, though ineffectual—the fury of Theresa knew no bounds, and she would accuse her accomplice of all her misery. Then the retorts of the angry native were not measured, though even her fierce nature was subdued as age crept on. Strange to say, this woman felt remorse for what she had done; her white hair contrasted strangely with the dark skin, and she felt as woe-begone as she looked. Her master always spoke gently to her, and often asked her if she languished for her sunny land. She would have been less wretched, she often thought, if she could have told him all, and have publicly advertised for the lost child. The father surely would have found him; but she must be true to her foster-child—she could not, she dared not betray her.

Mrs. Montgomery had long felt and understood the unacknowledged misery of her son. She had ceased to visit them, and only caught a flying glimpse of him on the rare occasions when he was permitted to run up to London. His home was wretched, and yet when absent he dreaded the minute account he should have to render of his actions, and his short holidays were embittered by it. He was naturally a brave man, but he had become a coward in his wife's hands.

Twelve years of this weary life had passed when Harold lost his mother. He grieved for her sincerely, the more so as he felt, too late, his neglect of her. She would not even on her death-bed accuse Theresa; it would make her Harold too wretched if he could see Theresa as she saw her. There was no help for him but in death. She urged him, however, to exert himself, to make himself more useful. He ought to go into parliament; he might study agriculture, so necessary to a landed proprietor. Theresa rather regretted her mother-in-law. There was something wanting in her system of tormenting. It was difficult to find another who would, for the love of her son, submit to such discomfort and insolence.

Still no news of the lost boy; and, indeed, it appeared more improbable than ever that there ever would be any. The ayah, in her last voyage of discovery, had met with some working man, a relation of the woman who had had the boy to nurse, and he informed her he believed they had all emigrated to Australia.

Her child gone with these low creatures to Australia! subjected, perhaps, to dreadful hardships and brutal cruelties. It was all the fault of the ayah. Why had she not promised more money to them—any sum—and they would have found it their interest to stay? "For fear of exciting suspicion or discovery," she would answer.

The man had, however, a strong motive for leaving the country. He was suspected of having been concerned in a burglary, and he decamped at once. Doubtless he was guilty, for they could not have emigrated without money.

Three years more had passed, and Harold was member for his own county. He was greatly beloved and pitied—pitied for they knew not what. Perhaps it was his grief at being childless that weighed heavily upon him, for his lady was always amiable in company; she, therefore, could not be the cause of his melancholy, his premature grey hairs. There were whispers that in private life her temper was not agreeable as in public, but that, perhaps, was only servants' gossip. He had carried his election triumphantly, and Theresa had done her part to the satisfaction of her numerous guests. Harold had also aroused himself from the sort of lethargy that had long borne him down, and had become, as his late mother wished, an excellent landlord and an enthusiastic agriculturist. This brought with it a great accumulation of business—of writing especially; an occupation which confined him so much to the house, he wished to obtain an intelligent youth, of good character, whom he could take into the house to copy and arrange his papers. There were many boys accustomed to writing, of poor parentage, who would be glad of such a provision, and he accordingly rode over to consult his friend the doctor, a good charitable man, who would be glad to obtain employment for some protégé. He was several months seeking for what Harold required. There were plenty of youths sufficiently educated to write, but few who had intelligence enough for the task required; however, at length the doctor appeared with radiant face in Montgomery's study, and informed him that he had met with exactly the lad he wanted, if he could persuade his present patron to part with him; a brother-practitioner had adopted the youth under somewhat romantic circumstances, which he would explain later. They agreed to go together to the doctor's friend to see the young man, and, if his appearance and manners pleased, try to induce his adopted parent to part with him. He was said to be remarkably intelligent and clever, his education had been much cared for, and he was already nearly fit to replace the old doctor in his business, for medicine had formed a great portion of his study; he would be a treasure both to Montgomery and his wife, as he was quite competent to attend to the various changes of her delicate health.

They found the good old doctor, who dissolved into tears at the bare mention of being separated from his "dear Edward." He had never been married; he was a childless old man; this boy was more than a son to him. Such gratitude was mingled with his affection for his protector, that it would break both their hearts to part them. And yet he himself was very poor; he had long neglected business for science, and he felt that if his life were to terminate suddenly, which, from the nature of his disease, might occur at any moment, the boy would be thrown upon the world without a provision or friends.

"Let us see the boy," said Harold's friend.

He was summoned, quite unconscious that his own future was in question. A sweet smile lighted up a face of such beauty, that Harold and the doctor started with surprise.

"You called me, sir."

But, on seeing strangers, a deep flush overspread his face, and the cheerful smile passed away.

"Sit down, my dear boy, and let these gentlemen hear you talk."

It would have been as difficult for the boy "to talk" as for Harold to

have listened. What was it in the handsome, ingenuous face of the youth that struck to the heart of Montgomery? He could have clasped him to his breast; he wiped the damp from his brow and the moisture from his eye.

"You are unwell, Mr. Montgomery."

And the large lustrous eyes of Edward were fixed upon him; he thought of no remedy.

"Edward, a glass of wine immediately."

But no; rooted to the spot, both stood and gazed upon each other. At length Harold recovered his self-command, and asked to speak alone to the boy's benefactor. His history—when and how did the doctor's interest in him commence? He was a man of few words, and rarely varnished them; he thus related the simple facts:

"At the time I adopted Edward, I was the village doctor—hard work and little pay. One spring morning I was returning home from a weary night's attendance on a poor patient. I was then a great collector of herbs, and suddenly remembered the spot where I had marked one of the species I required. I alighted from my horse, intending then to pluck it. I had tied the animal to a gate, and advanced to the hedge where I had seen what you would call a useless weed, but to me a cherished plant. What do you think met my eye? Not the herb alone, but, lying beside it on the soft grass, a sleeping child! I knelt down and examined it minutely. He had evidently travelled far, his unshod feet were sore, and his poor garments torn. His head was uncovered, and his upturned face disclosed the most beautiful features I ever remembered to have seen; long silky locks of raven black hair curled naturally around his little neck and shoulders, white and soft as velvet. I continued kneeling beside him, while he slept profoundly—the sleep of weariness and fatigue—and I saw several contusions on his body, evidently marks of brutal treatment. I am not a soft-hearted man, but I yearned towards this boy. I raised the innocent head upon my arm, and he awoke to shriek with fear. 'Oh, daddy! do not beat me.' And he tried to fly, but I caught him in my arms, asked him who he feared, and why he was alone. 'I am not alone,' he said. 'Daddy, mammy, and my little brother and sister are here.' But they were not there, and it was evident the child had been abandoned by some wretched parents. I asked him if he would like to go with me. Oh yes, if I would not beat him; but he wanted his little brother and sister. Did he not love his mother? Did she also ill treat him? Yes, sometimes, and at other times she would cry when daddy beat him with a stick and kicked him. I lifted him in my arms and placed him before me on the saddle. Like all children, this novelty delighted him, and he laughed and clapped his little hands for joy. I need not relate all the minutiae that followed, such as handing him over to my kind-hearted, trusty housekeeper, to wash, dress him, and give him a good breakfast; but I must dwell for a moment on my surprise when I saw him in his fresh attire. We all believe, more or less, in the influence of blood on the human species. No one is more addicted to the 'theory of race' than myself, but here all my opinions were baffled. There is no family, sir, however noble—no king upon his throne—who would not have been proud of such a boy. There were no traces of the 'people' in his form or features. He was, judging with a doctor's eye, about three years and

a half old—tall for his age, but not exceeding that. My Edward has grown up to what you see him now—worthy of being the pride of the haughtiest family in existence.”

“But, excuse me, doctor, did his parents never return? Did you never take any steps to discover his origin?”

“I am not considered wise in worldly matters,” he replied, “but in this instance I saw much discretion was necessary. I feared some wandering vagrant might come and claim him, merely to make a traffic of the child, or they would, if they left him with me, never leave the poor innocent and myself alone; therefore I advertised for the persons who had left a male child on the spot indicated; that he was safe and in kind keeping; that the party who had found him would continue to protect him if unmolested; that he had placed the sum of twenty pounds in the hands of his solicitor if the parents acceded to this arrangement. No one has ever claimed the money or the child, and he has been my joy and comfort for twelve years. There is one circumstance,” continued the doctor, “which I consider mysterious, and shows clearly that some value had been attached to him in his infancy, for on his little leg there was a blue mark discovered by my housekeeper. She begged me to examine it, and I found it was not a natural sign, but a mark intentionally made. I could not say whether it was intended for a cypher or some cabalistic letters. I was inclined to the latter belief, from his black eyes and hair indicating that he was of gipsy origin, as it is their frequent custom to mark their children.”

“Oh, doctor!” interposed Harold, “that boy of gipsy origin!”

“Yes, I think still it is likely, for having often observed the grace of form and regularity of feature in that wandering race——”

“Why did you call him Edward?”

“Because it is my baptismal name; and you will laugh at my poetic idea when I tell you I gave him the name of ‘Thorn’ simply because, when I found him, the white-thorn was blossoming around him. I thought it better not to give him my own name, knowing what scandalous tongues would say on my appearing with a child in my arms; not that surmise was laid at rest by this stratagem, for, even now, the boy is often scoffed at as the doctor’s bastard.” Here the old man’s manner and tone changed, and he spoke very seriously. “I have often heard, Mr. Montgomery, that you are a man of the highest integrity and honour, but you must excuse me if, in this matter, I refuse decidedly to part with my adopted son without an agreement in writing that will ensure a provision for him in any contingency that may arise. Have you children?”

“No; unfortunately, none. In the first year of our marriage my wife had a boy—a boy born dead. Think, doctor, what an affliction. Had my boy lived, he would have been about the age of your Edward.”

“And your wife—a lady, I have heard, of great merit—if she should object to the lad as an inmate?”

This obstacle was obviated by the doctor being informed that the boy would be lodged in a pavilion adjoining Harold’s own apartment, and that there would be no occasion for Mrs. Montgomery’s displeasure, as he would be “served” in his own apartment, except on some special invitation of his wife. The most liberal terms, far exceeding the doctor’s hopes, were proposed and accepted; and yet the poor old man must ask another

boon for his boy—that his history should be kept a profound secret, even from Mrs. Montgomery, and that Edward might pass as his (the doctor's) nephew, the child of a dead sister. In this way the susceptibility of the youth would be secured against curiosity or insolence.

"There now only remains to break this change to him, and induce him to leave one who has been so long a father to him. I see him walking in the garden; shall I join him," said Harold, "and speak to him?"

The doctor gladly consented, and after a conference of half an hour, he saw Montgomery and Edward approaching the house arm in arm, and the boy's face beaming with so much tenderness on his new patron, that it gave a pang to the poor devoted heart of him who had reared him so lovingly. He had never seen that expression in the boy's eyes before.

A few days after, the painful parting took place, and Edward was established in his new home. Poor Harold had his misgivings as to the manner that Theresa might receive his young secretary, and he judged it prudent merely to mention that he had procured a youth, recommended by the doctor, to relieve him of his numerous correspondence, that he should dine in his own room, not to intrude upon her, and breakfast with him, which would afford an opportunity of giving his orders for the day. This passed off very quietly; she seemed to think the circumstance of too little import even for an observation. Each day seemed to increase the attachment between Montgomery and the youth; it imparted a new interest to the lives of both. He strove, poor boy, to divine the wishes of his employer; no task was too long or too weary, he was amply repaid by a kind and tender smile from Harold.

Edward loved to ramble about the park when his task was over, and he frequently had a strange companion; this was the ayah, who, first from curiosity, and then from some undefined interest, was impelled to follow him. He considered, at first, the old brown woman with white hair a bore, but he soon became accustomed to her, and they talked of Indian life and manners, which were all new to him, and he even picked up some words of Hindostanee with great facility. The pleasure this afforded the old native rewarded him for bearing with her. It was singular enough that she never spoke of him to her mistress, who had forgotten his existence.

Ennui had now so entirely taken possession of Theresa, she was indeed a pitiable creature; the demon within would not let her rest. There was no one near on whom she could practise her revengeful spirit; her husband had sunk so completely into submission and listlessness he was scarcely worthy her attention; she therefore concentrated all her minor arts of torture on her neighbours.

In every family there is some "crow to pick;" with her penetration she soon discovered it. People who had lived quietly before, surrounded by loving relatives, kind friends, became disunited, unhappy, uneasy, mistrustful of each other. They felt the evil influence upon them, but they knew not whence it came. When she had brought nearly all her surrounding acquaintance to this state of wretchedness, she thought it would be amusing to give a dinner, where the most disunited should meet—she was so innocent of their "silly quarrels." Most of the guests accepted her invitation; they were all attached to Harold, and in addition they wished to be well with him as their member. Amongst the party

is a rich county baronet, unencumbered by wife and family, consequently it of the reach of Theresa's power. He sat on her right hand, and looked anxiously around.

"You are looking for some absent friend, Sir James?"

"No, only my young friend Edward."

"And who, may I ask, is Edward?"

"I mean Montgomery's young secretary—where is he?"

"My husband did once allude to having such a person in the house, but I have never seen him."

"You have never seen him!" And the kind-hearted man broke out into high praise of the youth, never suspecting the rankling malice he awakened in her breast. "Ah! he has the solace of a young companion whom people love, and to whom, perhaps, he is attaching himself."

All the venom of the serpent was aroused, and she thought how short a period this should last. She proposed that the "much-favoured boy" should be introduced at dessert; this, with raised colour and flashing eye, Montgomery refused.

Young Thorn was a "gentleman" of high education and refined manners; he was the nephew of the excellent Doctor Jones; he would not allow him to be treated like a mountebank.

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed the baronet.

The subject was dropped, but not forgotten by Theresa. The next morning she called the ayah to her, and inquired imperiously if she had seen the "pauper brat" that her husband had taken into his house and friendship. Yes, she had seen him sometimes walking in the park. What was he like? The ayah smiled. He was like most boys of fifteen or sixteen—tall, perhaps, of his age. She must fetch him—bring him to her; she could not allow a miserable dependent to be working on her husband's weak heart; she had not seen him so animated for years as when speaking of the boy.

The ayah went to do her bidding, well knowing the boy in question had had permission to visit his uncle the previous day, and was not yet returned.

"He is allowed, then, all sorts of pleasure," cried Theresa, "and I must wait. I wait to see a hireling!" Her temper was fiend-like all that day. "Is that boy returned? If he take the liberty of absenting himself in this way, he shall be dismissed."

"Yes," said the ayah—and there was a strange thrill in her voice and a brightness of younger days in her eyes—"yes, he is returned, and the surgeon is with him."

"A surgeon?"

"Yes, a surgeon," continued the ayah. "My master lent him a horse—that vicious one, that no one but himself can mount—the youth is bold, and was sure he could manage him, but, just before entering the village, the animal threw him, and, when on the ground, kicked him on the head and very badly on the leg."

"Ah, ah! Truly a great misfortune," said Theresa. "That will teach my stupid husband to lend an animal of that value to people of that sort. Is the horse hurt?"

The woman had not asked, and, on the inquiry, all her Eastern blo

flew into her emaciated face. She was terrible to look on; she felt she was so, and turned away, and, whatever affection for her mistress still remained, forced itself on that instant from her heart. Love in such hearts as hers can only turn to hate—there is no medium—and the ayah hated her. She had seen the youth brought in, his beautiful face covered with blood; he was stunned, and remained insensible for some time. His kind master had rushed to him, assisted in carrying him to bed, and would not leave the room while the surgeon examined him. His voice was full of emotion, and his eyes of tears, as with his own hands he tenderly removed the masses of dark hair from the boy's eyes.

"Doctor, tell me the worst. Is he dead, or must he die?"

"Oh no! As far as the wound in the head goes, he is safe. It is deep, but not dangerous. I must, however, see the leg, which appears much hurt."

"Broken?"

"Not broken—no, but much torn and injured. Here," said the doctor, for the first time observing the ayah, who had followed them into the room, "come and assist with these bandages; all women are clever at that work, and you natives have a peculiar knack at healing. Here, wash the blood gently off the leg. Heavens! how the woman starts. She cannot bear the sight of blood. She has fainted."

She had only just recovered from this fit, the first she had ever had, when Theresa's bell summoned her. Night had come, and in the stillness of that hour the poor creature, with trembling steps and beating heart, approached the sick-room. Young Edward was sleeping peacefully, his face was pale, and the white bandage round the head gave it a death-like hue; her step was so noiseless that it could not be discerned, and she gently raised the cover of the bed where the wounded limb lay. Her gaze was fixed upon it; she recognised the mark—the Oriental character she had stamped herself upon the child she had taken to the Foundling! She had seen it in the morning, but she must look again, and be quite sure. Now she was sure, and there arose in her mind such a consciousness of guilt, such horror and remorse, that in a well-organised mind would have pleaded for forgiveness at the Throne of Grace. This was not her case; she did not accuse herself; the crime was not hers; she had been but the tool, the accomplice of another, and she vowed revenge, and such revenge as should surpass even Theresa's conception.

She retired to her own room. There was a closet in which she kept strange herbs and phials. She looked carefully over them. "No, not this," she muttered in her Eastern tongue—"this leaves traces after death; and this, no, it is too sudden; ah, there it is, two drops a day, and the patient may linger six months; increase the dose, and terminate existence in half that time. That will do; but rather than she should send the boy away, I would finish her at once. I know her wicked heart so well, that even did she know he was her child, still she would send him forth friendless and penniless into the world, rather than confess her guilt to her wretched husband, and allow him to know and love his son. So *she* shall never know it till too late."

concludes what are his thoughts, without a syllable spoken upon his part. Were it possible to have been improved in Mrs. Siddons's representation of it, as we well remember, it would have been by allowing a longer interval between the close of Macbeth's speech and his lady's observation, in order that the spectators might perceive that she had not heard his words. Thus the effect would have been more obvious before she told him, "who" was convinced of the contrary, that all "great Neptune's ocean" could not clean his hands—

A little water clears us of this deed !

So far for an example of what genius alone can accomplish.

Now let us consider a learned poet of a different order upon that ground, the fastidious and delightful poet Gray. We shall find that all his school learning and care will not enable him to surpass the foregoing passage with its "grace beyond the reach of art." Yet are the scholar's and poet's union justifiable, and the product delightful.

If Shakspeare, like an imperial eagle, could soar so much higher, he dropped his wing at times beneath Gray. Yet even the classically learned has his failings. In the "Progress of Poesy," so delightful a work, it is extraordinary what errors eluded his notice. For example :

Her track where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous shame,
The unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame !

How can "mind" and "flame" be personified in pursuit with "glory" and "shame" ?

In amusing ourselves with Gray and others of our better poets, such errors are but as specks upon the rich mirror that reflects a glory not dimmed by their opacity. The notice of them may be useful to lead to the avoidance of similar errors, and exhibit that nothing is faultless.

Let us follow Gray a little further in his overlookings. Perhaps it was his friend Mason that printed, in the revised edition of the poet's works,

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

In place of which it should stand,

The curfew tolls !—The knell of parting day*—

in place of the curfew tolling the toll of the parting day. Toll and knell are not synonymous. The *sound* of the curfew is the *knell* intended by the poet. The curfew was never a bellringer, nor a sexton, before Mason made it so.

Toll, toll, gentle bell for the soul
Of the pure ones.

* In the eighth canto of Dante's "Purgatory," there is a beautiful description of the "parting day." We quote from the French, not having an English or Italian copy at hand. "Déjà était arrivée l'heure qui excite de nouveau regrets chez les navigateurs, et qui les remplit d'une tendre émotion, le jour où ils ont dit un dernier adieu à leurs amis, cette heure mélancolique où le pèlerin qui vient de se mettre en voyage ressent de nouveaux aiguillons d'amour, lorsqu'il entend la cloche du soir qui semble pleurer le jour qui va mourir."

Who has not witnessed, in Roman Catholic towns abroad, in the smaller more conspicuously, how on a sudden the multitude is hushed at sunset on the sound of the vesper-bell.

Retrospective Criticism—Gray.

Mr John Denham. Gray got "moody madness" from Dryden—
Madness laughing in her ireful mood.

are has "moody-mad" in Henry V.
sume :

words out of four here are too similar in sound to be so close,
also rhyming with "me" and "thee." In the next stanza the
as made the ploughman leave the world to darkness and to himself.
the landscape must be more than "glimmering" on the side of
ness ; it must be "fading." The epithet "glimmering landscape,"
, therefore, be likened in use to some of Milton's happy epithets,
re the thing which causes is applied to the thing itself. So Horace
allida mors." Does the stillness hold the air, or the air hold the still—
s, in the same stanza?

And all the air a solemn stillness holds.
Holds" was evidently forced for the sake of the rhyme. In the next
stanza does recals Poë.

Where feeble expletives their aid do join.
In the fourth stanza, "elms" is the accusative plural, yew-trees the
genitive singular ; so it may be imagined. But elms may be the genitive
plural, and then it should have had the apostrophe, "elms'." Here is
an ambiguity. The turf is beneath the elms and the yew-trees, but the
latter alone cast shadows, the former possess no such property!

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
the conjunction "and" in place of "that" would have been better. Then
we have "beneath" a shadow. What? A shade!
Here Gray borrowed from Parnell with amendment.

Here graves with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbling ground.

In the next stanza the words "for ever," as applied to our forefathers,
have been censured as not a Christian sentiment. This is hypercritical,
and even absurd. No one now can imagine the same body will rise
again, though Dr. Young did in his poems, as well as ignorant divine
The immortal part has left its tenement of earths, water, and gas
which will pass into new combinations of animate or inanimate
stances throughout numberless changes. The frail earthly tenement
the soul had been a partner before in many similitudes of living and
substances. Gray might, therefore, have used "for ever" justifi-
No one has accused the pious Blaise Pascal of impiety when that
trious man wrote in sober prose, "On jette enfin de la terre, et e-
pour jamais!" Yet the Pensées of Pascal were written to pro-
man was not created to sleep in death for ever. St. Paul says
thing, devotees to Rome and High Church affirm what they ma-
Exquisitely beautiful is the fifth stanza. It speaks to the
the soul as well as to the senses. Not a line but is a pictorial re-
tion. The breeze of morn, and the twitter of the swallow. Th

shrill clarion," borrowed from Milton.* How happy is this last word, that, like the note of the horn, cannot be painted, and yet how loudly the lines knock at the innermost door of the heart, and what beauty is felt in the subtle combination of these few simple images!

In the next stanza we have an exquisite example of a metonymy in the blazing hearth shall burn.

In the sixth stanza "or" should be "nor"—"*nor* busy housewife," and "*nor* climb," in the second and fourth lines.

Climb his knees the envied kiss to share,

will be found, we think, in Lucretius,† or something very like it. "Afield," in the seventh stanza, is borrowed from Milton's *Lycidas*. "Toil" and "smile," in the eighth stanza, are bad rhymes, true Cockney, as in the London pronunciation of "isle" for "oil." This might do in an every-day modern novel, but not in so noble a poem, or any poem at all, in Gray's time, nor in that of Pope before, nor Goldsmith, Cowper, Campbell, Byron, or Rogers since.

The tenth stanza, "*if* memory," should be "*that* memory." Tomb, too, (tombs ?) seems pompous for the rude forefathers of a hamlet, yet how beautiful is that stanza, and the next too, and how original! What but genius—heavenly inspiration—could elevate the labours of the poet so gloriously above the petty faults we have enumerated, and darken them with the excess of its own ever-refulgent, ever-enduring light!

Is it not possible that "can" substituted for "or," in the eleventh stanza, might be an improvement?

Can storied urn? can animated bust?

In stanza twelve a heart can, hardly be said to be "pregnant" with fire, even if we give poetry its full licence. Johnson could not put up with the passage in the "Bard" about "towers."

With many a foul and midnight murder *fed*.

This is very similar. "Wake the lyre" is from the Psalms, and so is "the living lyre," but the lyre cannot be waked to feel ecstasy, it is the hearer that feels. In stanza thirteen, "*did*" is plainly an expletive. "Full many," in stanza fourteen, seems used only to make up the measure. A pure ray, too, must be "serene," or a bright clear ray, though not seen to much advantage in the caves of ocean, however serene and stormless the heaven over all may be at the time. The sixteenth stanza is truly fine in every point of view, and sets all criticism, even the most cynical, at defiance. The last line of the seventeenth stanza is from Shakspeare. The nineteenth recalls passages in Horace, while the word "still" in the next is awkward, "still erected nigh." "Still erect," no doubt, was intended. "Implore" a sigh is hardly passable, and to "implore tribute" still worse. Tribute implies obedience, and we do not "implore" but "demand" it. The twenty-first, second, and third stanzas are exquisite in beauty. In the twenty-fourth, "should" would be better than "shall," in the last line.

* "The crested cock whose clarion sounds."—*Paradise Lost*, book iii.

† Book iii.

"Beech" and "stretch" are not legitimate rhymes in the twenty-sixth stanza, and in the twenty-seventh there are words that seem better adapted to perfect the measure and rhyme, than to make a true poetical selection. "Up the lawn" no doubt comes from "upland lawn;" and in the last stanza "borne" and "thorn" should hardly have passed muster.

There was a singular forgetfulness of Gray in regard to this inimitable work, and that was his disregard of his alleged position at setting out. He informs us, on commencing, that the world is left to darkness and himself, and that the landscape even then fades, and is only "glimmering" on the sight. The darkness must necessarily increase rapidly in place of diminish, yet he has had time to repeat, in fact to compose, a hundred inimitable lines, and still to point to "yonder nodding beech," a beech, too, with "fantastic roots," and supposed, of course, to be seen at the time, and further to designate "*yon* wood" in a delightful landscape, to which he has been directed by a hoary-headed swain, who talked, but could not read, poetry. Yet with all this there remained light enough for the same swain to suggest that the stranger should go and read the epitaph "beneath *yon* aged thorn." We do not point out a distant object and say "yonder," when we are in the dark. How singular that the poet overlooked these inconsistencies!

Then in regard to the epitaph, the words "large" and "largely" have no connexion with "sincere." This should have been in the second line, for it disjoins two portions of the text belonging to one another. "Abode" and "God" are not over good rhymes, though they seem to be required in their existing places.

We have remarked that there is a resemblance between Collins in "*Ode to Evening*," and Gray in the opening of the "*Elegy in a Country Churchyard*." Singular coincidences often occur under aspects that resemble each other, and the same ideal figures will now and then be struck out by different writers through pure accident. The passage of Collins, compared with that of Gray, runs as follows:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shrieks flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,
As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum.

For so studious and exact a writer, Gray was very inattentive to his rhymes. "Stretch" and "beech," "moon" and "sun," "low" and "thou," in his "*Ode to Spring*." "Between" and "in," "declared" and "beard." Numerous other examples might be quoted.

Besides what he evidently borrowed, as already observed—for there are loans made in literature as well as on the Exchange—the legality must depend upon circumstances, and whether they bear an interest in the shape of improvement. Thus:

The attic warbler pours her throat,
is from Milton.

where the attic bird
Trills her thick warbled notes the summer long.

So from the same poet—in the “Bard :”

Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor in the troubled air.

The ensign of Azazel, in “Paradise Lost,”

Streamed like a meteor waving in the wind.

Perhaps it was Mason made Gray break his grammar :

Hark how each giant oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent’s awful voice beneath.

Again :

No pitying heart, no eye afford
A tear to grace his obeequies.

“Eye” might have been “eyes,” and then “heart” would not have been confused with shedding a tear. A semicolon at heart, or a note of admiration, would have been better. Thus :

No pitying heart ! no eyes afford
A tear to grace his obsequies !

These little blemishes are singular on the part of such a scholar. Gray was deeply inoculated with the romantic, so we might infer from his works as respects choice of subject. He should have had a Scandinavian nurse, and a Runic schoolmaster. But to be serious, the light of genius is resplendent in all his works, yet Johnson seems to have borne him no good will, because, perhaps, he was a little out of the common run of the literary style and character that were supreme with the lexicographer.* Warburton commended his works, and was willing to take it upon credit that he was the most learned man in Europe. With very faint praise Johnson went over his different productions, as if he were in an ill humour from some other cause. It is true he wrote his remarks upon Gray not quite as much out of humour as when he wrote of Milton. At last, and as if it were reluctantly, touched with a sense of returning justice, he concluded regarding the “Elegy,” “Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame and useless to praise him.”

The light of genius is powerfully apparent in Gray through all his over-fastidiousness, to which, perhaps, the maculæ we have spoken of are owing. We often miss minute objects from looking for them too intently. His missing from over-nicety, too, would seem natural to bachelor habits, if his letters go for anything towards forming an opinion. His power of fixing the mind cannot be denied, whatever may be its accompaniments. His works, if not uniformly excellent, throw out brilliant coruscations, and have the quality of suggesting indirectly to the fancy images, which, if undefined, fill sober minds with agreeable sensations. We wish them prolonged, too, from their relation to the buried past.

Most of Gray’s better paintings relating to times, men, and things, which can return no more, are thus hallowed in recollection, though some are only old fictions, thinly veiled under poetic truth. We think it

* The late Mr. Cumberland observed, regarding Johnson’s treatment of Gray, “As for our late ingenious biographer of the poets, when I compare his life of Savage with that of Gray, I must own he has exalted the low and brought down the lofty. With what justice he has done this the world must judge.”—*Cumber. Observer*, No. 50.

was Horace Walpole, one who knew Gray so well from their early companionship, that stated he excelled in humour. This would not have been suspected from his habits at Cambridge, or from the general tenor of his works. The feelings expressed in the "Ode on the Distant Prospect of Eton College," "The Progress of Poesy," or the "Bard," were not likely to attract Johnson's admiration. He could not "feel" them, and to try them by the standard of criticism applied to those works in which Johnson most delighted, those of Pope and Dryden, for example, would hardly be just. Gray, whatever may be his merits or defects, stands almost alone for the class of subjects to which he gave the preference, as well as for his mode of handling them. He is original. Collins comes nearest to him, of the poets of his time. They were contemporaries. Collins, on publishing his first Odes in 1747, and even his splendid "Ode on the Passions," was ill received by the multitude, as the most elevated, noble, and lasting works of genius have been and ever will be. Though Gray's Ode on Eton College was published the same year as the noble Ode of Collins, his Elegy in the Churchyard did not appear until 1750 or 1751, and ran through many editions, an exception to the previous observation, not, most probably, from its poetical excellences, so much as that the subject came home to every man's bosom and business, the secret of a sudden multitudinous success, irrespective of poetical merit. Thus the cause of the non-success of the noble Ode of Collins on the Passions is at once comprehended, and that of the Elegy in the Country Churchyard explained.

We were honoured, when a mere infant, by a caress of the Rev. Mr. Temple, of St. Gluvias, in which parish we were born, the same divine who wrote the memoir of Gray for Mason, and had known him well. Sir Egerton Bridges informed us that he had conversed about Gray with Bonstetten more than once, but Bonstetten only knew the poet in a passing way. Fond of Gray in youth, we regretted never having met with any one who knew him personally, but he was a shy man, and his acquaintances were too few for any to have survived to the time we felt our earliest interest in his works. Yet we knew those who were intimate with men of note, who were his contemporaries. To Gray, time has done the justice Johnson omitted to do, in regard to a blameless man and delightful poet.

From the peculiar style and character of his works, we conjecture him to differ from some poets of the present day, in that he never mistook prose for poetry. Gray's slight overlookings are lost in the charm of his romance, and in their connexion with the hoary relics of dead ages, whether in relation to men or things, or in the high character of his musings. His verses cannot be affected by the senseless capriciousness of fashionable tastes, or the present lowered standard of public feeling in literature. He has received undying sublunary fame.

The censure of Johnson on the "Ode to Spring" as being "something poetical," but as not being "honied spring," is not scholar-like. It is hypercritical, if not unjust. "Honied:" sweet, luscious. "Honied sentences:" Shakspeare. "Honied words:" Milton. Is not the spring sweet? Does not the bee with "honied thigh"—again to quote Milton—come laden with the rich tribute of the spring, the "honied spring?" Why not, when the epithet is natural, appropriate, and

poetical? As to being an adjective with the termination of a participle of "late used," derived from a participle—why not? Besides, the usage, as we have shown, is not of "late" date. Even Johnson's authority cannot overturn a fact, nor are a Milton or a Shakspeare to be set aside to gratify Johnson's ill humour. The conclusion, he says, is "pretty." Johnson was no poet; he never felt like one. His attempts at poetry are such as any one who had the extensive command of language he possessed could easily indite, but it is not the command of language alone that constitutes a poet. Every line of Gray's "Ode to Spring" breathes true poetry. The morality, too, is "stale," though natural, says Johnson. The playful lines on the "Death of a Cat" are criticised in the same acrid spirit. The delightful "Ode to Eton College" is treated in the like manner; "buxom," that is "gay, lively, wanton" health, is not "elegant"—it is, at least, very appropriate. A fastidious court lady, with a complexion like barley-meal, and the languor of incipient consumption, all "elegance," in fashion's view, calls the fresh healthy hue of the young rosy girl arrived from the country in the distempered summer atmosphere of London, a "creature only fit for a milkmaid." Of the same nature is Johnson's charity regarding Gray.* The "Ode to Adversity" may pass, as the critic will not make slight objections to a poem assuredly less poetical than either of the others we have named! Johnson had but little of that species of imagination which belongs to the poet, though some cannot be denied him. He did not feel, save after his own fashion, and therefore could not relish poetry out of a common wheel-track. He asks, sneeringly, what the meaning is of the first stanza in the "Progress of Poesy." That it was an imitation of Pindar, Johnson knew, but had not the candour to inform his readers. He will leave nothing to the imagination; he will have all amplified to the letter, as he himself gave the example, according to a late Laureate, who was nearly as incomprehensible in his own poetry, as Gray would have been were he fifty times less obscure than he was in reality. Johnson commenced his own didactical essay on "The Vanity of Human Wishes:"

Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from *China to Peru*—

or "let observation, with extensive observation, observe mankind."†

The author of this remark might have added, after Johnson's manner, and without hypercriticism, "How much of mankind can be surveyed on the Pacific from 'China to Peru'?"

It is the fault of critics in all times that an author's intention in his work is passed over. He may be worth little as a writer, or may possess great merit, it is all one to the critic who tries him, not in respect to the design the author would fain carry out, and his execution of it, but upon one supposed object with all, often placed in a false point of view. Whatever "cumbrous splendour" there may be in the other works of Gray, in his Pindaric Ode a little of it may well stand excused, when the style and scope of the author's design are alleged and taken into account. The

* To quote the passages from Gray at length would occupy too much space; the smallest library of a person of taste contains his poems.

† Wordsworth.

pomp of the machinery," so censured by Johnson in this ode, was a part of the poet's avowed object while he was imitating the great Grecian, renowned for sublimity, rapture, and power of expression. Pindar may be imitated though he cannot be translated. Why not then, in criticising this ode of Gray, have recalled the fact!

Johnson's criticism of Milton, owing to his craven predisposition where crowned heads were concerned, shows that he could not tolerate the love of political freedom in any of his countrymen if it entered into a contest with monarchical authority. The "Bard" of Gray, therefore, promoted no moral nor political truth. The yoke of a conqueror, and the excitement of a generous indignation at the massacres and devastations in the country of the bard, were in Johnson's view no worthy end in the poem; passive obedience was to be maintained. Gray's alliterations, too, he censured, and the puerilities of an obsolete mythology, in making "Cadwallo hush the stormy main," and the sequel. Johnson would have had the bard abandon the country's legends which he embodied; perhaps would have had him write like a doctor of divinity in relation to the northern mythology. Gray was of opinion that a Welsh bard would make allusions to his native gods and heroes, however out of keeping with those of a different and more enlightened era, and not be strictly logical as to their application in consequence. Johnson did not relish the northern fictions, and he makes the most of the poet's oversight in leaving his reader to the conclusion that the slaughtered bards wove the "winding-sheet of Edward's race!"

Whatever are the defects of Gray—and, in common with all labours of the mind, there must ever be some faults—there are assuredly numerous passages of a rare beauty and lofty character to compensate for venial errors. Whether containing "glittery accumulations of ungraceful ornaments, which strike rather than please the critic," or not, they have been read with delight, and will continue to be so read as long as the language in which they were composed shall endure. It is not possible to read Johnson's life of the poet, and not to be struck with his want of pure chrysolite feeling towards others. Johnson admits the goodness of the design, but complains of its ill direction. Yet he deals a fatal blow to his own opinions of the writer of the works he censures when he says:

"By the common sense of readers, uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtlety, and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honours. The Churchyard abounds with images, which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo."

Johnson could not admit a deviation out of the customary routine in poetry, but there was not, and is not, any reason why its variety of mode and subject should not be extended as it was by the ancients. It is to be feared that this great and good, but narrow-minded lover of divine right, was in one of his fits of ill humour when he sat down to write Gray's life. Why Gray should not be permitted "to sport in the wide regions of possibility," like Milton, does not appear. The latter, too, may use mythological illustrations, although in the "Bard," introduced by Gray, they are censured. But then Milton receives the censure in another form, though withal it is fairer and much more candid than that bestowed on Gray, who was in comparison so much less important a man and poet.

We are prone to do much more justice to the great even in our enmities than to those we may venture to place on a lower scale in estimation.

There was something melancholy and "churchyardish" in Gray. He must have here "felt" what he wrote. In one of his letters to Warton, from Cambridge, he said: "It is indeed for want of spirits, as you suspect, that my studies lie among the cathedrals, and the tombs, and the ruins. To think, though to little purpose, has been the chief amusement of my days; and when I would not or cannot think, I dream."

Just what one might suspect of such a man. But it is time to conclude a subject begun for the purpose of showing how obvious errors pass in the best writers unnoticed when their excellences predominate. Many aspirants to the Temple of Fame in the present day rhyme without any other characteristic of poetry. Others adapt the phraseology of prose to long tirades in imitation of blank verse. Criticism, therefore, without giving some reason of its justice, besides the pronouncement of an unknown judge founded upon no acknowledged basis, is disreputable, and should overrule none. Add to this the fact that the sweeping condemnation of an excellent man may be, and often is, sent forth by an anonymous fool, who could not particularise; hence too many suffer grievous injustice. Let us, then, have the merits and defects of authors specified to the letter, nor be led to condemn any upon anonymous *ex cathedra* and "penny-a-line" judgments. Let us pray for that portion of candour which we extend to others in our judgments as we would have them bestowed upon ourselves.

Horace Walpole, we have stated, remarked Gray's talent for humour. We do not perceive humour in his writings. The "Long Story" is given in his works as almost a solitary specimen. He certainly seems to have had a talent for satire. Walpole alluded no doubt to the poet's conversation when under certain feelings. The "Long Story" is an agreeable *jeu d'esprit*, and little more. It by no means bears out the remark of the recluse of Strawberry Hill.

But how came we to wander thus, some may imagine, out of the way, towards a poet so well known and appreciated, appearing to abandon the object with which we set out? We will satisfy the reader upon this point. It was a beautiful evening as we walked into the churchyard of Stoke Poges. We entered it as the sun was dropping low in the west, and the long evening shadows lay deep upon the sod. All was calm and gentle throughout nature, the mind sombre from the surrounding scenery. We approached the end of the church, beneath a window of which the poet reposes. We had not long before been looking at Eton from a spot which commands a view of the college, where Mr. Penn erected a monument in remembrance of it, as being the site from which Gray took his description of the place in his beautiful Ode. We read the inscription, and, seated on the turf near, could not help adverting to the two celebrated names connected with the spot—Gray and the earlier Penn. The dwelling of the latter had passed away with the estate into the hands of one whose aspirations were neither those of founders of colonies nor distinguished poets, but whose "kingdom was of this world," its gold and exchanges. At that moment Gray came into the mind, in all that freshness of recollection and zest with which we read him in early life. A second time, with his works in our pocket, we performed a pilgrimage

to the poet's tomb. Then we recollected what had been written upon him, and read him once more only to prove that he had grown upon our admiration, and thence we were led to examine past remarks upon his works, and intrude upon the subject with which we began. One morning we put his letters into our pocket. The unpremeditatedness of a correspondence never intended to see the light, must, to a great extent, point out the nature of the writer. That of Gray does him high credit. He alludes to things all have felt, and few expressed, and there are some humorous touches in them that seem to bear out Horace Walpole. Thus he tells us that a Cambridge man, "Dr. —, is not expected back in a hurry. He is gone to his grave with five fine mackerel, large and full of roe, in his belly. He ate them all at one dinner; but his fate was a turbot on Trinity Sunday, of which he left little for the company beside picking the bones. He had not been hearty the whole week: but after the sixth fish he never held his head up more. They say he made a very good end!"

But the letters of Gray are alone a pleasant theme, and having commenced with remarks upon modern criticism, showing the propriety of following a more particular mode of proceeding, and merely treating of Gray as an example to exhibit what was intended, we have run somewhat wild. We shall run still wilder if we touch upon his correspondence, which in reality is out of the present record, for if we once get within the sphere of attraction it is difficult to tell how we may gravitate.

CYRUS REDDING.

A FLYING VISIT TO DELPHI AND PARNASSUS.

"OH! call not Greek a dead language if you have a soul to be saved!" said glorious Christopher North, half earnestly, half playfully, in his fine enthusiasm: and we are of those who hold to his opinion; we are of the faithful who believe in the undyingness of that wondrous tongue, having at school and college revelled in its music as it rippled liquid-sweet in Anacreon's verse, or pealed stately and solemn in Æschylean iambics, or rolled in magnificent diapason in Homer and Pindaric ode. And, loving as we have ever loved that speech of "gods and godlike men," what wonder that, during our occasional cruises on the coasts of Greece, we should seize every chance of visiting the notable places of that immortal land. It was with such yearnings and full of such thoughts that we revolved in our mind a visit to Delphi and Parnassus, undertaking it, we may say, as a delightful duty born of gratitude, and with well-nigh as much reverence as a Mussulman making a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Prophet. Patras was our starting-point; whence we write now, in full view of the magnificent panorama of the Gulf of Corinth, a region sufficiently grand in itself to tempt any one to explore it, independently of any finer associations from the past; for Nature still is fair as of yore—the same blue sea ripples in unnumbered smiles,

the same eternal hills blush rosy-red at morn, as they did in olden days when Eos rose, a veritable goddess, from the saffron couch of Tithonus!

But, without further preface, let "us address ourselves to our journey." As soon as our good ship had cast anchor at Patras, arrangements were immediately set on foot for the accomplishment of our projected trip. A party of seven was formed—an interpreter kindly lent to us by the officers of her Majesty's Naval Survey—and we were ready by eight o'clock in the morning of next day (the last Tuesday in August) to embark on board the Greek steamer *Hydra*, en route for Scala Salona, the nearest point to Delphi, and between forty and fifty miles from Patras, the steamer returning thence to Patras early on Thursday morning. Short, therefore, was the time allowed for our trip by the inexorable *Hydra*, and we had only to make the best of it and work vigorously. Our interpreter, whom we shall call Spero (for nine-tenths of the guides in Greece go by that name), was a fine imposing-looking fellow, spoke English well, was exceedingly civil and obliging, and had, moreover, an air about him calculated to inspire respect among the semi-barbarians we were going amongst. We found him invaluable in making bargains with, and obtaining supplies from, the natives (for not one of us could speak a word of Romaic); and though, from not having been in the neighbourhood of Delphi before, he could not act as *cicerone*, yet his services as interpreter were absolutely indispensable to us.

Punctually at eight we were off, threading through a maze of English steamers waiting for their cargoes of the "prime new fruit" you see announced in grocers' windows at home about Christmas-time. We were not long in passing through the Grecian Dardanelles, between the forts of Rhium and Antirrhium, and were then fairly in the Gulf of Corinth, landlocked, to all appearance, by the Ætolian and Achæan mountains on its northern and southern shores. On all sides rose ridges behind ridges of giant hills of every variety of shape and outline, of light and shadow—occasionally rising abruptly from the sea, but more frequently sloping gradually down to its marge in olive-groves and vineyards. In the generally clear air of that divinest clime, the height of the mountains is not at first fully apprehended; but, as we now and then saw them that morning clad in robes of mist, they grew into towering forms, more sublime and spiritual, very giants of the clouds. Our first place of call was at Lepanto, on the northern shore. Lepanto is the old Naupactus—the Deptford and Chatham of ancient Greece. The Genoese outer defences still remain, running up a declivity; two transverse walls divide what was the town into three portions, the upper and middle of which contain no houses, and the lower, close to the sea, merely a collection of cottages. The old harbour and navy yard are approachable now only by small craft. We next touched at Vostitza, on the other side—the ancient Ægium—with its enormous historic plane-tree; next at Galaxidi, a small ship-building place, the material for which purpose is brought from the woods of Parnassus; and in about seven hours from starting, that is, about three in the afternoon, we got to what is now called the Scala, or landing-place of Salona, consisting mainly of a row of houses on a low beach. On landing here we were instantly surrounded by a drove of as ruffianly-looking fellows as one would wish to meet with. They seemed to have nothing to do, even though it was vintage-time, but to lounge

about, and appeared ready and willing to bestow their attention upon any unprotected traveller. Their dress was the usual one of Greek shepherds: red fez cap, gaiters of felt, petticoat, which ought to have been white, but was of much less agreeable hue, jacket with slashed sleeves, or more commonly a sheepskin, and (an ominous sight for the unprotected) a sash stuck full of knives and pistols. We each, however, for prudential reasons, carried a revolver, and gave them a sight of its mechanism as they crowded round our ponies before starting; which sight, no doubt, had a wholesome effect in keeping them at Scala, and taking away all temptation to follow us in hopes of anything their hearts might crave.* Spero bargained for nine ponies (including one for himself and one for the basket of provisions) for a reasonable sum, to undertake the whole journey to Parnassus and back. This arrangement completed, we put our railway-rugs on the pack-saddles, and in a little time were crossing the rich Crissean plain—the arena of the Pythian games—whose spontaneous fruits, after the fall of Crissa, were consecrated to the Delphian god—no human hand being permitted to labour in that soil divine. This plain extends to the foot of the mountains of Ætolia and Locris, whose black forms reared their heads in solemn grandeur against the splendour of the western sky. In the centre of a rich valley on our left, between the Locrian hills and the spurs of Parnassus, we had a glimpse of Salona slumbering in the mountain shadows—Salona, the old Amphissa, that destroyed Cirrha and Crissa† for their avarice and their oppression of pilgrims to the Delphic shrine, and was in turn annihilated‡ by the Amphictyons under Philip of Macedon, for having laid sacrilegious hands on the sacred soil which she had herself taken from its former Crissean owners and dedicated to the Sun-god for a perpetual possession. At any rate, this act, whether actually perpetrated or not, furnished a plausible excuse for Theban greed (for Thebes was ever jealous of Phocis), and led to the defeat of the Phocians and Boeotians, and the final fall of the liberties of Greece at Chæronea. Philip, who had been called in by the Amphictyons as commander-in-chief in this Sacred War, became president of the Pythian games, and took into his own possession the two votes which Phocis had in the Amphictyonic Council. The modern name of this Crissa we have spoken of is *Chryso*, and Cirrha, its port, was probably the modern Scala Salona. On our way to Delphi we passed by Chryso. It is reached from the plain by a rather steep and stony road, and consists now of a few modern houses built on the platform of a projecting rock, which rises almost perpendicularly from the valley of the Pleistus immediately beneath and to the south of it. Fragments of marble may still be picked up on this plateau, and on our return by way of the Pleistus valley, we could clearly see the foundations of Pælasgic or of Cyclopean walls on the very edge of the cliff above us. This is all that remains of old Homer's "divine, conspicuous, vine-bearing Crissa."§ While refreshing our horses at a well, we were sur-

* These revolvers seemed to have the same effect as the "ingenuous arts" in Ovid's days:

Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros."

† B.C. 595.

‡ B.C. 338.

§ In Il. ii. 520, Homer speaks of it as *Κρισσα λαβή*; and in his Hymn to Apollo, v. 438, we have further epithets added:

ἕζον δ' ἐς Κρισσὴν εὐδείελον, ἀμπελόεσσαν.

rounded by the inhabitants of the little place, among whom were several Crissean damsels, fair to look upon, with classically cut features, and probably dressed much after the fashion of the days when Crissa was still "divine," and Delphi the "sacred centre" of the earth. Some elderly matrons were spinning with the distaff, reminding one of the way in which even the royal Penelope herself among her housemaids beguiled the time of absence of her lord. A rugged ride of about an hour and a half from this, under the face of rocks hollowed at frequent intervals into cavities for tombs resembling the shelf-boxes in the walls of catacombs, brought us, on turning sharply round a projecting angle of the road, in full view of the towering pyramidal rocks above Delphi, a gently sloping path bringing us in a few minutes to the village itself. Two peaks, called anciently the Phædriades or "resplendent," are most notable, and it was probably these twin giant-warders of the sacred fountain (for the water of the Castalian spring flows between these two) that changed the old name of Pytho into that of Delphi.

It was only about a year before that we had seen, from the ruins of his temple on his own sacred Delos, departing Phœbus gilding the summit of his native Cynthus, and so did we behold him now lighting up with purple glow those immortal guardians of that holiest shrine of his, which erst sent forth prophetic voices, heard and believed in and obeyed over all the earth. Was it strange then that, in such a place, at such a time, one should almost feel constrained to become a zealous votary of even the Sun-god himself; to believe the hallowed spot still trodden by that embodiment in human form of light and beauty and song with which the Greeks, all worshipful of the beautiful, endowed their far-darting Apollo—by that impersonation of manliness and power with which they clothed their Φοῖβος ἀλεξικάκος, the Shielder from Evil, the Slayer of the Python in his Parnassian solitudes? Could we do anything but reverence that creed of the grand old heathens who, unenlightened by revelation, yet had their divine aspirations, and worshipped ideal loveliness in groves and shrines and temples, adoring Godhead in form instead of in Spirit, and kneeling to Beauty as their nearest approach to God? Was not Delphi of old present before our eyes, with its terraced streets, its theatre and temples, its crowds of worshippers thronging the Sacred Way, its contests in song or in the Chariot race, when the envied *Delphica laurus* crowned the victors' brows? Or did we not seem to be looking on, as the embassies of mighty and far-off kings, of even Rome itself, tarried in mute suspense beneath those towering peaks "resplendent," waiting for that cavernous voice of prophecy which was to be to them the certain foretelling of good or evil, of victory or defeat? Did we not behold in imagination the God of the silver bow at early dawn—

rore puro Castaliæ lavans
Crines solutos: (HOB. *Car.* iii. 4, 61.)

—not moving in wrath, as when by Scamander's banks he came down on the Grecian host the Plague-god and the Avenger, and dire was the clanging of his silver bow—but with his quiver rattling merrily as he returns

Full ankle-deep in lilies of the vale
from the pine-groves of his beloved Parnassus?

At sunset, then, we arrived at Delphi, Homer's "rocky Pytho." The modern village of Castri is built on steep-sloping ground, at the foot of a towering wall of rock. Many of the Cyclopean foundations of the old city may still be seen, raised one above another; and Delphi, in the days of its power, must have appeared, from the vale below, like a city that "had built its nest in a rock," rising in marble grandeur, terrace above terrace, adorned with temples and graced with thousands of statues. Our horses being first taken care of, we were conducted to the house which was to be our lodging for the night. Its outward appearance marked it out as one of the best in the village, and from its windows was a splendid view of the hollow down to the Pleistus, of which we shall say more by-and-by. The internal accommodation of the said mansion was not very extensive, all the goods and chattels appertaining thereto consisting merely of two wooden stools. The apartment allotted to us was barely, simply, and literally sans chairs, sans bed, sans board, sans everything but four bare walls. However, a traveller in the mountain-districts of Greece must not be particular about his abiding-place for the night (for the floor of a stable, cleared of its deposits, has sometimes had to serve him in that stead); and we considered ourselves very well off, for the chamber, at any rate, was moderately clean, had a good wooden floor, and the prospect from its windows fully compensated for any internal defects and inconveniences. Our first injunction to Spero was to prepare dinner for us (for we had not eaten since early morning), and we employed the short interval, till dark and dinner-time, in seeing what we could. One of our party—true artist as he is—made a sketch of the place, while some of us (with a little boy, oblique of vision, as a guide) visited the recently excavated remains of what is said to be the Temple of Apollo, consisting mainly of a few fragments of white marble fluted columns, and of sculptured frieze; from this we went down to the Castalian fount, which is to the east of the village. It lies on the right-hand side, at the foot of the immense cleft or chasm between the two Phœdriades—a gloomy gorge, which we would fain believe to be the hiding-place of the Oracle. The water of the Castalian spring flows into an artificial rectangular basin, with four or five steps leading down into it, the whole being contained in an arched recess, hewn into the face of the rock, and having, no doubt at one time, a marble frontage elaborately adorned. It was most probably in this very basin that the priests or temple-attendants of Apollo (and perhaps the Pythian priestess herself) were directed to perform their ablutions; as we read in one of the beautiful choruses of the Ion of Euripides,

Go, Delphic priests of Phœbus,
To Castalia's silver wave!
Ere his sacred courts ye tread,
In pure dews your bodies lave!*

* ὦ Φοῖβου Δελφοὶ θέραπες,
Τὰς Κασταλίας ἀργυρείδεις
βαίνετε δίνας, καθαφαῖς τε δρόσοις
ἀφυδρανάμεσσι, στειχέτε ναός.

EUR., *Ion*, 94.

The name of the fountain is due to a freak of the Pythian god, when Castalia, the fair daughter of the Achelœus, threw herself into it to escape his dangerous charms. The *Castalides Nymphæ* ever afterwards haunted it, and gave it a charmed power. Of course we did not fail to drink thereof at the hands of a fair Delphian; but we know not whether with any added largess of inspiration. The water, after leaving the spring, flows down a magnificent ravine immediately below into the plain of the Pleistus. There is a flight of narrow, slippery, broken steps cut in the rock, leading apparently from the Castalian basin itself to a cavern in the chasm above. Had not universal tradition, and the consent of scholars, placed the oracular *χάσμα* in the adytum of the Temple of Apollo, no fitter place than this gorge could be conceived for the portentous cave to open on the gloom, the solemn centre of prophetic lore. As we looked up in the silence of the gloaming (for it was too dark and dangerous to ascend), we could not but call to mind those words of Milton's immortal Hymn:

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof with words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

Alas! all now is mute—Apollo has fled—the Nymphs haunt no more the fount divine of Castaly, and, we fear, have left it lacking the poetic glow, as have their sisters of Helicon and Pieria, the “blushful Hippocrene” and the Pierian spring!

On our return we found Spero and another of our party cooking a dinner of boiled fowl, their faces lit up by the ruddy light of a wood fire, in a chamber no better furnished, and much blacker and gloomier than the one that was to be our abode for the night. Both cooks were well up to their work, and the soup made of these fowls, and of some preserved mutton, was truly delicious. We reclined at the meal Oriental fashion, on improvised couches of the rugs we had brought with us spread on the floor, and in the absence of spoons, or rather of such as we cared to use, imbibed the soup from the plates themselves. Right hungry we were, and right well we enjoyed the savoury meal. The smoking feast removed, like gods reclined we lay beside our nectar (for we did not fail to bring a supply thereof), and, all unlike the gods, we lighted cigars, and were happy as kings while the smoke-wreaths round us curled. After a due quantum of good cheer we leaned out into the night, and saw the bright patient stars o'erarching the vast hollow beneath, the same bright patient stars that looked down in olden time when the evening air was loud with “ever young Apollo's minstrelsy.”

The physical conformation of the hills and rocks about Delphi is most remarkable. The perpendicular wall behind the village presents an almost semicircular concavity, like the *cavea* of a theatre, and appears, from certain points of view, separated only by a narrow interval from the rocky front of Mount Kirphis, on the other side of the deep valley of the Pleistus: this extraordinary conformation, especially as we saw it next

day from the tops of the Phædriades, gives the circuit of rocks the appearance of a vast craggy amphitheatre narrowing down, deep down, till it seems almost bottomless, Delphi itself seeming perched high up on the slope immediately below us where we stood. I think it must have been these peculiar physical features that gave to Delphi the name of τῆς γῆς μεσόμφαλος—"the navel of the earth"—though some, I know, apply the epithet merely to the circular or elliptical stone in the shrine of Apollo. It was Pindar, I believe, in his Pythian Odes—odes probably chanted in the sacred spot itself—who first gave it this title, and he, with the truthful insight of a poet, named it well. Pity 'twas, it was not moonlight! How one's soul would have been rapt in mute entrancement, as the moon flooded with liquid silver those silent hollows—the white splendour creeping among the olives and the pines, and up the sides of those hoary cliffs! Oh! should we not have realised with a deeper, truer, holier feeling than in the garish day, the divinity of the place, the glow that every poet-heart must feel in scenes like these? Would not voices sweet have come to us as they did to gentle Keats, whose ear was ever open to the melodious voices of the past? Should we not have heard, as he did,

Old songs waken from enclouded tombs,
Old ditties sigh above their father's grave,
Ghosts of melodious prophecyings rave
Round every spot where trod Apollo's foot?

Yet, surpassingly beautiful and never to be forgotten as such a moonlit vision would have been, right glad were we to look down on it, even under the silent stars!

But even such delightful musing must have an end; and as we had to be in readiness to start, if possible, at one in the morning for the ascent of Parnassus, we had to make the best use of the three hours that remained in endeavouring to devote them to sleep. This was not difficult to do, for the ride to Delphi was fatiguing enough to us who had been a whole month on board a ship without exercise, and we had risen early the morning before. The boarded floor, with a rug for a covering and a folded coat for a pillow, was a couch welcome enough and soft enough, and slumber was only occasionally annoyed by some insect making a cruise up one's leg or arm, but, as far as I was concerned, bent more on a voyage of curiosity than of blood. We had great difficulty in getting our ponies at so early an hour, for neither Spero nor the attendants on the horses seemed much disposed to start, and threw all sorts of objections in the way—that the night was dark, and the road bad, and the country not safe. However, we were resolved to try it at all hazards, and insisted upon being called at one A.M., punctually, and punctually the summons came. Spero (who slept in the same room with us) was roused to prepare us hot chocolate before starting, our ponies were ready for us, and at 2.20 A.M., Patras time, we were *en route* for the top of Parnassus. Our eyes soon got accustomed to the light, or rather to the darkness, and each was able to see his companion in immediate front and rear (for during the journey we travelled in Indian file, the ponies themselves having a liking for that order of march)—for the inequalities of the road we had to trust to the sure-footedness of our nags. Fearfully rugged and steep the road was, rising in devious turnings and twistings up the face of the cliffs that over—

g the village. That it was much safer and more prudent to dismount and walk, the attendants on our ponies took an original and dangerous way of reminding us, by leaving the girths of some of the saddles loose. I was the first victim: my saddle came round, and I lay on my side on the hard road, and was very nearly rolling over the edge upon fragments of rock sticking up in the most unmerciful and pointed manner. My horse was adjusted to all appearance, and I mounted again; but we had proceeded many yards farther, when I saw my companion immediately swerve to one side. Down he came on his back, with his head striking over the edge of the road. I thought him seriously injured, and dismounted. For a time the wind was knocked out of him, and he could hardly speak. Fortunately he was only shaken, and no serious thing came of it. Spero, too, who was at the end of the procession, performed a reversion, and was sprawling on the ground, but sustained no injury. Under these circumstances we thought it high time to dismount, or at least to get on our knees to some of us might be the pleasing consequence. After a moment's deliberation and uttered maledictions, and a message conveyed to the attendants through Spero that a revolver might be resorted to in case the same trick was played again, we toiled up the steep on foot, gaining the top of the cliff in about an hour and a half. The grey morning twilight began to come up from the eastward, and to lighten the gloom of the pine-woods through which we were next to travel, else I know not how we should have got safely through the otherwise Cimmerian blackness, for, even in the twilight, we could only *feel* the horses going down most perpendicular, and rising again in like manner. A fit place and time for the dragon Python to be abroad in, ere the arrows of ascending mischance sent him skulking to his den! Had we known the perils of the place as daylight revealed them to us on our return, we should have thought twice before we ventured to encounter them in the dark.

In an hour and a half of this up and down work brought us to a plain of rich soil, then covered with corn-stubble, and, in the rainy season, lying mostly under water. This plain is about four or five miles across, and at its farther extremity, under Parnassus, is a cluster of then unoccupied huts, called *Kalyvia* (*καλύβια*). These are inhabited during sowing and reaping time by the cultivators of the plain, but abandoned in autumn and winter. A cold keen wind from the north almost pierced us through as we rode across, and by the time we reached the huts, about five o'clock, most benumbed, the first streaks of dawn had tinged the summits of the Parnassian hills, but had not yet illuminated the peaks of Parnassus. We dismounted our ponies at these huts, and the basket of provisions, leaving orders for breakfast to be prepared for us against our return, and proceeded on our way, Spero and a mountain guide whom we had brought with us from Delphi accompanying us. Our road again lay through pine-woods; it was not excessively steep or toilsome, and in about an hour and a half, or thereabouts, about seven A.M., we had arrived above the line of the pines at the foot of the highest elevation. Right before us now, northward, stood the bare cone of the loftiest peak, pathless and steep like a wall. We had now attained a plateau, like the bottom of a huge crater, the sides of which were formed by a circuit of jaggy irregular peaks rising round us, the peaks to the south being of much less elevation and much easier of access. Our guide from Delphi (to avoid, no doubt, if

possible, the trouble of ascending the principal elevation) took us to one of these southern heights. The first rays of dawn had just reached them as we arrived, but as yet

Parnassus' peaks untrodden
Had not caught for mortal eyes
The gleam of glad sunrise,*

as Euripides describes it. Standing even on this lesser elevation, we had a magnificent view of the whole of the Gulf of Corinth, lying beneath us like a long lake, with the billowy mountains of the Morea touched into rosy life by the magic fingers of the dawn; while, south-east of us, old Homer's Helicon rose up and took the morning. Our view to the westward was somewhat intercepted by a long bank of cloud which lay over the summits of some intervening hills. But the highest height of all still towered above us northward, and must at any rate be attempted, even though the mists of morning had gathered round his head. One of our party was "done up" already, and he and Spero remained behind, while the rest of us, accompanied by the unwilling and useless Delphian, went down into and crossed the crater-like hollow, and commenced the ascent. In our Latin-versifying schoolboy days we found the mental "*Gradus ad Parnassum*" hard and formidable enough, and I am afraid we made but sorry versifiers after all, but this mental ascent to the Mount of the Muses was not a whit more difficult than the actual thew and sinew *gradus* up the rocky steep of the veritable mountain itself. There was not the slightest trace of a pathway, and we had to pick our road as best we could among loose stones and sharp rocks, the lazy guide remaining behind instead of leading the way, one of the youngest of our company ahead, and myself close at his heels. One of the rearward party was in evil case, the upper leathers of his boots having parted from the soles, and it showed a large amount of pluck and endurance in him to proceed at all. After a hard climb of nearly three hours we gained what, as we were going up, appeared to be the crowning ridge, but we were wofully disappointed to find that we had then almost as far to go as we had already ascended. It was now about eleven o'clock—we had had no breakfast, a long ride to Delphi was before us, and Scala Salona had to be reached that night before dark; so there was no help for it but to make our way down again as fast as we could, reluctant though we were.

And a fearfully toilsome and painful descent it was, parched as we were by thirst, and almost fainting for lack of food. At every step we slipped among the loose stones, our knees trembled beneath us, one or two of us rolled over and over for very weakness, and we arrived at the foot perfectly exhausted, yearning for water to lubricate our tongues, which almost rattled against the roofs of our mouths. As for our ill-shod friend, coming down seemed, alas! literally a *bootless* business, and we began to despair of his ever reaching the bottom again at all. Necessity compelled us to go out of our way, under the conduct of a shepherd, in order to get some

* Παρηγηιάδες δ' ἄβατοι κορυφαί
καταλαμπόμεναι τὴν ἡμερίαν
ἀψίδα βοροαῖσι δέχονται.

EUR., *Ion*, 86.

water for our parched lips, and, greatly refreshed by this, dirty as it was, and by some Parnassian whey, we began to make our descent through the pine-woods down to the huts, which we reached in a state of semi-exhaustion about two in the afternoon. There, however, we found refreshment awaiting us, our strength was soon recruited, and we were ready to remount our horses and pursue the route to Delphi. If we had had a proper and active guide to show us the way and encourage us by his own example, instead of wasting our time and energy (of which we had none to spare) by taking us to the south elevation; and, especially, if we had taken our basket of provisions higher up, instead of leaving it at the huts, and thus gained stamina for the final climb, we should have accomplished our object, and gained the very highest ridge of Apollo's Mount. It was some mitigation of our disappointment—but the old fox and grapes consolation after all—to see the top hidden in clouds, which would have obstructed our view northwards over Thessaly and the glistening snow-peaks of Olympus, even had we been successful in attaining it. A lazy guide and lack of breakfast were our causes of failure. We should advise those who in future make the attempt within the same limits of time as ourselves to sleep at the huts, to be at the foot of the cone before sunrise, there to breakfast, and then, with a fair amount of exertion, they will attain the summit of their desires.

Our ponies carried us well across the plain, and we were soon in the rugged, tortuous, steep, up-and-down paths of the pine-woods which we had traversed in the starlight and glimmering dawn, and we were able to see how much we were indebted for the safety of our necks to our sure-footed nags. Just before getting to the top of the Phædriades we dismounted, and walked down the serpentine path of rugged rock in which we had had our fall the night before, fully convinced of the wisdom of trusting to our legs in the ascent, though not of the way the attendants took of impressing on us the advisability thereof. What a view we had, from one of the twin peaks, of the stupendous amphitheatre of rocks narrowing down and down till it seemed like the opening of a gigantic shaft reaching to the very centre of the earth, with the village of Delphi immediately beneath us in the vortex! After we had arrived at the bottom of the cliffs, at the extreme west of the village, we could clearly see the stadium oblong-shaped, with its semi-circular *meta*, and, a little below it, the substructions of an odeum or theatre. At half-past four we got back to our Delphian hospice, where we relieved ourselves of a little of the dust of travel, and had some soup and grapes by way of refreshment. Wishing to vary our route back to Salona, and to return by way of the valley of the Pleistus, we followed a foot-road very steep and twisting, and full of loose stones, which were anything but agreeable to the tender feet of some of us. This road led down into the valley from near the Castalian spring. On our right we could see, projecting from an olive-covered knoll, the foundations of a large building, probably those of the Gymnasium. When we reached the valley, our ponies were waiting for us; we quickly mounted, and what a glorious ride we had along a beautifully smooth path, our little nags going along splendidly after all their hard work, knowing their home was not far off, and occasionally necessitating a sort of dive to escape a cut across the face by some low-swinging olive-branch; for our road now lay through a level

plain of olive-woods, between towering perpendicular walls of rock, the gigantic outworks of Parnassus on one side, and Mount Kirphis on the other. The sun was near his setting, right in front of us, behind the hills of Locris, piercing the olive-groves with his shafts of light, and making blush with purple splendour the grand old rocks of his olden shrine. Never shall I forget that ride in the face of that sunset all burning and blazing, edging the voluptuous western fleece with intolerable radiance, while behind us the banks of eastern cloud were changed by the dying Magician's touch to blood-red isles with fiery marge floating in a sapphire sea ;—the ruddy glow down-dropping among the Parnassian pines in purple haze, while the lines of level light kindled into burnished gold the little Pleistus babbling through the groves, between the giant walls of that magnificent gorge ! Oh, is it not thus that Phœbus Apollo should ever bless with his dying glory-smiles that land which gave him birth, and enthroned him among the gods ! By the time we had got under the rock on which once Crissa stood conspicuous, the Locrian hills were piled black and high against the clear orange-tinted west ;—soon died that lesser splendour also, and night came down on us about half an hour's ride from Salona.

At Salona, our lodging for the night was in a sort of general store-house belonging to the owner of the horses, on a wooden loft at the back part of the building. Under this loft was a stable and a henroost ! "Bright chanticleer" is all very well when he confines himself to proclaiming the dawn only, and that from some distant farmstead ; but when you hear his shrill voice at a most ungodly and unearthly hour, before even the faintest streak of light has made the owl blink, and that voice pierces your ears from immediately beneath you through the interstices of your couch of planks, and rouses you from a sound and well-earned sleep, you feel inclined to heap maledictions on him and all his brood, even though, in keenest hunger, you might have dreamt of plumpest pullet that ever smoked on festive board. And add to this the sweet consciousness, which you had, in your half-waking intervals, of being made a "wild field of discovery" by innumerable enterprising Hellenic fleas, which, moreover, seemed inclined to settle in your outer garments as tenants for life—think of this, and of the divine odours steaming up into your nostrils from the stable beneath, and you will have some faint idea of the deep celestial calm of slumber in a Salonian café ! And yet, to do it justice, the loft appeared scrupulously clean, and we lay down in hopes of a little undisturbed rest, after a hard day's work of nineteen hours. Our troubles, however, were soon put an end to, for our steamer arrived between three and four in the morning ; we hastened on board at once, and at noon were safely at Patras, our starting-point.

So ended our pilgrimage. With all its disagreeables and failures we were well satisfied to have had even a glimpse of Apollo's Shrine, of the Muses' Mount, and the Castalian Spring ; and, indeed, we would be rejoiced to undertake again the same delightful journey, with the added experiences of this our first experimental flying visit to the Oracle of the Sun-god.

IDALIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," "STRATHMORE,"* &c.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

IN THE ISLES OF THE SYRENS.

CHAPTER VII.

"MONSIGNORE."

IN one of the fairest nooks of the Bay of Naples stood a palazoletto, luxurious, charming, in the perfection of taste, from the frescoes on its walls within to the delicate harebell-like campanile, that threw its slim shaft aloft, looking towards Amalfi. Fronting the sea, a small oval-shaped pier of white marble ran out into the water, with a broad flight of steps terminating it; above this, the natural growth of the country had hung a self-woven screen of orange and myrtle boughs; a place of embarkation or disembarkation, lonely, secure, and unlooked on by anything save by lofty Anacapri far above, hanging like an eagle's nest among the clouds. In the shadow of the evening a boat stopped there, a man alighted, dismissed the rowers, and went on along the length of the little quay to an arched door of curious cinque-cento work; it was the private entrance of the palazoletto, which, despite the humility of the diminutive it was given, stretched up and around in wing on wing in stately architecture, and numbered ninety chambers.

He was admitted, and entered the house, lighted with a flood of light, crowded with a glittering suite of attendants of all grades, and seemingly endless in its vastness with chamber and corridor, opening out one on another in an almost wearying succession of splendour, relieved from monotony, however, by the exquisite pieces of sculpture and of painting that studded the whole like a second Pitti. Some thirty of these corridors and reception-rooms traversed, they ended in a little chamber, small at least by comparison, hung with purple velvet, its furniture of silver and of ebony, its only painting a superb *Ecce Homo* of Leonardo's, its windows narrow and lancet-shaped, the whole now illumined with a soft amber light;—this was the sanctuary of Monsignore Villafor.

Monsignore rose with affability—he was ever affable—and advanced with courtly grace. Monsignore was a handsome and portly man, with the beautiful Roman eyes and the beautiful Roman oval face, a little losing the symmetry of his figure now, and bald had he removed his velvet skull-cap, but a man *aux bonnes fortunes* still. He wore the violet robes of a Bishop, and on his hand sparkled the Bishop's amethyst ring. Looking at him, it was hard to believe that the race of Prince-Bishops had died out, for he was a very princely person. He was not like St. Philip Neri, he was not like Reginald de la Pole, he was not like Acacius, or François Xavier, or the great martyred man who looked across to England with those sublime words—"Terram Anglicæ video,

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et favente Domino terram intrabo, sciens tamen certissimè quod mihi immineat passio"—and kept his oath, and went. Monsignore was not like any of these; but he was excessively like Cardinal Bembo, he was excessively like Cardinal Mazarin.

Victor Vane bowed before him with the grace of a courtier and the reverence of a son of the Church; with the Paris literati he was a Cartesian; with the Germans a Spinozian; with the English *savans* a Rationalist, a Pantheist, a Monotheist, or a Darwinian; with the Mountain an Atheist, *au plaisir*, as best suited; but with the Monsignori he was always deferential to the Faith. They met as those who have often met for the advancement of mutual aims, but they met also as those who have to play a delicate game with each other, in which the cards must be studiously concealed. Both were perfect diplomatists. The game opened gracefully, courteously, cautiously, with a little trifling on either side; but they approached their respective points in it more quickly, less warily, than usual, for Victor Vane, who before had but played into the hands of Monsignore to betray him, now came to play into his hands with sincerity.

This was not the first by many audiences the brilliant Bishop, the favourite of the Vatican, had given to one who had been until the night before this the deadliest foe of his Church, of his King, of his projects, of his policies; for Monsignore had been duped despite all his finesses, and had believed the gentle and adroit Englishman his tool, while he was, in truth, the tool himself. Monsignore had his silken webs over Italy, and France, and Austria, and Spain; Monsignore had his secret *sbirri* of the ablest; Monsignore knew everything; was the lover of great ladies who played the spy in palaces, never gave a Benedicite without some diplomatic touch, never administered the Viaticum but what the Church was the richer for a legacy, never yet was compromised by a lie, yet never yet was driven to the vulgarity of the truth;—but even Monsignore had been trepanned by Victor Vane. The secret of the defeat was this; Monsignore loved power well, but he loved other things as well; the pleasures of the table, the banquet of pure wines, and the gleam of almond eyes and snowy bosoms. His opponent had loved nothing but power; until now, for the first time, he loved a woman and loved a revenge. Hence, now for the first time, also, he played into Monsignor's hands.

A dusky red tinged the pale clear brown cheek of the Bishop, and in his eyes was the gleam that those who knew him had learned to tremble sorely at when too few were found for the dungeons of the Vicaria, or out of the crowds of Easter-day one face dared look a frank defiance at him while the Silver Trumpets sounded.

"Twenty thousand Garibaldians have not menaced us and braved us as this one woman has done!" he muttered. "All the rebels of Sardinia and Sicily have not the danger in them that Idalia has. The man is bad enough, but she——"

"Conrad can be bought," put in Victor Vane, gently; there was, indeed, an overstrained quietude in his face and in his tone. "Name the price your Grace will give; I will purchase him for you to-morrow."

Monsignore bent his head with a slight smile.

"Promise what you will, I can confide perfectly in your discretion!" he said, with his suave dignity of grace. He reserved to himself the right

to refuse ratification of the promises when the fish should be fairly baited and hooked. "*He* is but a secondary matter—can *she* be bought?"

"No!" Into the calm immutability of her betrayer's voice there glided a half sullen, half bitter, yet withal admiring savageness; he was recalling to memory the imperial disdain with which she had swept from him the night before, the royal indifference with which she had disregarded alike his entreaties and his threats. "What could be offered her that could eclipse what she has? She has wealth—she has dominion—she has a power wider than yours!"

The last words were almost bluntly uttered; for the moment he felt a thrill of triumph in fingering the splendour and the influence of the woman by whom he had been rejected in the teeth of even the purples and the pomps of Eternal Rome.

The dusky red glowed slightly brighter in Monsignor's cheek; a flush of anger; he waved his delicate white hand with an expressive action.

"While they last! But if she had choice between retaining these—under *our* pleasure—and losing them—say in the casemates of the Capuano yonder; what then, my son? She would yield?"

"She would never yield."

He answered calmly, still with that restrained and impassive serenity on him; by the tone, he said as though he had spoken it that no menace, no pang, no death, would make Idalia what he was now—a renegade.

"*Altro!* she is a woman?" said Monsignore, with the mockery of the Roman laugh in the protrusion of his handsome under lip.

"We waste words, Monsignore," said Victor Vane, abruptly. "She is not like other women."

"Contumacious! Then she must feel the arm of the Church." The words were spoken without any ruffle of that silken and unctuous tone in which Monsignore whispered softest trifles in the ear of Austrian and Parisian beauty, but in the lustrous Roman eyes gleamed a glance cold as ice, fierce as lust, dangerous as steel. "My son, tell to us all that you know once more."

"All that I know!" There was an evil smile that flickered across his features one moment, though it passed too instantaneously for it to be even caught by Villafior. "That would take hours. I can give you heads, and bring you proofs as you require them. I know that she arranged the escape of the two Ronaldeschi from the galleys. I know that she has effected the flight of Carradino from his prison; I know that through her twenty thousand muskets will find their way to Poland, and the same into Tuscany, by routes that all your *shirri* will never discover; I know that it was at her salons in Paris that the war of Sicily was first organised; I know that she is the life, the soul, the core, the prophetic of every national movement; I know that she holds the threads of every insurrectionary movement from the Apennines to the Caucasus——"

Monsignore made a slight gesture of impatience; while shading his eyes with the hand on which the episcopal amethyst glittered, he narrowly watched the immutable countenance of Victor Vane.

"We know all these, and much more," he said, with an accent of disappointed irritation. "If we can once secure her person, we have witness enough against her to consign her twenty times over to the *peine*

forte et dure, to the galley, or the cell, for her lifetime. Idalia!—she is Satanas!—you have more to tell than these stories, figlio mio?”

“Or I would not have wearied your Grace to-night,” assented Victor Vane, still with that calm and undeviating air as of one who, having learnt a recitation by heart, mechanically, yet unwaveringly, repeats it out. “Yes, I know more; I know that she is—here.”

“Here!”

Despite the perfect self-command and the trained immovability of the courtly Roman, surprise and exultation for once escaped him, uncontrolled and unconcealed; his eyes lightened, his hand grasped the ivory and ebon elbow of his state chair, his lips moved rapidly.

“Here! She has the daring of a Cæsar!”

And there was in the words an accent of compelled admiration that was, perhaps, from such a foe as this great Priest of Rome, the highest homage that Idalia had ever yet extorted; for it was homage wrung out in unwilling veneration from the hatred and the cunning of an implacable foe.

Victor Vane started, as though stung, and turned his face towards the grand dark canvas of the *Ecce Homo*, away from the fall of the light. When the astute Churchman, who had been his own hated enemy and duped tool so long, and whom he now used as the weapon of his vengeance—when the haughty Catholic, who pursued her with the rancour of his creed, and with the unpardoning bitterness of a mighty and unscrupulous priesthood against those who dare to defy and to disdain it—when, from the unwilling admiration of Giulio Villafior, this tribute was wrung to the lofty and unconquerable courage of the woman whom he had come hither to betray into the unsparing hands of her foes, he—the traitor—felt for one moment sunk into depths of shame—felt for one moment the full depravity and vileness of that abyss into which thwarted ambition and covetous revenge had drawn him.

Yet if he would have repented and retracted, he could not; and would not have done so if he could. The word was spoken; he had delivered her over into the power of her adversaries, had delivered over her beautiful neck to the brand, her proud head to the cord, her wealth to the coffers of the Bourbon, her loveliness to the mercy of Rome, her life to the hell of the Dungeon. It was done; and still as he turned to the dark shadow of the Leonardo with that loathing of the light which murderers feel when every ray that touches them seems to them as though seeking out their crime, he would not have undone it if he could. For he had loved her, and now hated her with a great insatiate hate; so near these passions lie together.

“Here!” echoed the Roman once more, while his large eyes lighted with the fire of the tiger, though that fire was subdued under the droop of his velvet lashes. “In Naples! and I not to know it?”

In that single sentence was told a terrible reckoning that waited for those of his people—of his spies—who had been thus treacherous, or for the carelessness which had withheld from him the near presence of the woman whom he had watched, waited, plotted, bribed, schemed to entrap with all the intricacies and resources of his astute intellect and far-spread meshes, for so long.

“In Capri—and without disguise,” answered Victor Vane, turning his head from a seemingly negligent glance at the Leonardo; his eyes were

quite clear, his countenance quite frank his smile gentle and delicately satirical as usual. He was now allured to his part again, and the evil in him gaining the sole mastery upon him, made him take a Borgian pleasure in thus preparing drop on drop, with the precision and the genius of science, the poison that was to consume and wither the brilliant life of the woman he had vainly loved. "Remember! first, she is unaware that you know all your Grace could alone have known through me—she is unaware that there are any proofs against her in the possession of the Neapolitan Court; secondly, she is one to whom the meaning of fear and submission is unknown; she claims the Greek blood of Artemesia—she has Artemesian daring; thirdly, she has so attached the Marinari to her, that, good subjects and brainless beasts though these Capriotes be, she could scarce be touched on their shore with impunity; fourthly and chiefly, so many swords would leap out of their scabbards for Idalia, despite the many dead men who have, dying, cursed her, so world-wide and so well known is the dominion of her beauty, that I believe she thinks that none of the European governments dare touch her. She relies on this: that Sicily is in revolt, Naples in ferment; one public act, such as these poor, blind, contumacious mules call tyranny, done to a woman whose loveliness could excite the populace, and whose genius could command it like Idalia's, and the crisis which is, as even you confess, often so near, might come, despite you and the Palace, with a thunder you could not still by the thunder of the Vatican, Holy Father."

There was a bitter irony hidden under the gentle courtliness of the words, and of the apologetic softness of the smile with which they were uttered. He had been a foe and a traitor to Giulio Villafior so long, that he could not at once abandon the refined pleasure of thrusting silken taunts against that silken Churchman. The words lashed the passions of the Roman as was purposed; that dusky scarlet glow came again into his cheek, his nostrils dilated, his fine lips quivered haughtily; for the instant he lost the unctuousness of the Palace Priest, and had the grand arrogance of a Wolsey, a Richelieu, or a Granvella.

He moved as though to rise from his ivory chair—as though to go into the van of combat for the Church and for the Nobles, like the warrior-bishops of the past.

"Do you think I fear the people!—a beast that crouches to the whip, and kicks the fallen, that cringes when its paunch is empty, and bullies when it is bold with a full feed! I fear the people! By the Mother of God, I would teach them such obedience that they should never breathe, but by my will!"

For the moment there flashed out the old spirit of the Colonna and the Este in the unusual outbreak of proud passion; arrogant, cruel, and iron though the words were, Giulio Villafior, as he spoke them, was a grander and a better man, because a truer and a bolder, than in the velvet sweetness, the courtly maskings of his palatial sanctities, of his episcopal voluptuousness, of his blending of courtier, statesman, saint, and *roué*. He who heard, smiled that delicate *fin sourire* that meant a malice and an irony so infinite, yet never betrayed this unless it were desired to be betrayed.

"Then," he asked, softly, "you would dare arrest her in Capri?"

The blue-black eyes of Monsignore flashed upon him.

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"*Dare* is not a word to use to Rome!"

It was the haughty defiance and self-deification of the Pontifical Power roused, as it had roused of old against Emperors and Kings, rebels in the Cloisters and rebels in the Courts, against the sceptre of Barbarossa as against the science of Abélard, which refused to see that this day is not as that, which refused to see that the dawn shone because its fiat had gone forth for darkness to endure.

Victor bowed with his graceful reverence.

"Your Grace cannot think that I used the word save as suggestive of what is expedient. Your object is to make the Countess Vassalis a political prisoner. Is it advisable to allow her the halo of political martyrdom? Do you wish to give the enemies of the Church and King the power to compare you to a second Cyril, and her to a second Hypatia?"

Giulio Villafior smiled a very expressive, a very devilish smile, mellow though it was.

"No. I have no desire to deify another Greek courtesan."

Was the word as foul slander to the living Athenian as it was to the dead Alexandrian?

His smile was answered in his listener's eyes; in that instant Victor almost forgave him the animosities of lengthened years, in that instant almost loved him and admired him; their natures were so kindred, they could stab so well with the same weapon.

"Precisely," he said, with that persuasive tact which, save once, under the contempt of *Idalia*, had deserted him. "Then pardon me, Monsignore; but will it not be well to conduct this matter with as little publicity as may be? Where there is danger for her there will she remain; I know what she is. She has all the finesse of a Greek, but she has none of a Greek's cowardice. Moreover, it is to secure Viana that she is here (we will come to his affair afterwards); he is all but gained to her, and he is rash and reckless to foolhardiness. At his villa of Antina, in the interior, there is, the day after to-morrow, a reunion of 'Young Italy,' and, under cover of a masquerade, its political purpose has been yet strictly secret. Had even you not known of it through me, you would never have heard of it in any other light than as one of Paul Viana's splendid eccentricities and extravagant entertainments. There is a password which, also, but through me, your Grace's choicest experts would not have been able to surprise. Ah, Monsignore, there is mine under mine; government spies are too often content to believe that when they have explored the top-most one they know all! There, at Antina, will be the Countess Vassalis, and not she alone: Caffradali, Aldino, Villari, Laldeschi, all the Neapolitans who are written in your *Livre Rouge* will meet. You may strike a great stroke at one blow; by day-dawn Viana and his glittering maskers may fill the Castal Capuano, if you will. Ask for what proofs against them you choose, you can have sufficient to justify the galleys for life against one and all of them, out of their own words shall you convict them, and, once yours, how shall this lawless Empress, this queenly Democrat, this patrician, with the *Marseillaise* on her lips, and the pride of all the Empires in her heart, ever escape again to mine your thrones with her arts, to sap your creeds with her ironies, to arm your enemies with her riches, to overthrow your policies with her genius, to dare, to mock, to scheme, to revolutionise, to rule—to be, in one word, *Idalia*?"

Where will her power be when the same fetters as Poerio's hang on her wrists, where her loveliness when day and night the skies alone look on it from a chink in a dungeon wall, where her triumphs and her victories when the felon's branding-iron eats its hot road into her breast? She will be dead—as dead as in her grave.”

The persuasive eloquence with which nature had endowed him left his tongue with a silken stealing sound, like the gliding movement of some serpentine thing, made more ornate in its eloquence by the richness of the Italian words he used. But there was beneath it the hiss of hatred, the ravenous thirst of desired vengeance, the lust that painted to itself her doom in the Vicaria, and gloated on its own pictures with a hellish pleasure.

Giulio Villafior caught that accent, and thought, with his acute trained wisdom :

“He has loved her—he will be true to us, then. There is no hate so sure-footed and so relentless as *that* hate.”

“Figlio mio,” he said, with his mellowest smile, resting his glance so cruel yet so caressing on the man who henceforward would be no longer his master, but his instrument, once having let him glean his secret, “you should have been in our Church; you have an orator's powers. How many souls you would have won!”

Victor laughed his slight moqueur laugh, which had a more cruel and deadly meaning in it now than it had had of old.

“Pardon me, your Eminence! it is more amusing work, more *selon moi* at least—to lose them.”

Monsignore smiled a gentle reproof.

“Your Eminence! You give me too high a title, my son.”

The Englishman bowed with his graceful courtesy.

“Forgive me a mistake the world will soon ratify! I only anticipate the future by a month or two.”

Giulio Villafior was flattered; courted though he was, he was not above the bait to his vanity and his ambition. The Cardinal's hat was the goal of his daring yet wary desires, and in his own mind he foresaw himself soon or late a second Leo X.; Pontifex Maximus in all the ancient power of the Papal tiara.

He let his eyes rest for a long moment on those of his companion; they were the deep, soft, full Roman eyes, like the brown, gentle, luminous eyes of the oxen of the Apennines; they could be tender in love as those of Venus Pandemos, they could be spiritual in religion as those of Leonardo's John; but also, they could be impenetrable as those of Talleyrand, they could be piercing in meaning and in discovery as those of Aquaviva, when, instead of the smile of the lover, or the benignity of the priest, he wore the mask of the diplomatist and politician.

“We understand each other, figlio mio?” he said, gently, while the violet gem of the episcopal ring glittered like the glance of a basilisk.

“We do,” answered his guest as quietly.

They understood each other: and thus silently, while the aromatic light shone on the Vinci Passion, and without the melody of the Neapolitan waters beat sweet measure against the swaying orange-boughs, the seal was set to the unholy barter that betrayed a woman, and played the Iscariot to Liberty.

CHAPTER VIII.

"A TEMPLE NOT MADE WITH HANDS."

THE day on which Conrad Phaulcon left her was just in the mellow heat of noon, yet not oppressive where the great overhanging rocks with drooping masses of entwined foliage shut out the sun ; and where in the privacy of her villa gardens Idalia came, leaving her persecutor to his half triumphant and half mortified solitude.

Alone, she sank down on the stone bench that overlooked the sea, while the hound Sulla was crouched at her feet ; alone, a profound weariness and dejection broke down the pride which had never drooped before her foe, while a passionate hatred quivered over the fairness of her face.

"Oh God!" she said, half aloud in the unconscious utterance of her thoughts, "and I once believed in that man as simple women believe in their religion! Fool—fool—fool! And yet I was so young then ; how could I know what I worked for myself?—how could I know what depths of vileness were in him?"

The dog before her, lying like a lion at rest, with his muzzle down, lifted his head with a loud bay of wrath, and a snarling growl of menace and defiance : he heard the footsteps of Count Conrad passing downward on the other side of the villa towards the beach, and he hated him with all a hound's unforgiving intensity ; once Phaulcon had been so incautious, in a fit of passion, as to strike the stately Servian monarch, and, but for Idalia, would have been torn in pieces for the indignity. Sulla had never pardoned it.

His mistress laid her hand upon his neck, and her teeth set slightly, while her splendid head was lifted with a haughty action that followed the colour of her thoughts.

"Let him be, Sulla. The man who is *false* is beneath rebuke or revenge!"

And to those who should have known her rightly that proud contempt would have been more than any vengeance she could have given. She sat there many moments—moments that rolled on till they grew more than hours ; her eyes watching the boats that passed and repassed below in the Capriote waters, her thoughts far from the scene around her. Her life had been changeful, varied, spent in many countries, and conversant with many things ; its memories were as numerous as the sands, but what was written on them was not to be effaced as it could be effaced on the shore. The reverse of Eugénie de Guérin, who was "always hoping to live, and never lived," she had *lived* only too much, only too vividly. She had had pleasure in it, power in it, triumph in it ; but now the perfume and the effervescence of the wine were much evaporated, and there was bitterness in the cup, and a canker in the roses that had crowned its brim. For—she was not free.

Like the Palmyran queen she felt the fetters underneath the purples, and the jewelled links of gold she wore were symbols of captivity ; moreover, conscience had wakened in her, and would not sleep.

She rose at last ; she knew many would visit her during the day, and she was, besides, no lover of idle dreams or futile regrets ; brilliant as *Aspasia*, and classically cultured as *Héloïse*, she was not a woman to let her hours

drift on in inaction or in fruitless reverie ; no days were long for her even now that she rebelled against the tenor and the purpose of her life.

With the hound beside her she left the cliff, and moved slowly, for the heat was at its height, backward towards her house ; a step rapidly crushed the cyclomen flowers, the leaves were swept quickly aside, and in her path stood Erceldoune. The meeting was sudden to both ; the thick screen of myrtle and ivy had barred her from his sight, as, having bathed in the bay and breakfasted in a contadina's cabin, he came now towards the grounds of the Villa Sorella. It was impossible that either could for the moment have any memory save that of the words with which they had so lately parted ; over the bronze of his face the blood flushed hotly, from the fairness of hers it faded ; she paused, and for the moment her worldly grace forsook her, she stood silent while he bowed before her.

"Madame, I had your promise that you would receive me ; not, I hope, in vain ?"

The words were slight, were ceremonious, she had forbidden him all others ; but in his voice were the passionate longing, the feverish entreaty, the idolatrous slavery to her, which, repressed in speech, were so intense in his own heart. She gave him a smile, mournful in all its sweetness.

"I do not break my promises," she said, gently ; "and—and you will not do so either. Are you staying in Capri, that you are here so early ?"

His eyes looked into hers with a mute, imploring suffering that touched her more deeply than any words could have done.

"While I have strength to keep my word, I will ; I cannot say my strength will endure long—you put it to a hard test. How hard, God only knows !"

She stood silent a moment ; then she moved on with a negligent dignity.

"I put it to no test, Sir Fulke. I but told you the terms on which our—friendship—can continue. I told you, too, that it were better ended at once ; I say so now."

There was far more of melancholy than of coldness in the answer, chill though it might be ; one long step brought him to her side as she passed onward, and his voice was low in her ear.

"We said enough of that last night ! Leave you I *cannot*, if my whole life pay the penalty. I will keep my word while I may ; till I break it, I claim yours. Make my misery if you must, but let me cheat myself out of it one little hour more."

She turned her head slightly ; and he saw that un pitying though her words were, her eyes were humid with unshed heavy tears.

"If I could spare you any pain, I would !—believe me, believe that at least," she said, with an intonation that was almost passionate, almost appealing ; she could not have this man, whose life she had rescued from the grave, and over whose senseless agony she had watched in the Carpathian solitudes, think that she could wanton with his wretchedness, or be careless of his sorrow.

"Then—do what else you will with my life, but do not bid me leave you ?"

She was silent, and she shook her head with a gesture of dissent ; she knew that he prepared himself but added pain, but more enduring suffering, the longer he deceived himself with the thought or the simula-

tion of happiness. Yet—what he wished had its temptation for her too; and she asked herself, bitterly, why was she bound to send him from her as though she were plague-stricken?—why, since it was his will to linger in her presence, she should be compelled to drive him out of it?

Her honour, her pity, her conscience, her reason said—why delude him with a passing and treacherous hour of hope? Her heart pleaded for him—perhaps pleaded for herself;—her mood changed swiftly, though her character never; a natural *laissez-faire* was combined in her with the dignity and depth of her nature. She was at all times too epicurean not to let life take its course, and heed but little of the morrow.

She gave a half-impatient, half-weary sigh.

“Well! be it so, if you will; for to-day, at the least,” she said, with the accent of one who throws thought away, and resigns the reins to Chance. “You stay in Capri? Have you breakfasted?”

The question might have betrayed that she had seen him where he slept, within watch of her roof; but Erceldoune had not the subtle inquisitor finesse of perception which seizes a hidden clue and follows it; his mind was too broad, free, and athletic. He answered her simply:

“I thank you, yes. I had breakfast in a fishing-hut on the beach yonder.”

In truth, while he spoke the ordinary words of intercourse, his thoughts were on fire, his heart was beating, his mind was dizzy, with the anguish of doubt that was on him, and the sweetness of the present moment that left him, unrebuked, at her side.

“That must have been but a poor meal,” she said, smiling, and the smile made him giddy. Aware that he loved her, could she trifle with him thus if she had no love for him? “I know what Capriote fare is, some smoked tunny and some dried onions! I can give you a little better than that; come within.”

He obeyed her, and forgot all else in the charm of that sweet present hour. She was his *châtelaine*, and she gave him welcome with all a *châtelaine*’s patrician grace. Sitting at her table, breakfasting alone with her, taking his chocolate from her own hand, seeing her so near to him, as the light fell in through the vines round the casement on to the dark azure of her silks where they swept the floor, it was impossible to him to realise that he could never have share in her life;—it was impossible that he should believe himself banned from her for ever.

She had repulsed his love; she would have done so again had it been uttered; she had told herself that this man’s gallant life must not be cheated into union with hers, this fearless heart must not be broken beneath her foot; though she should have spared no other she vowed to spare him, over whose perils she had watched while her hand held the living water to his dying lips. In what she now did, therefore, she erred greatly; but it was very hard for her not to err. She was used to reign, and was accustomed to follow her own pleasure, answering to none; she had known the world till she was satiated with it; she was in this moment utterly weary of her associates, weary almost of herself. There was a certain sweetness of repose, a certain lulling peace, in the chivalrous and ennobling adoration she received from Erceldoune. She knew him to be a gallant gentleman, frank to a fault, loyal to rashness, with brave lion’s blood in his veins and a noble knightly faith in his love; beyond all cowardice of suspicion, and true unto death to his word. It was as

strange to her, as sweet to her, to find such a nature as this, as to a man, satiated with the Lalages and Faustinas of life, would be the pure and lofty grace of an Hypatia. It was stranger and sweeter to Idalia than any can know who have not also known life as she knew it—it was like a sweep of free, fresh, sea-scented Apennine air, stirred by the bold west wind, after the heat, the press, the bon-mots, the equivoques, and the gas-glitter of a Florentine Vegliione.

It was the character to which by nature hers was responsive and akin; but it was one that she had never met. It is difficult for any who survey mankind deeply and widely, to retain their belief in the existence of an honest man; but if they meet one, they value him far more than they who affect to imagine honesty as natural amongst men as beards.

The hock, the chocolate, the fish, the fruit, were scarce tasted as he took them that morning; he knew nothing but the shaded repose of the quiet chamber, the dream-like enchantment of the hour, the beautiful form before him there, where, through the green tracery of the climbing vine, the golden Capriote sun fell across her brow and at her feet. He was almost silent; his great love had as great a humility; and while the passion in him could have flung him at her feet, and crushed her in an embrace fierce and forced as Bothwell's, the chivalrous homage he bore her made it seem to him hopeless that his hand could ever have title even to wander among the richness of her hair.

To have right to win her lips to close on his, it seemed to him that a man should have done such great and glorious things as should have made his life

A tale of high and passionate thoughts
To their own music chanted.

Yet there were those who would have told him that to honour the declaration of his love by the offer of his name to the Countess Idalia would be a needless and quixotic courtesy!

The full heat of the noon was just passed, the bells of afternoon vespers were sounding from a little campanile that rose above a jumbled mass of rock and foliage, grey jutting wall, and pale green olive woods; through a break in the foliage the precipitous road was just seen, and a group of weather-browned peasant women with the silver *spadella* in their hair, going upward to the chapel of S. Maria del Mare. Idalia rose and followed them with her eyes; in an unformed wish, born of weary impatience, she almost envied them their mule-like round of life, their simple, dogged, childish faith, their nurtured indifference alike to pleasure and to pain.

"That animal life is to be envied perhaps," she said, rather to herself than to him. "Their pride is centred in a silver hair-pin; their conscience is committed to a priest; their credulity is contented with tradition; their days are all the same from the rising of one sun to another; they do not love, they do not hate; they are like the ass that they drive, follow one patient routine, and only take care for their food;—perhaps they are to be envied!"

He looked at her, and his eyes were filled with a yearning gentleness of pity; he saw she was not happy.

"No, never! You would be the last to say so. You would not lose

Those thoughts that wander through eternity,

to gain in exchange the brute tranquillity and ignorance of the peasant or the dullard. Do not so belie yourself!"

She turned her face to him, with its most beautiful smile on her lips and in her eyes.

"No, I would not; you are right. Better to know the secrets of the gods, even though with pain Prometheus-like, than to lead the dull, brute life, though painless, Caliban-like. It is only in our dark hours that we would sell our souls for a dull, dreamless ease!"

"Dark hours! *You* should not know them!" He stooped towards her unconsciously, and his voice sank very low. "Ah, if you would but trust me with some confidence, if there were but some way in which I could serve you, defend you——"

Her eyes met his with a look of gratitude, even while she gave him a gentle gesture of silence; she thought how little could the bold, straight stroke of this man's frank chivalry cut through the innumerable and intricate chains that entangled her own life. The knightly Excalibur could do nothing to sever the filmy but insoluble meshes of secret intrigues.

"It is Sunday; I had forgotten it!" she said, to turn his words from herself, while the bell of the campanile still swung through the air. "I am a pagan, you see—I do not fancy that you care much for creeds yourself?"

"Creeds? I wish there were no such word. It has only been a rallying-cry for war; an excuse for the bigot to burn his neighbour!"

"No! long ago, under the Andes, Nezahualcoytl held the same faith that Socrates had vainly taught in the Agora; and Zengis Khan knew the truth of theism like Plato; yet the world has never generally learnt it! It is the religion of nature—of reason. But the faith is too simple and too sublime for the multitude. The mass of minds needs a religion of mythics, legend, symbolism, and fear. What is impalpable escapes it; and it must give an outward and visible shape to its belief, as it gives in its art a human form to its deity. Come, since we agree in our creed, I will take you to my temple—a temple not made by hands!"

She smiled on him as she spoke, and a dizzy sweetness filled his life; he did not ask if she had forgotten her words of the past night, he did not ask whether in this lull of dreamy joy and passionate hope there might be but a keener deadliness of disappointment. He was with her; that sufficed. She went with him out into the brightness of the day, down the rocky paths, under shining walls of glossy ilex-leaves and drooping orange clusters of scented blossom. In the fair wild beauty of Capri, the tranquillity unbroken except by the lapping of the waves far down below and the distant echo of some Capriote sea-song, the golden sunlight that flooded land and water, the shadows sleeping lazily here and there where the lemon and citron-boughs were netted into closest luxuriance, all the world seemed formed for love alone.

Since she had bidden his passion die in silence, why did she let him linger here?

He did not ask; he only gave himself to the magic of the present hour, to the sound of her voice as it thrilled in his ear, to the touch of her hair as he lifted from it some low hanging orange bough, to the presence of her loveliness.

The cool sea lay a serene world of waters scarcely ruffled by a breeze,

and glancing with all the marvellous brilliance of colouring that northern air never can know. The boat waited in a creek, floating there under so dark a shadow from the drooping boughs of lemon and acacia, that it was almost in twilight; a few strokes of the oars, and it swept out of the brown ripples flinging up their surf against the rocks, into the deep blue of the sunlit bay; below, above, around on every side, *colour* in all its glory, all its variety, all its exquisite harmony and contrast melting into one paradise in the warmth of the summer day.

"Who does not love the sea? It is incarnate freedom!" said Idalia, as she leant slightly over the boat, filling her hand with the water, till its drops sparkled like the sapphires in her rings; there was a certain passionate aching tone in her words that sent a pang to his heart; it was the envy of freedom. Was she not, then, free?

"That is the charm my own moors have, the sense of liberty they give. Barren though they be, if you were to see them——"

His voice was unsteady over the last sentence; he thought of the dead glories of his race, of the squandered wealth and the fallen power that once would have been his by right; his to lay at her feet, his to make his fortunes equal with his name.

Her eyes dwelt on him with a singular musing sadness, while her hand slowly toyed with the water through which they glided.

"You love liberty?" she said, suddenly, almost abruptly, save that all in her was too exquisitely harmonised, too full of languor and repose ever to become abrupt. "Tell me, would you not think *any* sin justified to obtain it?"

"Justified?"

"Yes, justified!" she said, impatiently, while her eyes flashed on him under their drooped lids. "What! do you know the world so well, and yet do not know there have been crimes before now glorious as the morning, and virtues base as the selfish greed they sprang from? What was Corday's crime—what was Calvin's virtue? Answer me. Would you think it justified or not?"

A flush rose over his face, his heart beat thickly; he thought, he felt, that it was of her own liberty she spoke.

"Do not ask me!" he said, hurriedly, passionately. "You would make me a sophist in *your* cause. Evil is *never* justified, though done that good may come; but to serve you, to succour you, I fear that I should fear no sin, nor turn from any!"

The words were almost wild, but they were terribly true. Though perhaps the less likely thus to fall because he knew his own weakness, he felt that the inflexible justice, the gallant honour, the unerring frankness and loyalty to knightly creeds, which were so ingrained in him that they were scarce so much principle as instinct, might reel, and break, and be forgotten if once this woman whispered:

"Sin—and sin for me!"

He thought he could deny her nothing—not even his sole heritage of Honour, if she could bend to woo it from him. A look of pain passed for one moment over her face; she thought of him as he had lain in his extremity, while her hand had swept back the dark luxuriance of his hair, and his eyes had looked upward into hers without sense or sight. Was it possible that she had saved him then only to deal him worse hereafter?

She shook the sea-drops from her hand with a certain imperious, impatient movement, and, with the haughty negligence of her occasional manner, leant farther backward in the boat.

"I asked you an impersonal question—no more; and if you cannot frame a sophism contentedly, you are terribly behind your age. We have rhetoric that proves fratricide only a *droit d'attnesse*, and logic that demonstrates a lie the natural right of man!"

He answered her nothing; she saw a look come on his face mortified, wounded, incredulous. There was something in her words, and in the accent of their utterance, that seemed to chill him to the bone, and freeze his very heart. The stately simplicity of his own character could not follow the manifold phases of hers. Moreover, he had spoken in the fervour of passion; she had answered him with what, if it were not half scorn, half cruelty, trenched close on both.

A certain pitying, lustrous light glowed in her eyes as they read this, the languid and ironic smile passed from her lips, she sighed slightly, though it was half with a laugh that she spoke:

"Caro es, non Angelus.

Do you not remember the line in the 'Imitatione?' Be sure that you may say it to any human life you meet; above all, to a woman's! There is no angel amongst us; some faint rays of purer light here and there; that is the uttermost, and that so often darkened! I will give you the surest guard against the calamity of disappointment. Learn to say, and realise, of all you fancy fairest or noblest, this only—'*Caro es.*'"

He looked at her wistfully still, while he felt the blood burn over his temples at that meeting of her glance with his: the dauntless temper of the man had too much directness, too much singleness, to be able to divine the veiled meanings of her varying words, the seductive changes of her altered tones: he only knew that he loved her as he had loved no other woman.

"Caro es?" he repeated. "Well!—might I not also be answered with its companion-line, '*Homo es, non es Deus?*' I am no sophist; you have reproached me with it. Sophism is to me the shameful refuge of cowards who dare not own themselves criminals; but—but—even while I condemned what I loved, my love would not change; though she erred, I would not forsake her. '*Caro es?*' What knell to love is there there? It is but to admit a common bond of weakness and mortality."

His voice was low and unsteady as he spoke, but it had a great sweetness in it; the love he was forbidden to declare for her he uttered to her in them—a dangerous and treacherous indulgence there, at her side, with the perfumed folds of her dress sweeping his feet, and her lips so near him that he could see each breath that parted them, while the boat glided through the Syren's Sea.

She stooped and leant her hand over the side again, toying with the coolness of the water: his words had touched her keenly, and their loyalty sank deep into her heart. She shook her head with a slight smile—a smile of great sadness, of great compassion.

"You will be still in error! While you say the '*Caro es,*' in *your* meaning, you will still expect more divinity than you will ever find on earth. It is, not that we are not angels—that only idiots dream—it is that we are——"

"What?"

"Worse than the worst of men too often!" she said, with a certain impulse of passion, which, almost in the same breath, softened and faded, as a musing gentleness succeeded it, both in her eyes and in her voice: "Hush! we will talk no more. We shall soon be near my cathedral."

She leant back in silence, while the vessel swept with a free, bird-like motion through the water, the boat-song of the Capriote rowers rising and falling with the even beat of their sculls, while behind them they left the rock of Capri, orange-crowned in the sunlight, with the soft grey hue of the olives melting down into the many-coloured sea.

A low and darkling arch fronted them—the porch of the temple,—where the broad bay lay coolest and darkest, and the waters deepened into deeper blue. They bowed their heads; the boat shot down into the gloom, passing under the narrow passage-way, close and contracted as a cell; then out of its darkness the skiff glided, without sound, into the silent and azure vault of the cathedral to which she brought him.

It was the Grotto Azzuro.

The dark-blue sea lay calm as a lake beneath, the blue and misty light poured in its strange and solemn brilliance through the silence, the Gothic aisles of rock rose arch upon arch in marvellous and awful beauty; there was no echo but of the melody of the waves chanting ever their own eternal hymn in a temple not built of men. It was beautiful, terrible, divine in its majesty, awful in its serenity, appalling yet godlike in its calm; while through the stillness swept the ebb and flow of the sea, and all the sunless shadow was steeped in that deep, ethereal, unearthlike azure mist which has no likeness in all the wide width of the world. The boat rested there, alone; and high above the arched rocks rose, closing in on every side, like the Gothic roof of a twilight chancel, lost in vague and limitless immensity; while through the calm there echoed only one grand and mournful Kyrie Eleison,—chanted by the choir of waves. Perfect stillness,—perfect peace,—filled only with that low and murmuring voice of many waters; a beauty not of land, not of sea, sublime and spiritual as that marvellous and azure light that seemed to still and change all hue, all pulse of life itself; a sepulchre and yet a paradise; where the world was dead, but the spirit of God moved on the waters.

Passion was stilled here; love was silenced; the chastened solemnity, the purity of its mysterious divinity, had no affinity with the fevered dreams and sensuous sweetness of mortal desires. The warm poetic voluptuous light and colour of the land that they had left were the associates of passion; here it was hushed, and cast back in mute and nameless pain on its own knowledge of its own mortality; here there were rather felt "the pain of finite hearts that yearn" for things dreamt of and never found, the vagueness of far-reaching futile Promethean thirst, the impulse which clings to the belief that

The soul which rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting, and cometh from afar.

Yet it was on her that his eyes dwelt, through her that he felt this; for it was through love that the poetic instinct had awakened in his heart, and a whole world unclosed before him, of which ere then he had never dreamed.

The boat paused in the midst of the still, violet, lake-like water, and,

where he lay at her feet, he looked upward to her through the ethereal light that floated round them, and seemed to sever them from earth.

"I would die now, rather than live to wake from this!"

The words broke unconsciously from him rather in the instinct of the moment than in conscious utterance. Her eyes met his, in them that dreamy and beautiful light that seemed to float in unshed tears. She laid her hand one moment on his forehead with a touch so soft that it was all but a caress.

"Hush!—for what is worth life in us there will be no death!"

And the boat swept, slowly and noiselessly, through the crystal clearness of the waters, through the cold and solemn loveliness, through the twilight of the blue sea-mists, down into the narrow darkened archway of the farther distance, and out once more into the golden splendour of the living day—even as a human life may pass through the twilight shadows of earth down into the darkness of the valley of death, thence only to pass onward into the glory of other worlds, the radiance of other days.

She stooped to him slightly as the vessel swept away into the breadth and brightness of the bay.

"Is not my temple nobler than those that are built by men?"

He looked upward at her with a look in his eyes that had never been there before.

"You have taught me to-day what I never learned in all the years of my life!"

And the boat swept softly, silently, out of the sea-built temples that the waves had worn, out of the stillness and solemnity of that aerial light, onward through the heavy perfumes wafted from the shore, onward to where the Syren Isles laughed in their smiling loveliness upon the waters, a fragrant Eden, half of earth and half of heaven.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS AND THE ASSESSED TAXES.

ARMORIAL bearings are amongst those few things which offer a bold front against the absolutism of Mammon. Those who have lost their wealth, and with it, social consideration, unless indeed they have the talent of living on "post obit" assets, wherever they may be found (and some of the greatest heroes of antiquity, as well as of modern times, have been of this favoured band), still hug the waxen images of their ancestors, and look with secret contempt on the gaudier and more complicated badges of the nouveaux riches as they roll past them in their sumptuous carriages—lucky "adventurers," whom usury at home or the plunder of the camp abroad have suddenly enriched.

But the new man, although his recently acquired armorial bearings may seem laughable enough even to himself, still enjoys the reflection that Providence must have seen some special merit in him thus to have given him the fat of the land. He remembers that all men are grass, that Mr. Darwin alluded to the new men of all ages, in his work on Selection, and

augurs mentally that select society should be rather considered as that formed of men like "certain people." He has soup, fish, wines, &c., daily, and has not, on the whole, much time left for the contemplation of the past. He looks forward, while the other, with the ancient arms, is looking over his pedigree, as a merchant who has become insolvent, looks over his of bad debts.

One has a carriage, but scarcely arms; the other splendid arms, no doubt, but nothing to display them upon. Both, however, sympathise in presence of the collector of "assessed taxes," a personage unpleasantly familiar to all classes.

By the 16 & 17 Vic., cap. 90, we are periodically given to understand, that "Any person having plate, or a seal ring, or any article bearing a crest or other armorial device, or using paper for letters or envelopes impressed with a crest or any armorial ensigns," is liable to this duty.

Now it must surely have struck many persons as remarkable, contrasted with the receipt of armorially "impressed" envelopes, how few of their acquaintance pay the tax. Then it must be remembered that our acquaintance comprise at least four classes, to whom the act of parliament addresses itself, viz. :

1. Those who use authorised arms, and pay the tax.
2. Those who use authorised arms, but do *not* pay the tax.
3. Those who use *unauthorised* arms, but *pay* the tax.
4. Those who have no arms, but who use their neighbours', and who do *not* pay the tax.

The first class is, therefore, the only one that can look government in the face without blinking, and who "shall not be ashamed in the gate before their enemies."

Of the second class are those who, by paying the tax, and not reading Gwillim, &c., satisfy some obscure notion, that they are thereby obtaining a prescriptive right to the appropriation of arms, just as lawyers inform us that a showman, by fencing his caravan and remaining on the same spot a certain number of years, thereby acquires a right to the said real estate.

Of this class numerous examples may be found in popular works on such subjects, and whose "claims" are often put forward with great pertinacity.

The third class comprises, generally, the junior members of the first class.

And lastly, to the fourth class belong the seething mass of all ranks, including "Bohemians"—families rising "above the million," who invest in armorial rings at heraldic offices or studios, successful colonists, and particularly those who have the gold of their own digging manufactured into signets, and who look upon "armorial bearings" as pretty accessories, persons who pick up at sales of household effects, odds and ends, on which there may happen to be represented armorial devices, and which the new possessor duly transmits to his heirs, who, confident in their ignorance (and of course proportionately consequential), either ignore the origin of the new acquirement, or regard the purchase-money paid to the auctioneer as covering in some mysterious manner the appropriation of the arms.

Then unprotected females, and particularly widows, when presenting

with a ring some young friend, or relative, on his entry into the busy world, generally leave the selection of the talismanic sign, on the presentation gift, to the obsequious jeweller, who at once makes his selection from the wide field of a "General Armorie."

And, lastly, a very large number err in this respect, namely, that because they use note-paper stamped with the armorial devices of others—having none of their own—they do not come within the meaning of the act, quite forgetting that the legislature does not attempt to incorporate the functions of the heralds, by distinguishing between legitimate and pirated "armorial ensigns," the latter authorities having plenary powers to deal with such cases, if they should feel so disposed, albeit those powers have fallen into desuetude.

The truth seems to be, that while stationers, paper manufacturers, die sinkers, &c., have benefited by the reduction of the paper duty, the sum annually realised from the tax on "armorial bearings" has not increased in the same ratio, as might have been expected, notwithstanding the vast extension of heraldic influence, in connexion with those other sources of revenue.

Of all "articles" (?) of taxation, "armorial bearings" are those to which least exception can justly be taken; and if this may be said of legitimate arms, how much more reason is there for taxing those that are spurious, and which add to the offence of deception—in the spirit of the savage who tattoos his skin with terrible devices—that of pretension—two vices calculated to unhinge confidence, and which as much as any others tend to neutralise the pleasures of civilised social intercourse.

Many men who never thought of paying for armorial bearings are, nevertheless, often most forward in alluding to their own.* From the category already given, it will be inferred, that a very large proportion err through folly or ignorance rather than from any deliberate dishonesty. "Self-esteem" and "love of approbation," the sources of pride and vanity, induce many to "put on the trick of singularity," but who yet have sense enough not to relish paying for the luxury of personal distinctions, that are rather of a passive than active influence—taken rather as matter of course than objects of special admiration.

The result then comes to this, that while all contribute, more or less, to the national income, by paying other "vexatious taxes," government loses annually a very large amount of revenue on the comparatively little-noticed items of "dogs"† and armorial bearings.

The following approximate figures will tend to place the matter in a clearer light; but as the numbers are based upon the census of 1861, and the revenue returns of 1863, it will at once be perceived that a very large margin is allowed to those who take an opposite view of the case.

In an ascertained population of 14,929, about 600 were heads of families, under the denomination of "gentry, clergy, and professional

* We knew a worthy gentleman of Jamaica who prided himself on the antiquity of his clan. He was a local magistrate, and one day at a public meeting some of his coloured coadjutors, observing him lost in a "brown study," ventured to break in on his musings, when, starting up, he exclaimed, "Good God! that a scone of chieftains before the Christian era should be here with these fellows!"

† The collector rarely interferes with the dogs kept by the working classes for companionship, including toll-keepers' dogs.

men," and the tax for "armorial bearings," collected in the (cathedral) town referred to, amounted, in 1863, to only 52*l.* 13*s.* 11*d.*

Many persons kept carriages in this town, and their arms appeared on panels and harness; yet, without including the higher rate for these luxuries, and calculating at 13*s.* 2*d.* for each user of armorial bearings, we arrive at the supposed fact, that only 80 members of such a community used stamped envelopes, signet-rings, crested spoons, forks, &c.—an inference surely at variance with general practical experience.

Now, according to the census of 1861, the total population of the cities and towns of England and Wales, containing 1000 inhabitants and upwards, was 14,542,000, consequently, even at the above low rate of collection, the revenue derived from "armorial bearings" ought to have been 51,608*l.* 18*s.* 3*d.*, whereas, with the many millions to be added for the rural districts, it was only 58,359*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

But the truth is, instead of only 52*l.* 13*s.* 11*d.* from a town of 14,929 inhabitants being collected, the sum might fairly be quadrupled, or raised to 210*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.*; for although the upper six hundred of such a town unquestionably do not all possess taxable "paper" and "plate," still, more than one person in the tax-paying household use stamped envelopes, or possess armorial seals, or other taxable articles, and we therefore seem justified in believing that as these "600" represent at least 2400 members, 320 of the number come fairly within the operation of the tax in question.

By going still further, and applying the same rule to the entire population of cities and towns, in round numbers, amounting to about 14,542,000 souls, we should arrive at an income on this "article of luxury" of 233,437*l.* 16*s.* per annum.

Going further still, and assuming that of the classes coming under the denomination of gentry and professional men, there are fully 24,236½ of such aggregates of "600" to a population of 14,542,000; and that for every alternate family, not using armorial bearings, there are at least two members in each of the remainder who do, we should thus still keep up the number of legitimately taxable persons, equal to the total heads of families, just mentioned.

Yet with the means of a greatly increased revenue, derivable not from the necessities of the people, but from "luxuries"—the abundance of the rich, the pride of the competent, and the vanity and ignorance of the spurious *armigeri*—we rather shift about for more obscure means of providing for the national expenditure, and trouble ourselves about (for instance) the malt-tax.

On the other hand, however, it must be admitted, as highly probable, that many of the present non-payers would rather abandon these "symbols of gentility" than submit to the inexorable collector, and would weigh carefully the insubstantial glory, against a cheap railway excursion with the *profanum vulgus*, where they might, at any rate, console themselves with the reflection

Cur permutem vallis Sabina, &c.

Thirteen shillings and twopence is a large item in the expenditure of a man who has to count the potatoes at the family board, and therefore it is a pity that such a one should prepare the capital before the column be raised.

The desire to possess armorial distinctions, by fair or foul means, is a vice peculiar to the English, and which is even alluded to in the pleasant pages of Froissart; but to pay for a thing, the exact value of which can scarcely be computed, and the direct or indirect advantages of which (without also wealth) it were quite impossible to determine, is also a peculiarity of our strong-minded countrymen. Value received is a primary consideration.

In order to ensure a fair collection of the revenue under the heading in question, an extra penny stamp on all letters with crests, &c., passing through the post, might effect a little; or a tax on dies and stamped paper, leviable on the supplier or producer, might be more effectual.

Farming this portion of the revenue to the legally constituted heraldic authorities, might act beneficially both ways, but at the same time would be apt to provoke opposition, and suggest recollections of the faulty and oppressive financial system of France during the last century. Still something might be done, and

If it were done when 'tis done,
Then it were well it were done quickly!

Heraldry, as the handmaid of what has been somewhat affectedly termed "gentilitial registration," is deprived to a great extent of her means of usefulness, by the defective system of collecting the assessed taxes. Indeed, her reputation suffers not a little by the popular belief that she may be wooed and won easily, and then jilted with impunity.

We all, more or less, have a kindly feeling towards the daughter of the middle ages, and perhaps a little respect for her repulsive guardian of the assessed taxes, notwithstanding his short-comings. We only desire to see the latter do his duty by her and by the Exchequer. But while the "Income" and other taxes are rigidly collected, those on "armorial bearings," and "dogs," seem to be passed over with considerable levity, so to speak.

Dogs used for companionship and pleasure, are not fairly represented in the census. Those of the "gentilitial" class, who have not to work for their bread, like "Toby," and the shepherd's Colley, and which do not belong to those canine corps vulgarly called "packs," and more especially if they belong to the collector's friend at the toll-bar, are among those things which are winked at; but though almost a member of the human family socially, such dogs have clearly a right to insist on their masters' paying for them. One man's source of amusement is his dog, another's his tobacco, another's his house; but why the latter should be indulged in, under a heavy tax, while the first-named is allowed to creep out of the way on the approach of the revenue officer, it is impossible to say.

Let any one stroll through the barracks of any garrison, and then deny that "Jolly dogs" are not winked at, notwithstanding the regulations concerning their *habitat*, so wisely promulgated by the military authorities.

The truth seems to be, that the collector is in general afraid to incur odium in his own district, by exacting the payment of direct taxes, such as those on "armorial bearings," and on "dogs." The former do not generally come within his comprehension, and the latter seem to his natural perceptions unfair, and, moreover, he knows that the friends of dogs are numerous, and that by not acting up to the letter of the law, he secures the sympathy of his fellow-men.

A STOPPAGE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF ANDALUSIA.

I.

WHO that has visited Spain can fail to be struck with the interest and the romance which belongs to the scenery, the history, and the people of that remarkable country? I know that now the railroad and the engineer are at work there as well as elsewhere, and that the utilitarian process of making roads has swept away the primitive character which used to belong to the mountain wilds and sylvan solitudes of that truly lovely country, so what I relate now may seem "a tale of the times of old," but indeed it happened little more than fifteen years ago, and was related to me by one of the persons who figured in the scene. I would, then, request to be allowed to remark that the mountain tracks, the devious paths through the cork woods, the winding range which the travellers took through passes, glens, and across rivers, may now, for aught I know, be unknown, and the forest scenery, so beautiful in its wildness, which brought back to your fancy the painting of Salvator Rosa, or the descriptive powers of Cervantes, may now be traversed over by carriage roads or railroads, and its transit may be as safe as that betwixt London and Birmingham. So let him who has no soul for the pictures brought before the view of the fancy in *Don Quixote* or in *Gil Blas*, content himself with the accounts of towns and localities given in *Bradshaw* and in *Murray*, and, eschewing the haunts of local romance, rejoice in finding that the stride of civilisation has nearly trampled over and obliterated the general features of primitive wildness that then belonged to the line of country in which the facts occurred that I am going to relate.

At the time that I speak of, in the year 1845, there were no roads from Gibraltar or San Roque into the interior of Spain. Those who travelled went on horseback, and traversed the wide plains—passes through the cork wood, chains of sierra, or mountains, and desert paths—with some muleteer who was acquainted with the country, and without whose guidance they would have found it impossible to thread their way. So all the officers who wished to penetrate into the interior of the country had always to engage the services of a guide of this description, and to provide themselves also with all the stores which they considered necessary for their consumption previous to leaving Gibraltar. These they were obliged to pack up and put upon a sumpter-mule. Thus the preparations for a journey which was to last for a few days were measures involving great delay and care, and in proportion as the place to which they were travelling was remote, and the means of living difficult to procure, was the cost which these preparations entailed. But, generally speaking, such as were willing to undertake such journeys were gladly disposed to put up with the roughness and vicissitude of a traveller's life, and men who used to complain when at their mess if even the slightest diminution of the luxuries of the table was apparent, used to enjoy the frugal feast which their party took out of their saddle-bags in the cork wood, or in the small shed which served them for a venta when passing through the Sierra Morena. Whether as regards the favourable nature

of the climate, the manners of the people—graceful, gay, and pleasing—or the diversified character of the mountain scenery, there was no country that I ever travelled in that had more charms for me than Spain. The grand occasion which used to induce the officers of the garrison of Gibraltar to visit the interior of the country was the bull-fights, or the fair at Ronda, in Granada, which, being the resort of the gentry of Spain, and a place where the exhibition of the national sport was seen to great advantage, the English officers were very glad to have an opportunity of seeing. They used to make up riding parties, when, three or four in number, they set out to exchange the heat and confinement of the Rock for free life and mountain air of the interior.

I am going to relate, to the best of my recollection, the fortune that betided to one party of officers who had, like several others, left the garrison of Gibraltar in the month of April for the purpose of seeing the sights and so-called sports which were carried on by the Spanish inhabitants at Ronda. The party consisted of three, whose names I shall put down as Jeffreys, Wood, and Blake. They were great friends, and there is no circumstance that calls forth the kindly feelings of friendship, fraternity, and good feeling, more than the companionship which exists between brother-officers travelling together in a strange country. There is a straitness, a formality, a restraint about the mess-table, where the society also is somewhat general; but when those who have well selected their companions, and know their habits and their conversation, fraternise together in travelling through such a country as Spain, much pleasure is to be anticipated in the excursion, and such a trip has a charm for young men which few things can surpass. Of course the degree of uncertainty as to where your resting-place is to be at night rather enhances the zest of the enjoyment; also the roughness of the fare, or the mode of travelling, does not in the least deteriorate from its pleasure. Those three then set forth in the highest spirits, and they were accompanied by two men, one a guide, who acted also as interpreter, and another a muleteer, who had charge of a mule laden with a small stock of tea, sugar, brandy, and the bags containing the changes of clothes for the party. As in every small venta in Spain wine is to be procured, as also fowls and bread, the party did not encumber themselves with any more provisions than what I have mentioned, except that they added a ham and some cheese. Their road lay over the isthmus which is situated between the fortress and the Spanish lines, then through Campo, by a good road to San Roque; and after passing the last village the country became wild. About two miles from it they came to the Almoira, that wild wood called by the English the cork wood, from the trees which it is almost all composed of being those whose bark form the cork so much in requisition by merchants.

The owner of this vast tract of country, which comprises an extent from east to west of ten miles, and about four from north to south, is the Duke de Medina Sidonia, who, like many of the Spanish grandees, prefers the gaieties of a Madrid life to the rusticity of residence in the cork wood, and, if fame does not belie him, invests the profits which accrue from this cork forest in gambling.

The face of the country is mostly covered with the plantation of cork-trees, but here and there they came to an orange-grove—a grove so often

met in the south—where the fruit, plenty and most delicious, hangs on the beautiful trees, and can be plucked by any one; some of the fruit green, some fully ripe, tempting, and yellow, the sweetest, perhaps, to be found in Europe, and on the same tree frequently you may see the flower, the unripe, and the ripe fruit. Sometimes they passed through a hedge-row where the grapes, in abundant richness, were hanging in clusters from the young trees, plentiful as blackberries—mostly of the blue sort.

After passing the cork wood the travellers came to a line of country broken and hilly, thickly planted with shrubs and evergreens; reeds and brushwood were also numerous; then through a valley planted with oleanders and wild roses, where the wild myrtle also grew abundantly. The face of the country had a gay and fresh appearance. The climate so clear, the sun so bright, the plenteous beauty of the natural landscape, the gladness of the scene, were enriched by the groups of travellers who, in the costume of the country, passed them continually. They were all proceeding in the direction of Ronda. There were the young ladies and women seated on mules or borricoes, whose backs or pads were encircled by the manta. They were dressed in large parti-coloured petticoats and bodices, and their faces half shrouded in either black or white mantillas. The majos, or Spanish gentlemen, mounted on horses or mules, all armed with pistols and cuchilloes, some with carbines, wearing short jackets with numerous buttons, waistcoats, and bound round their waists the broad red faha or sash, leather breeches, and the long gaiter called the bottina, which they wear in place of a boot; their heads covered by the sombreros, which, however they may resist the rays of the sun, are not of sufficient circumference to shade their faces from it. The different cavalcades were merry and gay—laughing, singing; some of the men carrying guitars with them, and all parties appearing pleased and affable. One party in front of the travellers had a caballero in its number, who sung the following song as they went along, in the Andalusian patois, and its chorus was most loudly resounded by the rest of the party. I give the words in Spanish, and have attempted a translation into English, but fear what sounds so lively and pleasing in the former, will seem like unmeaning jargon in the latter language:

Tu san doonga un cigarro, e mi Caña i Xerez,

Mi gamelgo un trabuca che mas gloria pued-haber.

Ah, Mañola! chè-haleo no-ya tanto zarandéo che me-turbo el mio marè,

Sola al ver tu guarda piès,

Cuándo al ancas di mí potro nos vamos a pasèar.

Todos guardas en las puertas mi vienè a mio fisgar.

Ei che gente tan la dina tan curiosa, tan lan dina che mi turbo el mio marè,

Sola al ver la guarda piès.

You maid so beauteous! and so sparkling is my vase of rosy wine,

That this earth contains no pleasure whose charm can equal mine.

Oh, my dearest! how I love you!

Thy sight is so enchanting—it ravishes my senses, only merely seeing your
bright eyes' charming glances.

When we ride in joyous pleasure thus along the flowery hills,

The beauty of thy posture each eye with transport fills.

Oh, the gazers! how they eye you—so wonder-struck, so charmed—as thy
lightsome scarf flits by them!

Numerous were the other songs also, and the hilarity and freedom of

A Stoppage in the Mountains of Andalusia.

ers which is so general with the Spanish gentry, or even with the inhabitants whom they met, contributed not a little to enliven the s which they traversed, and to lend its effect to the spirits of the . All parties seemed light-hearted and happy. Sometimes they passed a herd of horses grazing in the plains, where herbage had not as yet been dried up by the summer heat, and the frequent passing over of the streams in the course that the guide led them, showed them (all through the way from the cork wood to Gaucin, the half-way station between Gibraltar and Ronda) a very well-watered and fertile country. The native farmers had extensive herds of the black Spanish goats, which form the most common market meat throughout the country. Near one farm-house which they passed they stopped to look at some of the Spanish labourers over their meal of gaspacho, which is the usual diet of the lower orders in Spain. This mess, which is a heterogeneous mixture of meat, soup, vegetables, and bread, and copiously seasoned with garlic, was placed in a very large bowl in the centre of about sixty men. Each of the men had a spoon, which he dipped, when his turn came, into the capacious bowl, and thus they proceeded, taking the mess up alternately, till the bowl was finished. Certainly the meagre nature of the fare which the labouring classes of the southern countries of Europe are contented with would astonish our burly English ploughmen. They rode up a mountain-path to where the village of Gaucin was situated, on the heights of a lofty hill, and the passes as they went onward were actually thronged with children, calling out, "Oh, tio mio cherito!" To have given to all would have required a large sack of small coin.

When they came to the village of Gaucin they were taken by the guide to the house of a Spanish officer's widow, and after some conversation in Spanish, noisy, and in which as much gesticulation and acting was brought into play as would have sufficed for the act of a drama in England, the officers were told to go up-stairs, where they found two rooms, nearly empty, except having chairs and tables in the larger one, and three arm-couches in the smaller one. These they were glad to occupy after the long day's ride. The party in the house, consisting of the landlady, her daughter, and the two maid-servants, were as merry and joyous as could well be. They talked and laughed, and asked the officers questions, which they were able to respond to in broken Spanish, for having been about a year at Gibraltar they had managed to pick up some of the language, which is an easy one, and extremely like the Latin. The pronunciation of the consonants was at first very puzzling, the c's before the vowels e and i being pronounced like th, the g like h, and the x a more emphatic guttural than h; the z was also pronounced like th.

They entered the house at about two in the afternoon, and about three o'clock some Spaniards came in and asked some questions of the woman who kept the house, and said that they were going to the fair at Ronda, so that they would not delay longer, but that they hoped to have found accommodation in her house. They then went away, and the woman commenced whispering with her daughter. One of the officers asked her what it was they were talking about, and she answered that she was glad that the party had gone away, as they had the character of being very wild fellows.

Soon after this a son of the woman of the house came in, and she in-

quired of him whether he had seen the party who had left her house some time ago. He answered that he had, and that they had ridden in the direction of the mountains which led to the Queen of Spain's Chair. This is a hill that lies at some distance from Gibraltar, and bears that name owing to the circumstance which is said to have occurred there during the siege of that fortress in 1783. The Queen of Spain was said to have sworn that she would not leave the top of the mountain, where she had her tent pitched, until she saw the Spanish colours flying on the rock of Gibraltar. This asseveration she swore to most solemnly upon the sacrament. When the siege was raised, it is said that the governor, Lord Heathfield, rather than she should perjure herself, allowed the Spanish colours to be hoisted for an hour upon the rock; but this was certainly the only satisfaction she had for making such a silly oath. There is a wild range of hills which runs from it in a continuous line onwards towards Gaucin.

The officers did not much mind the circumstance of these men having come to the house and their having held conversation with the woman, but they heard enough from her to know that she had given flaming accounts of the gentility and grandeur of her guests, of their dress, watches, and trinkets, of their noble disregard for money, and of their ample supply of it. These were partly given by her from the love of gossip inherent in the female character, and partly from the pleasure which she felt in aggrandising the character of her inmates, which was a sort of indirect aggrandisement of herself. However, the evening passed over quite serenely, and the next day they rose early to mount their horses and pursue their journey to Ronda.

As they commenced descending the hill upon which the town was built, they found the way was tortuous and the road very bad. The poor Spaniards and all the inhabitants of the town looked wretched enough, and their houses did not betoken much comfort, but their demeanour was respectable and even graceful, and their expressions pleasing, and such as in other countries you would only hear from the high-bred and most refined orders. After the three travellers had proceeded about two miles from Gaucin they came to a vista as romantic and pleasing as any which nature could present. In the continuous range of hills which lined the road, the vineyards covered both the sides and tops for several miles round, and the valleys in the distance were thickly planted with chesnut woods. Farther on the vast range of the border sierra was in view.

The outline of the mountains was bold, and the scenery altogether very grand. The sides and summits were studded throughout with towns, embosomed in the woods of chesnuts. They loomed beautiful and picturesque in the different intervals. One of the party, who was a draughtsman, succeeded in taking a sketch of some part of the country. It seemed to their eyes a perfect elysium upon earth, had there only been the presence of water to mingle through the landscape. This landscape was kept in view for several miles, until they arrived at a narrow and precipitous track, where the line of mountain scenery revealed the barren rocks, except where far down towards the valleys the corn-fields were planted. The road here, if road it might be called, which was only a track, was very difficult for riders. They passed another town also called Gaucin, and the route circled round the mountains till it led them to Attahate.

This is a Moorish name, and the number of such that occur in Andalusia and Granada show how completely the country had been subjugated by the Moors. Thus Aljeziras, opposite Gibraltar, means in Moorish or Arabic the island, and Gibraltar itself means the Mountain of the Arrow. In the same language very many other derivations from Arabic could be found amongst the names of the towns in this part of Spain.

The route was so bad that no horses but those shod in the Spanish fashion could possibly have carried one going down these steep descents. So uneven and so dangerous was the way, that for some part of it they alighted from their horses and led them. They passed through the miserable town of Attahate without lingering, and still proceeding by a mountain-path round by lofty hills, about three miles from Attahate, they got sight of a vast plain, like a spacious amphitheatre. To the west and east of this immense arena were the ranges of the Ronda hills, and as they approached to the north was a precipitous cliff about two hundred feet in height, upon the summit of which was situated the town of Ronda.

As it was principally for the purpose of viewing the bull-fights that the crowds had assembled at Ronda, and that the English officers had gone there also, something ought to be said of these barbaric shows, where the genius of the ancient Roman gladiatorial combats seems to live, in whatever way it was transmitted to their Gothic provinces. Many modern writers have treated about it, and the zest with which the Spaniards enter into its enjoyment is quite equal to that which Englishmen feel in viewing the races at Newmarket or at Epsom. But sport it is not, and the admiration which one cannot help feeling for the courage of the matador who faces the bull with his sword, who meets his charge so ingeniously, and invariably fells him; for the activity of the chulo, who flies from him after tormenting him; or the dexterity and horsemanship of the picador, who charges him on horseback, is quite neutralised by the disgust which one experiences at seeing the horses so brutally and cruelly murdered. Nevertheless, the gay arena, which is enclosed by a vast amphitheatre, containing many thousands of both sexes, the women dressed in their splendid mantillas, and the men in their *majo* dresses, the combatants in their beautiful silk attire, and the eager expectancy which all exhibit during the whole process of the several bull-fights, the lightsome character of the scene, and loveliness of the climate in the south of Spain, were all such things as form a great attraction for young officers. The most poetical description of such a scene is to be found in Byron's "*Childe Harold*," and many correct prose accounts of it are given by eye-witnesses.

The whole of the town was a scene of merry-making and gaiety. The streets exhibited the preparations for a fair. Every article of clothing or of provision prized in Spain was being hawked or exposed for sale in the booths or shops. The officers put up at a house which had been prepared for the reception of any gentry who should happen to visit Ronda during the fair; and characteristically enough the landlady and her two daughters, as well as the landlord, soon after they had arrived there, hinted to them that they were anxious to see the bull-fights, but that they had not the means of doing so. On this, the officers sent for cards of admission for themselves and for all the party living in the house, so that they soon had their wish gratified.

The day after the arrival of the officers the bull-fights in the large arena commenced, the Spanish cavalry and infantry lined the streets of the town, the bands played, and the groups of gaily-dressed ladies and gentlemen proceeded to the large amphitheatre prepared for the reception of the show. The centre, like the Colosseum at Rome upon a very small scale, was a plain which had its various portes or openings, the two lying north and south being the grandest. Out of the northern opening the bull was to be let loose, out of the southern the show commenced by the picadors, matadors, and chulos in procession marching in, most gaily and gaudily dressed, to the centre of the arena, when they all stopped and saluted the alcalde of the town, who sat in one of the gallery seats at the northern side. There is a peculiar state and form about the manners of the Spaniards, and as much grace shown by the alcalde, or head man of a town, as one would expect to see from a prince. Also the combatants showed themselves, as far as appearance went, exceedingly like gentlemen. Indeed, I question if English gentlemen, whose means could have paid the price of the whole town and neighbourhood to boot three times over, could have ever looked half so graceful. There was not much delay, after this ceremony of salutation, before the north side door of the amphitheatre was opened, and a fierce bull rushed in. He charged furiously at the first picador that he saw. The man's legs were protected by greaves of steel, inside which was a thick coating of quilted cotton, but the poor horse was gored most fearfully.

The next horse suffered more than the first, however, for he fell prostrate, and the bull dug his horns into the unfortunate animal's sides. He remained doing so until the horse was quite motionless, and then sprang away round the arena after another horse. The third picador, however, pricked him with his lance, so as to disable him partially. Then came in a man driving a sort of framework break, borne by two mules, to which there was a pole and chain attached. The chulos tied the body of the dead horse to the chain, and the man drove it, borne away by the mules, out of the arena. The chulos then attacked the bull in several ways, by shaking their silk cloaks at him, and several other men darted arrows at him. At last the *primero espada*, as they called the matador, considered his work at hand, and, drawing a long sword, stood before the bull, who charged at him. The matador, with wonderful dexterity, received him so as to plunge his sword between the shoulder and the neck, and instantly the bull dropped down dead.

During the whole of this process the shouts of the spectators, male and female, were incessant. So were the waving of the handkerchiefs of the ladies and the applause of the men. The different feats of dexterity of the chulos, the intrepid patience and steadiness of the skilful matadors, were all exhibitions of the first order of *Tauromachomy*. The principal of the three matadors was called *Montes*, who was reckoned the best matador in Spain. A repetition of the same sort of sight occurred in the baiting and in the slaughter of ten different bulls on this afternoon. And the next day there was a series of the same description of scenes repeated. The bloodthirsty and barbarous inhabitants of Rome under the Emperors might have taken delight in seeing such exhibitions, but nowhere in Europe, except in Spain, would such pandering to the cruel taste of a populace "which delights in gloating on another's pain" be tolerated.

Even a third day was devoted by the eager multitude to the arena. However, the exhibition on this day was a much smaller affair, being merely a sort of trial of skill which young tyroes in the art engaged in, the bulls being caged in wicker baskets.

The evenings were devoted to parties and theatrical amusements. At the parties the Spanish ladies and gentlemen sang their songs to guitar music. On one evening, the last that they passed at Ronda, the young officers went to a gipsy party—that is, a party given in a house, by subscription got up by numerous officers, and where they sent for the gitanos or gipsies to come and dance their fandango, play their castanets, and sing. Several of the Spanish gentlemen came to the door, and were, as is customary in the country, invited in to hear the music and see the dancing. The Spaniards are so addicted to playing the guitar, that the men, more frequently than the ladies, took up the instruments and played them for the amusement of the company. One gipsy that was there sang to admiration. After he had finished, Jeffreys, who spoke Spanish the best of all the party, entered into conversation with him, and talked about the country. The gipsy told him that he knew and had lived most part of his life in the mountains of Andalusia. Jeffreys said that they were going to ride back the next day towards Gibraltar, and that they liked travelling and seeing the country so much, that they would be glad to know if there was any better way of returning to the fortress than that by which they came. The gipsy told him that there was a very beautiful way through the mountains which lay in the line of the Queen of Spain's Chair, and if they got their guide to take them that way, they would be much more pleased with their ride homewards than they were with their ride to Ronda.

Hearing this, the three officers began to converse about the return, and finished by a determination of going home by the mountain route which the gipsy had spoken of. There were different groups of Spaniards in the room, and Wood observed to Jeffreys that one man who passed out of the chamber some little time after they had finished their conversation was the same man as they had seen among those who had visited the widow's house at Gaucin, and who had gone away from the house; and Jeffreys said that that was not strange, as one of that party had told her that they intended proceeding to Ronda. The night passed away in the greatest gaiety. The amusement of seeing the gipsies at their fandango, their songs, their scrambling for sweetmeats, the different tales told by the Spaniards, and the songs and laughter of the women, made the time pass away without observation.

The next day they made preparations for starting, and told the guide and the muleteer that they purposed making a détour at Attahate, and proceeding by the route through the hills to Gibraltar.

When they rose in the morning they intimated this to the guide, and when they told him their wish of changing the route, he endeavoured to persuade them not to do so. He said that there was great danger attending the travelling in solitary roads in Spain, and told them a history of how one of the inhabitants of Gibraltar, a lawyer in great practice there, had been out riding a good distance from San Roque, and, coming to a mountain-pass, he was stopped by bandits, and was obliged to dismount—was rifled of all his ready money, and had his horse taken from

him, and finally was obliged to return to San Roque on foot. But none of his arguments had any effect upon the officers, one of whom was armed with a pair of pistols, so they called for their breakfast, paid their bill with the lodging-house-keeper, and having got ready all the horses and sumpter-mule, they rode away to Attahate. The day was bright, the scenery wild and romantic; the parties whom they met returning from Ronda to Attahate were many, but after leaving the last village they got into a wild, lovely country, and did not see for two or three miles a sign of human habitation, or meet a single person. The guide told them that he knew the way, but that they must take care and keep the sumpter-mule with them, as, should they part company with it, in all probability the robbers, who, he said, were in great force in these districts, would seize the mule and bear away him and his burden to their haunts in the mountain caves, and they would never see them more. So they proceeded onwards at a slow pace, and after they had been out about five hours, and distant from Attahate about five miles, according to their computation, they came to a line of country thickly grown with plantations of brushwood, high mountains on each side, and copses of shrubs and thick fern lying at intervals both in the low ground and the sides of the mountains. Such a pass as this might have concealed several hundred men, or a few men might well defend it from the inroad of a large force. The huge crags frowning over the steep declivities might have given cover to hundreds of marksmen who might wish to aim at any object on the plain. The low ground on which they were riding grew narrower as they proceeded onwards, and at last it diminished to a path which did not admit of the passage of more than one horseman abreast through the thick brushwood on each side. When they had ridden about three hundred yards thus in single file, but still close to one another, the guide foremost, they heard a shrill whistle, and six men rushed from the cover on each side of the road, each armed with a rifle. Of these, three pointed their rifles to the heads of the three officers, and the other three seized the bridles of their several horses. The guide pulled up his horse, and two more men rushed from the cover in front, and one of them called to the men who had stopped the officers some words in Spanish. These men then addressed the officers, and said that they must dismount and come with them. To refuse would have been certain death, and the men seemed only to wait for a sign from the man in front, who was evidently the leader of the gang, to fire upon the party. So they were reluctantly obliged to consent, and the robbers, seizing the horses' bridles, drew them forward, while their companions accompanied the party to a side-path, which led them to a mountain cave. The men who had presented their firelocks at the officers' heads kept close to them, and one of them seized the pistols which Wood had in his belt. "If you come along quietly," they said, "you shall not be molested, but if you stir from our side we will shoot you." The luckless lad with the sumpter-mule had its bridle seized also, and was obliged to follow in procession.

The path was intricate, devious, and winding; it led them through a continuity of copses, rocks, gloomy passes, natural shrubberies, and glens, until they came to a cavern, where the robbers stopped, and the principal man of the gang addressed the others. Immediately after this speech

each of the fellows called out roughly something in Spanish, which Jeffreys told his companions meant that they should give up whatever money they had about them. Two of the robbers unsaddled the horses and led them away to a cave which was about ten yards apart, and the others, threatening and holding their firelocks to their shoulders, insisted on the officers giving up all they had about them. Watches, pins, purses, the saddle-bags with the provisions, the sumpter-mule and the panniers, all went in as booty, and was carried to the innermost recess of the cavern. This cave resembled those which are so frequently met with in the mountains of Spain, its roof of rugged dark hanging rock, the sides of the same material, and the interior of the huge natural chasm carried far into the heart of the mountain, and concealing a number of gloomy recesses which are difficult of access. The robbers having taken all their property from the officers, led them, along with the two servants, to the mouth of one of these smaller chambers, or rather chinks in the rock. In the side of the rock had been driven a large ring, which had been riveted by nails of iron through the small cracks in the stone. To this the robbers tied three ropes, and fastened the other end of each to the leg of the three several officers. They bound the hands of the servants with handcuffs, and, leaving three of their party with loaded firelocks at the mouth of the recess, they went away, evidently to consult upon what further measures should be taken. There was barely light enough to see to read, and though the binding round the legs admitted of the officers moving a few paces or lying down, the constraint they were under was felt most grievously. But for their future anxiety, of course, was more piteous than the present inconvenience.

That such a small inducement as merely the purpose of riding through a more romantic line of country should have acted upon them so as to bring on such serious consequences, was, however, ludicrous to fancy, truly sad as it was in its result. But they determined to bear up against the tide of ill fortune, and when the robbers returned, to represent to them that they would gain nothing by ill treating them, but might look for something handsome if they let them return on their path unmolested. After about two hours the remainder of the gang returned to where they were, and gave them some bread, wine, and two or three pieces of pork. Then Jeffreys, who was the spokesman of the party, as understanding the language best, said to the leader of the gang that he hoped he would allow him to return to Gibraltar and procure a sum of money, such as he might deem sufficient, and pay it to him as a ransom, and then that he might let them all go free. Then the men, leaving still a guard at the entrance of the part of the cave where the prisoners were confined, retired to deliberate upon what he had said, and after some time the captain of the gang returned, and said that he promised to set them all free if one of their party should return and give into his hand one hundred doubloons. A sum so large Jeffreys despaired of being able to procure at a short notice, and accordingly he held a consultation with the other officers. They asked the chief then to allow them to take from their own writing-case, which was in their carpet-bag, some paper and ink for writing. The man said if they would give him the key he would open it. They handed him the key of this small portfolio, and he gave them writing materials, and threw them back the key. Then Jeffreys said that they were not able to pay such a large sum, but that they would each

write an order on a house in Gibraltar, where they were known, and that he would be able to answer for the payment to him in hard cash of sixty doubloons.

After this there was much demurring, threatening, and loud and long parley in Spanish, but at last the man consented, and said :

"Your lives are now in our power. If you betray us when you go into Gibraltar, and inform any of the government officers there, and any one should return in this neighbourhood to search for us, you may rest assured, however you may escape, your companions shall die immediately. Therefore, I will now give you a horse to take in. I will see you led in safety, but blindfolded, to the entrance of the pass leading to this cavern. I will then show you the way to take to Gibraltar. You will proceed thither, procure me the money which you speak of—sixty doubloons—you will bring it back with you to the top of the Queen of Spain's Chair. There is there a mound of stones which you know of."

Jeffreys said he did. Then the captain of the robbers resumed his discourse :

"When you arrive at that mound of stones, at this time of the day two days hence, I will meet you, and I will promise you that if you come alone, mounted as you now shall be, I will bring your companions to you, and you shall go away all unmolested, you and your servants; but if you come armed or attended, or I see cause to suspect any persons loitering near, or any spies coming with you, I will murder your companions and yourself."

After the robber had said this, the three officers consulted together, and came to the determination that it was better to agree to this, and that they would consent to this proposition of the robber, considering that, however lawless and unprincipled these bandits are, there is a certain degree of wild honour in their dealings which induces them to keep to their word when given in this sort of way, provided that they are not deceived. So Wood and Blake wrote each of them an order for twenty doubloons, payable to Jeffreys.

The part which Jeffreys had to enact was a very difficult one, for he was imperatively obliged to conceal all the circumstances of the case from their friends at Gibraltar, and to return with the money, which, being drawn upon their bankers in the fort, they entertained no doubt of procuring. The case was urgent, and there was no help for it. So the captain of the robbers untied the rope from Jeffreys's leg, and putting a bandage round his eyes, he led him outside the cave. Another of the party brought a horse which belonged to the gang, and allowing him one of the saddles which they had stripped from the horses when the officers had been taken prisoners, they put him on the horse's back, and led him, the captain accompanying them, through the winding paths of the mountain-pass. There were two men on each side of the horse's head, and the captain proceeded onwards in front. When they arrived at the entrance of the pass, the captain told them to take the bandage from his eyes. They did so. Then the captain, addressing him again, told him of the place where he should meet him in two days' time, and swore to him again, solemnly, that if he endeavoured at any attempt to inform upon him or upon his companions, they should die.

Jeffreys told him he would return to the spot in the mountain which he told him of, and that he would bring him the money, upon the word of a

British officer. The captain then said, "Entonces, caballero, vale usted con Dios;" and leaving him to proceed on his journey to Gibraltar, he returned to his mountain cave with his two companions. The spot where he left Jeffreys was nearer Attahate than was the place where they were attacked by the robbers in the morning, and consequently he was not long in reaching that village.

Many were the reflections, and indeed quite overpowering were the host of thoughts, which crowded upon his mind when he was left alone to pursue his way to Gibraltar. The first and most important object of his thoughts was the safety of his companions. Of their welfare during his absence he doubted, as any sudden occurrence or change in the disposition of the lawless men with whom they were cast, might cause them to finish the drama by taking their lives. Again, there was necessarily some delay in reaching the fortress, for the drawbridge by which one approaches the gate of the only access by road to Gibraltar is always taken up at sunset, and he knew that, however he might urge his horse's speed, he could never reach that drawbridge before that hour; so he saw that he must stop that night at San Roque, which is six miles from it. Then there was also the necessity of making out some account of the whereabouts of the young men when he went to the bankers to draw their bills. Next came the precariousness of the route to San Roque—the horse not being a first-rate one, and likely to become much jaded—his partial ignorance of the road, and the chance also of meeting characters similar to those he had last left his companions with. Last in his consideration was the frightful loss which they had all sustained: their horses, their watches, their money—the complete impoverishment which had made them all bankrupt at one fell swoop. He wished that the robber had allowed him to go back on one of their own steeds, and then he might have made out the journey better—at all events, at a swifter pace—but such was far from the intention of the captain; and, in fact, Jeffreys was almost sure that by this time their horses had all been taken away to Granada or elsewhere to be sold, and that it was even fortunate that he had been allowed to take the English saddle to ride the hack upon which he was at present mounted. But he was determined, notwithstanding all his anxieties, to keep his own counsel, and never mention the matter to any one whom he should meet on the route, or yet see either at San Roque or at Gibraltar. It was certainly exceedingly difficult to lose sight of the project of revenging oneself on those lawless miscreants, and of bringing them to justice; but the apprehension of the danger in which he had left his companions, and the likelihood, also, of their immediate destruction in the event of any armed force coming near the neighbourhood of the cave, made him decide upon making no attempt at rescuing them. There still could scarcely be imagined anything more repulsive to the mind than having to bear with the serious loss at first, and, in addition, to have to pay so largely to those who had inflicted it. It was in some measure consolatory to him to see, when he passed Attahate, that there were numbers returning from Ronda, and that the probability now of losing the way, or of meeting any more robbers, was remote, for he determined to keep along with the travellers, and not to lose sight of them until he arrived near San Roque.

LILIAN'S INHERITANCE.

BY MRS. WILLIAM MURRAY.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STRANGE WOMAN.

THE next morning Nurse Wilson, Lilian, and Manuela assembled in grand conclave in Miss Slingsby's room, whilst parcel after parcel was brought in for inspection. Manuela and Lilian were in a state of wild delight, but nurse, though equally enchanted, felt it incumbent upon her dignity to restrain Manuela's "forward ways," as she termed them. Miss Trevanion begged Maud to select everything which she might require, and not to allow her choice to be influenced by any consideration of expense, as that would be defrayed by Kate herself.

Maud was infinitely touched by this refined generosity, and with true womanly glee entered into the very pleasing occupation of selecting anything she liked for her own use, from the gorgeous mass of bright colours displayed before her. It was a very pretty scene : old nurse in an easy-chair smiling benignantly ; Manuela, Mexican like, squatting on the floor, dressed in a bright scarlet petticoat over the simple white chemisette embroidered with scarlet, her long black hair hanging down in two plaits, also tied with scarlet, and her large black eyes flashing with delight ; Lilian flying about everywhere, adorning herself with flowers and ribbons, her every movement full of unconscious grace, and her beautiful voice ringing out in silvery laughter ; Maud looking bright and animated, kneeling on the ground in the midst of silks and satins.

"All these are very beautiful," she said, admiringly, "but far too grand for me. Bring me some muslins, Lilian; something quieter, my child."

"But you must have one or two silks, Miss Slingsby. We dress every evening for dinner, and papa likes to see us look well. Do take this lovely pink silk, it will suit your pale face so well, with jasmine in your hair, and a black one also, with scarlet fuchsias."

"How well you understand colours, Lilian."

"Ay, miss," chimed in nurse, "there's nobody can beat Miss Lilian in colours. Me and Manuela is always particularly admired when we've gowns on of her choosing. Her mamma was very fidgety about colours suiting each other, and maybe the child takes after her."

Lilian left her place amongst the silks when her mamma's name was mentioned.

"Oh, tell me something about my mamma. Dear nurse, was she pretty?"

"Ay! pretty enough, child."

"Am I like her, nurse?"

"May the Lord in his infinite mercy forbid," answered nurse, most foolishly forgetting whom she was addressing, until she saw an ominous flash in Lilian's eyes, and the small hands involuntarily clenched as if to strike.

"Tell me what you mean," said the child, in a low voice, quivering with passion.

"Go back to your play, Miss Lilian, and don't ask silly questions."

"Begging your pardon, nurse," interrupted Maud (who, of course, knew nothing of Mrs. Maurice Trevanion, save that she had died suddenly at the time of her daughter's birth), "I think you are wrong in refusing to speak to Miss Lilian about her mamma. Surely there is nothing so sweet and holy, or so natural, as to talk to a child about its mother."

"Ay! but not about her," said nurse, incautiously.

Up sprang Lilian like a wild-cat.

"What do you mean, you wicked, wicked woman? What do you know against my mother? Speak this moment, or I'll scratch your face!" And the child's face was literally black with passion.

"Lilian," said Maud, "be still instantly. I allow no such scenes in my room."

With a wonderful effort for so young a child Lilian was silent, and Maud, taking her on her knee, felt very sorry for the wounded little heart.

"I am sure, nurse," she resumed, "you mistake. There can be no reason why you should not talk to Miss Lilian about her mamma?"

"Oh dear, no—none at all, miss; but the child's so violent, she fair takes one's breath; and I think it's time I went to Miss Kate, for I have idled away all my morning." And nurse, evidently wishing to avoid any more discussion, hurried away.

But Lilian remained very thoughtful long after nurse's departure, and it required all Maud's delicate tact and soothing tenderness to restore her former gaiety.

At last the purchases were concluded, and Lilian stood entranced before the piles of things which were now "Miss Slingsby's own—really her very, very own, to do as she liked with."

"To-morrow the dressmakers come, Miss Slingsby, and they are to work away until everything is finished, and in a few days you will be ready to see my papa and Aunt Kate. What fun we shall have! I shall take you all round the garden, and show you my pet flowers and my pulpit, where I preach to my birds."

"That will be charming, Lily. But tell me, who played that pretty nocturne last night?"

"Do you mean the one after papa's duet with Aunt Kate?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I played that."

"You, Lilian! Who has taught you, my child?"

"Papa, of course; but you will teach me now, because papa can't give me lessons regularly. Some days he is ill, or bothered, and I scarcely see him at all. Do you play, Miss Slingsby?"

"Yes, but not like your papa."

"Do you sing?"

"Yes, better perhaps than I play."

"Will you sing to me now?"

"Very well, chatterbox. What will you like?"

"Oh, something sad and solemn."

After a moment's thought, Maud sang Mendelssohn's beautiful hymn, "Oh, Rest in the Lord."

Her voice was a rich contralto, and the notes poured forth easily and full as a blackbird's.

"Oh, how sweet!" cried Lilian. "Sing again to me, please. Do you know 'Buy my Oranges?'"

Maud complied, and as she finished the concluding cadenza of Auber's merry barcarolle, a shower of fresh-plucked oranges, with sprays of their sweet blossom, came pelting through the bars of the open window.

"Oh! there's papa! He has been listening," said Lilian. "Come here, papa, do!"

"May I, Miss Slingsby?" asked Maurice, who had been sauntering in the garden.

"Oh yes, of course."

So Mr. Trevanion advanced, shaking hands with Maud through the grating.

"How are you, Miss Slingsby? Rested a little, I trust, from the effects of your wretched journey? You have had a strange introduction to my naughty Lilian, but I hope you are not quite horrified with us all?"

"Oh no!" murmured Maud, raising her eyes for one moment, and dropping them immediately, "every one has been so very kind; thank you all very, very much."

"Nonsense," replied Maurice, gaily; "the kindness is all on your side, in coming out from England to this ruinous country, to live with me and mine. I must apologise for interrupting the sweet music, and had no intention of straying hither, but your voice has charmed me from a gloomy reverie, and I thank you for a very pleasant half-hour. When will you be able to join our family circle? My sister is quite anxious to see you again."

"Oh, in a few days, I trust," said Maud, feeling very faint, and leaning against the window, for her nervous system had not recovered from its late shocks, and the suddenness of Maurice's appearance had startled her.

"You don't look very strong," answered Trevanion. "I fear Lilian is troubling you. Come out to me, my child, and let Miss Slingsby alone, you are tiring her to death with your ceaseless chatter."

"Oh no, papa, it's only since *you* came that Miss Slingsby has looked so pale."

Maud blushed vividly enough now. Trevanion looked at her earnestly, but she never raised her eyes.

He stood for a moment irresolute, then raising his hat, bowed, saying:

"Do send Lilian away, Miss Slingsby, and take a siesta. You are still far from strong. Can I send you anything? Do they look after you, and give you all that you require?"

"Oh yes, thank you. I have everything I can wish for."

Trevanion still lingered, hoping that she would look at him, for he wanted to see those lovely eyes once more. But no, she only murmured, "Good morning, Mr. Trevanion."

He turned and left her, wandering down the same avenue where he had been the previous day.

"How stupid I am," thought Maud. "Why could I not speak to

him properly? But he startled me so much; and whilst he was speaking I was picturing him as I saw him yesterday, lying on the grass so miserable."

"Why did you turn so pale when you saw my papa?" asked Lilian; "and why did you not look at him? I told him last night what strange eyes you have, and I am sure he wanted to see them."

"Why are you so very inquisitive, my little one?" answered Maud. "Your curiosity will lead you into mischief some of these days."

But Lilian had apparently forgotten the question, and never heard the answer, in a new source of interest.

"Oh, come here, Miss Slingsby, quick! Do you see that horrid woman talking to papa by the fig-trees?"

Maud looked, and saw a tall, strong Mexican woman in earnest conversation with Mr. Trevanion, gesticulating violently.

"It's only a servant explaining something, Lilian."

"No, she is not a servant, but lives in some rooms through the inner court-yard, and what she is, or what she does, I cannot find out. Sometimes I meet her in the gardens, and she stares at me dreadfully, but never speaks. I have often followed her, but cannot make out where she goes, for she always disappears suddenly. I have asked Manuela and the other servants about her, and they say she is a witch; none of them ever dare speak to her."

"Nonsense, child," said Maud, laughing; "it's you who are the witch, Lilian."

"Well, never mind. I only know that she is a horrid woman, and papa is always ill when he meets her. I wonder what she wants with him, now, don't you?"

"No, indeed; be sure, Lilian, it is something very trifling, so don't trouble yourself about her."

"But I am determined, Miss Slingsby, that some day I will find out who that woman is, and what she wants here. See, she is leaving papa now. Just look what a cross old face she has, when she comes past."

This woman, so objectionable to Lilian, came along with rapid strides, passing the window where Maud and the little girl were standing.

She was a woman apparently about fifty years of age, of immense strength and most determined expression of countenance; in one hand she carried an exquisite bouquet of flowers, in the other a basket of fresh-culled fruit, though a bludgeon or pistol would have been more in keeping with her appearance.

She was passing quietly on, merely glancing at Maud and Lilian, but the latter espied in the bouquet some pet flower which she considered exclusively her own, and called out in a loud, imperious voice:

"How dare you touch my yellow roses? Who are you? and what right have you gathering flowers and fruit without orders?"

"Hush, Lilian," whispered Maud, who saw the woman's eyes glittering; "don't speak, child."

But the mischief was done.

"Who am I?" shouted the woman; "who am I, indeed! I'll advise you, young lady, to keep a civil tongue in your head, or maybe you'll rue it. I am one whom it will be well for you not to anger. Don't interfere with me, and I'll not interfere with you. But I shall take any flowers or

fruit out of this garden that I like, and by your papa's orders, too. Your pride will have a fall some of these days, Miss Lilian Trevanion. You're a mighty fine young lady, and wonderfully grand in your own estimation, but don't cross my path, I warn you, or I'll tell you something that will make you miserable until your dying day."

As all this was spoken rapidly in Spanish, Maud could only understand, from the woman's excited appearance and gestures, that she was threatening Lilian, who looked very white and frightened.

"Come in, Lily," she whispered, motioning the woman away with her hand, evidently thinking her some impudent servant, who had forgotten the respect due to Lilian; "don't listen to her any more, dear."

This action of Maud's appeared still more to infuriate the Mexican, who, pouring forth a perfect torrent of vituperation, shook her fist menacingly, and walked rapidly away.

"Tell me, Lilian, what she has been talking about."

The child translated all the conversation to Maud, who felt very much surprised, and not a little frightened.

"What did she say just now, Lily?"

"That you were a pale-faced thing, trying to get into other people's shoes, but she would be even with you."

"What could she mean? Who is she, I wonder?"

"I have been wondering who she is ever since I can remember," replied Lilian, "and I am determined to know. See! there is papa coming back. I'll run out at once and ask him."

"No, don't, Lily—don't!" cried Maud, with an instinctive feeling that this woman, whoever she was, had better be left alone; but Lilian was swift of foot, and was out in the garden, flying to meet her father, before Maud could interfere.

He was coming moodily along, and Maud saw that he was very pale—all his elasticity was gone; there seemed to be a weary weight of woe dragging him down.

How his face brightened as Lilian ran towards him! what a world of love in his eyes as he fondly stroked her glistening hair! They were soon in earnest conversation, the import of which Maud could not hear, but, seating herself near the window, she waited for Lilian's return.

She came at last, holding her father's hand.

"Pardon me, Miss Slingsby," said Mr. Trevanion, looking very pale, and even stern, "but I must apologise for the rudeness of one of my domestics—the fates apparently are against me, for I have had nothing but apologies to offer you ever since you entered my house, where I had hoped, at least, to make you comfortable. You must, however, acquit me of intentional blame in this matter, and, believe me, I am very, very sorry."

Maud bowed her head.

"I assure you, Mr. Trevanion, I merely felt the insult on your daughter's account. I suppose the woman is some insolent menial, who has forgotten her station and the respect due to her superiors. Pray do not think that I am annoyed, or require any apology, particularly as I do not suppose I shall ever see the woman again."

At these words, spoken so lightly and carelessly by Maud, Mr. Tre-

vanion seemed strangely agitated. His face turned to a dead white, and he spoke with great difficulty.

"The fact is, Miss Slingsby, that woman, whose name is 'Dolores,' is an old and faithful servant of my late wife's."

"Then I must beg *your* pardon," said Maud, anxiously, and now looking full at him, "for speaking unkindly of any one who was valued by Mrs. Trevanion!"

"Good Heavens! it's not that," answered Maurice, scornfully. "Let me explain, if I only can make myself intelligible to you, but don't look at me so earnestly, Miss Slingsby, or I shall not be able to speak at all, for I am not well, and am strangely harassed. That woman is pensioned off, and I allow her to live about the place, helping herself to flowers and fruit, as she pleases; she has no communication with the other servants, and has apartments in the inner court-yard; she is a faithful, useful woman, though very overbearing in her manners, and, as you and Lilian have evidently offended her, I think it advisable that in your walks you should not go near her part of the establishment; besides, there are always grooms and stable-boys about, so it is not pleasant for ladies. Lilian thinks that Dolores is a witch, or something equally ridiculous, and wishes me to send her away, but I cannot do this, for I have promised her a home and protection, but I particularly wish that neither Lilian nor yourself hold any conversation with her."

"You need not fear on my account, Mr. Trevanion," answered Maud, thinking his caution a very needless one—"I never frequent places occupied by stable-boys and grooms, or hold unnecessary conversation with domestics. I will also take care that your daughter has no such intercourse."

"Forgive me, Miss Slingsby; my anxiety for Lilian and yourself perhaps renders me over-cautious, but you do not know Mexico, or the Mexicans, as I do. No injury, whether real or fancied, if once given, is ever forgiven by them, and at this period particularly, when hatred to all foreigners is especially strong, we cannot be too guarded in our conduct."

"I quite appreciate your caution, Mr. Trevanion, and will be guided entirely by your wishes."

"Thank you very much, Miss Slingsby; your prudence will materially alleviate my anxiety respecting Lilian, and I have no further excuse for detaining you, so, once more, good morning."

"He appears much agitated," thought Maud, as his footsteps died away on the gravelled walk, "and looks wretchedly ill. I am sure he is not speaking the whole truth about that woman; it seems so strange for a creature like her to be prowling about a gentleman's garden, plucking the finest flowers *ad libitum*, and daring to speak in that insolent manner to Lilian and myself—I, for one, shall take care to avoid her. How angry she looked, as if she could murder us! Preserve me from faithful servants, if she is one of that class! However, it is no business of mine!"

CHAPTER VIII.

KATE.

IN a few days Maud was restored from the fatigue of her perilous journey, and the dressmakers had plied their needles so energetically, that she was enabled to accept Miss Trevanion's invitation to dine with them in the evening. She had been above a week in the house, but had not seen Kate since the night of her arrival, nor Maurice since the interview with the strange woman in the garden.

She therefore felt rather nervous on this, her first formal introduction, as it might be termed, into the drawing-room.

Manuela assisted at her toilette, and declared her to be "*muy bonita de veras, muy elegante*" (very pretty really, and very elegant).

She was simply dressed in white muslin, closed at the throat and wrists with scarlet ribbon, and bright scarlet geraniums peeping from the thick coils of her rich brown hair. Her figure was slight, girlish, and lady-like, rather below the medium height, but she had no pretensions to beauty, save those glorious eyes, so heavily fringed with their long thick lashes. Lilian, who came in just then (whimsically but beautifully dressed in a very short frock of full black lace, which caused the dazzling richness of her complexion to appear still more brilliant by contrast), clapped her hands in complete satisfaction at Maud's appearance.

"Oh! Miss Slingsby, how nice you look—fresh and cool as a snow-drop. Papa will call us Night and Morning."

They were marshalled along by Mexican servants into the same bright, luxurious room which Maud remembered well, at the door of which they were announced as "*las señoritas*."

A gentleman advanced to meet them, whom for the moment Maud could scarcely believe to be Mr. Trevanion; hitherto she had only seen him in Mexican costume; to-night, however, he was attired in the evening dress of an English gentleman, but his clothes were of black velvet instead of cloth. His sadness and sternness of the previous days had entirely vanished, giving place to a brightness and animation infinitely charming. Evidently delighted to welcome "*las señoritas*," he shook hands cordially with Maud, and conducted her to his sister's couch.

"I am very glad, indeed, to see you, Miss Slingsby," said Kate; "I hope you have not found your captivity very irksome—but really it was necessary, for the journey from Vera Cruz is the acme of fatigue and weariness, and I thought that you required perfect peace for a few days."

"Indeed, it has been the best thing for me, I feel so well now; and I cannot sufficiently express my thanks, Miss Trevanion, for all the kindness you have lavished upon me."

Maud thought Miss Trevanion a very beautiful woman the first night she saw her, but was totally unprepared for the startling loveliness which now met her gaze. Shall we describe this sweet Kate, who plays such an important part in our history?

Imagine, then, a fragile delicate lady, about twenty-six years of age, lying on a luxurious couch, dressed in some rich muslin of that lovely colour so universally known as "*la bleu Mexicaine*;" she had long silken

hair of pale glistening gold, too soft to curl, waving about her shoulders in such delicious luxuriance, that you longed to take it in your fingers and touch it; eyes blue as her dress, pure and liquid as a child's; complexion of wondrous delicacy, and lips perfect in their form and colouring; hands and arms most beautifully formed, glistening through her transparent dress like snow; and, pervading all, a fragrance of fresh culled violets, which clung to everything belonging to Kate Trevanion.

Alas, this lovely woman was helpless on her couch as a little baby!

But it was not her exceeding beauty, not even her utter helplessness, which caused her to be so universally beloved: it was her perfect goodness, her unselfishness, her purity of heart. When with her, you felt as if in the presence of some being of a nature more etherealised, more heavenly than your own.

Maud Slingsby was a good, pure woman, full of life, energy, and enthusiasm, yet she felt quite subdued, almost unworthy, under the clear calm gaze of Kate Trevanion.

"Ay! you may look at *her*, Maud, without fear."

And Maud did look full into those sweet blue eyes.

What did she read?

Faith, hope, patience, charity, love, and, far away in their clear depths, a deep and hidden sorrow.

"God grant," she thought, "that I may never shrink from the pure gaze of Miss Trevanion!"

"God grant," thought Kate, "that this girl may prove faithful to her charge!"

Evidently, each felt an instinctive interest in the other, and Maud, stooping, kissed the sweet lips which met her own.

"*Está la comida, señor*" (dinner is on the table), said a pompous-looking Mexican, throwing wide open the folding-doors, and heralding his announcement in a loud voice.

Two footmen advancing, wheeled Kate's couch gently into the dining-room, a large apartment adjoining the "*sala*" (drawing-room); Trevanion following with Maud and Lilian.

Everything was bright, sparkling, and elegant. The table was beautifully covered with exquisite flowers and fruit, delicate fish fresh from the lake of Tezocco, game from the mountains, poultry from their own farm-yard, vegetables from temperate and tropical climes, and delicious wines cooled in ice. Whilst floating above, around, everywhere, the luscious odours of orange-blossoms and honeysuckles gratified and bewildered the senses. To Maud, the whole scene appeared like some fairy dream which she could not realise. The balmy atmosphere, the elegance of the dinner, the well trained servants, the musical language, the lovely Kate Trevanion reclining on her couch like some Eastern princess with her attendant slaves, the child Lilian so tropical and gorgeous in all her colouring, and last, but not least, the delicate attentions of Trevanion himself, who spoke to her in the modulated accents of refined courtesy, which men of education and high breeding invariably use when addressing women.

Mr. Trevanion, as a host, was charming! He fascinated you in spite of yourself, so perfectly at ease, so full of natural, unobtrusive solicitude for the wants of those around him, his presence (in his happy moments)

was grateful as the sound of babbling brooks in summer, ever winning on the hearts of indifferent spectators, but oh, how doubly dangerous to the sensitive heart of Maud!

"Do I weary you, Miss Slingsby?" he said, noticing her dreamy abstraction.

"Oh no! I am thinking how lovely this place is—how happy you must be. It is a perfect paradise—a fairyland!"

"We ought to be happy," sighed Kate, "but I fear we realise the truth of the old adage, 'the more we have, the more we want.'"

"Miss Slingsby alludes to all our surroundings, I suppose," said Maurice, "and truly they are very beautiful—but Mexico is a strange contrast. The Almighty has showered upon it with the most unsparing hand every good and perfect gift. Its climate, vegetation, and scenery are unequalled in the whole world—its hidden treasures of untold silver, its gigantic mountains teeming with wealth, the wonderful variety and gorgeous plumage of its birds and butterflies, and the exquisite fragrance and colouring of its flowers, are blessings almost too beautiful to realise—creations of a fairy dream; and yet, whilst surrounded by all these mercies from the beneficent hand of God, the whole country is in a lost and degraded state perfectly frightful to contemplate. It is man who has destroyed Mexico! Our palaces are in ruins; many of our most beautiful churches have been razed to the ground; the streets are full of crawling, loathsome beggars; there is no commerce, either external or internal; the whole population appear to drag their wearied limbs along as if the least exertion were beyond their strength. The government, such as it is, subsists by means of forced loans on the rich citizens, many of whom have been totally ruined during the past two years. A man may commit the most atrocious crimes, and for a small sum of money receive absolution from the priests, the government being too torpid to interfere, consequently the daily scenes of rapine and bloodshed are truly awful."

Maurice did not mention that he devoted a large portion of his income towards ameliorating the condition of the Mexican poor, nor how a certain number of maimed and destitute creatures were fed daily at his expense; nor did Kate say how much of her time was spent in making garments for these miserable beings, nor how, once a week, she had a number of orphan children in her own apartments, teaching them to read, write, and sew. There were few families in Mexico like the Trevanions, and if God had enriched them in this world's goods above their fellows, they freely bestowed their wealth upon their less fortunate brethren.

"But you shall see all these strange incongruities yourself, Miss Slingsby," continued Maurice. "I will take you some day to Montezuma's far-famed palace at Chapultepec, and to the city itself, where you will see the wonderful mixture of grandeur and desolation pervading everything. I rarely go to these places, partly because I am alone, for Kate cannot accompany me, and at this critical period in the history of the republic, foreigners and Mexicans do not assimilate—partly because I always feel sorrowful to think on what is, and what might have been. However, I must rouse myself now that I have a fair lady to chaperon, and if you are fond of riding, we will have some glorious canters across the country, for Lilian is a fearless little horsewoman, but often com-

plains that 'papa will not talk enough to her, or make sufficient noise.' "

"You cannot think," interrupted Kate, addressing herself to Maud, "how thankful I feel now that you have come, for Lilian can have a suitable protectress, instead of being left so entirely to the care of servants. It is true, Nurse Wilson is faithfulness itself, yet still Lilian is outgrowing her childhood very fast, and perhaps I never feel my own helplessness so much as when obliged to send her out with domestics."

"Never mind, Catalina mia," said Maurice, caressingly, who never could bear to hear his sister regret anything, "Miss Slingsby will set us all right, won't she, pussy?" (To Lilian.)

"Indeed, papa, I don't know, but I wish you would give up talking about things that make me feel so sleepy." And the child rubbed her eyes, and yawned.

"Oh, thou spoilt darling of thy father's heart," said Maurice, "come here and tell me thy wishes."

And she clambered on his knees and nestled there.

"Papa, you can carry Aunt Kate into the garden by the oleander-trees, and I'll bring the guitar and Miss Slingsby, and you shall tell us a tale."

"Oh, indeed, pussy! Then what's to become of my cigar?"

"You may smoke it, of course, papa. We ladies don't object to cigars in the open air, i.e. if they are good ones," said Miss Lilian, sententiously.

"Well, what do the other ladies say to this arrangement—eh, Catalina? Will you come with us into the garden, and gratify this madcap niece of yours?"

"Willingly, Maurice. Miss Slingsby, will you take charge of Lilian, and I will follow shortly with my brother?"

But Maud and Lilian lingering behind, saw Maurice take his sister in his arms, and carry her, with her soft white arms thrown around his neck, tenderly and carefully into the garden.

A feeling of sorrow for her own loneliness came into Maud's heart as she watched them.

"Have you a papa?" whispered Lilian, who was holding by her hand.

"No, my dear."

"Nor a mamma?"

"No, Lily."

"Nor brothers and sisters?"

"Lilian, I have no one. I am alone in this wide, wide world."

"Ah me!" sighed the child, "then you and I will be alike in some things."

"How so, darling? You have a loving papa, and a sweet, affectionate auntie"

"Ah! but my mamma is dead, and I never knew her at all, and papa will never marry again, he says; and auntie is not strong, and may not live long. Papa will die some day, you know, then I shall be quite alone, like you, Miss Slingsby."

They were both silent for some little time, then Lilian spoke again:

"Miss Slingsby, did you ever hear anything about my mamma?"

"Never, my child, excepting that she was a very beautiful lady, and died when you were a little baby."

"My papa must have loved her very much, Miss Slingsby, for even now, when she has been dead nine years, he never allows me to speak of her, and if I ask about her he clasps me in his arms, oh! so tight and close, and says, 'Hush, my darling!' I wonder if he is afraid that I may die too, and go to heaven to my mamma. I shouldn't be afraid to die, Miss Slingsby; it must be so beautiful to live in heaven always, and play upon golden harps with the angels, and I know many of them already."

"How so, darling?"

"Oh, they come to me every night when I am asleep, and stand round my bed with shining wings, and sing to me. Sometimes they have tears in their eyes, and one night I wanted to go with them they looked so sorrowful, but they said, 'Not yet, my child—not yet!' and I put out my hands to hold them, but they smiled, and vanished away."

"Do you often have these dreams, Lilian?"

"Very often lately, and sometimes I think the angels never really leave me, Miss Slingsby, excepting when I am very naughty."

"Then where are they in the daytime, Lilian?"

The child looked round, then whispered confidentially:

"They change themselves into humming-birds, and play with me all day."

A feeling of awe came over Maud as the child prattled along so innocently. Her little hands were clasped, and her shining eyes raised upwards, looking for her birds; her whole figure, face, and expression so infinitely beautiful, that the thought, "Too beautiful for earth," flashed through Maud's heart, causing her to stoop suddenly and kiss the child, who returned the caress and looked at Maud confidently.

"Miss Slingsby, I wish you were my mamma."

Up flashed the bright, vivid colour into Maud's face, making her plain features beautiful for an instant, then leaving her whiter than before.

"But that can never be," continued Lilian, sorrowfully, "for my papa must have taken some vow, or made some promise, to my dead mamma, for he says he will never, never marry again."

"Don't you think, darling, that most likely your papa loved her so much that he cannot forget her, and cannot bear that any other person should fill her place?"

"Oh yes, that is a much nicer thought, Miss Slingsby. Thank you for saying it. I like any one who thinks well and speaks kindly of my mamma. Sometimes I wonder if——"

"What, Lily?"

"Oh! I don't know; I am always wondering, and if I think much, there is such a pain in my head, Miss Slingsby—oh, such a pain! I have it now."

"Well, come along, darling, and we will not wonder any more, but be content with all the beautiful things around us, and we will trust in God, Lily, and be happy and thankful. What a little fanciful creature it is. Look at Aunt Kate on her couch there, through the trees, and papa waiting for us."

"But we won't tell papa, Miss Slingsby, what we have been talking about."

"No, indeed, dear, that is not very likely."

"And you know, although you cannot marry my papa, you can marry some one else; then you will have some one to love you, and prevent you from feeling lonely."

"And so can you, Lily dear, when you are a tall, tall lady," answered Maud, laughing.

But the child shook her head with a strange pathetic sorrow, infinitely touching in one so young.

"No, Miss Slingsby, I shall never marry, even if I live, which may not be. I shall always be called 'Lilian Trevanion.'"

CHAPTER IX.

"OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE."

It was very pleasant by the oleanders. They were large trees in full bloom, growing to the height of English laburnums, and forming a semi-circle, in which Kate's couch was placed.

In the centre was one of the many fountains with which the garden abounded, some filled with gold and silver fish, others transparently clear, with beautiful many-coloured shells and stones glittering at the bottom.

These fountains form a principal feature in all Mexican gardens and public squares; they are built of stone, in the shape of a basin, the rim of which, turning outwards, forms a wide and pleasant seat. In the gardens of the rich they are kept constantly playing, and their perpetual sound of falling water is deliciously cool and refreshing.

Maud and Lilian, whose momentary sadness had quickly passed away, seated themselves by the side of the fountain, and fed the golden fishes with crumbs of bread, whilst Mr. Trevanion threw himself on the grass near his sister's couch and smoked his cigar.

"Halloo! you young rascal," he cried to a small weazen-faced, copper-coloured boy, who was perched on the boughs of an overhanging tree. "What are you doing there, stealing my apples—eh?"

"Oh, papa, it's Apparition!"

Maud, thinking Lilian meant a ghost, laughingly asked, "Where?"

"There, in the branches," answered Lilian. "That child is called 'Apparition.'"

"Do you mean to say it really is the child's name?" inquired Maud.

"Indeed it is, and a very common one amongst the Mexicans," observed Maurice; "spelt by them *Aparicion*, and really taken from the appearance of the Blessed Virgin at Guadalupe—an occurrence firmly believed by the Indians and all good Catholics in Mexico to the present day."

"But Mexico surely abounds in strange names," said Maud. "I have heard some very curious ones since landing in the country."

"Yes," rejoined Maurice. "Do you see that round-headed fellow yonder watering the roses? He was actually christened 'John the

Baptist,' and I have men in my employ named 'Joseph Mary' and 'John Holy Mary.' "

"And I," interrupted Kate, "have women-servants named 'Trinidad' (Trinity), 'Remedios' (Remedies), 'Rosario' (Rosary); and, strange to say, Jesus is one of the commonest names amongst the Mexican women."

"How singular this sounds to English ears," said Maud. "It will shock me very much to hear these names spoken in every-day life that I have been taught from earliest childhood to utter with reverence and awe."

"I agree with you theoretically, Miss Slingsby," answered Kate, "although I have never known the blessing of living in a Protestant country; yet you must remember that the Spanish pronunciation of these names is so very different from the English, that they seem to lose their identity, and what would be considered profanation in England, is in Mexico simply an act of devotion towards some patron saint. What an apparent difference there is between 'Santa Maria' and 'Holy Mary.' And if you hear any one calling *Haysoos*, you would never associate it with the sacred name of Jesus. Yet it is spelt exactly the same, and the difference is merely in the Spanish pronunciation."

"But what is the meaning of *Lupe*?" inquired Maud. "I heard it often in Vera Cruz and Orizaba."

"Oh! it is an abbreviation of *Guadalupe*," answered Maurice. "This is one of the many names given by the Mexicans to the Virgin Mary, who is the patron saint of Mexico. There is a very beautiful legend connected with this name. Shall I tell it to you?"

"Oh yes, please do," they all exclaimed.

"But is the story true, papa?" asked Lilian.

"My darling, I will tell it you as it has been handed down from father to son for the past three hundred years. It is called:

"OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE."

"In the year of our Lord 1521, ten years and five months after the conquest of Mexico by Cortes, there lived near the banks of the Lake Texcoco a poor Indian, named Juan Diego, who had been recently converted from Paganism to the Catholic religion. He was a man of steady and industrious habits, and earned his livelihood by making straw mats, which he brought into the city of Mexico for sale.

"On one of these journeys, when passing a barren rock, whose only vegetation was a low prickly cactus, he heard the sound of beautiful music, sweeter far than anything which he had ever imagined. He stopped to listen from whence this music came, and on lifting up his eyes he saw in the heavens a most beautiful rainbow, in the midst of which was a white and transparent cloud, whereon sat the figure of a lovely woman, dressed in the costume of the ladies of the royal house of Montezuma.

"By the wondrous halo which surrounded this beauteous vision, Juan Diego knew it to be some heavenly visitant. He therefore fell on his knees and worshipped. And then, whilst he knelt in prayer, a voice of silvery sweetness came to him from out the cloud, saying:

"Go to the Archbishop of Mexico, and tell him that the Virgin

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Mary commands him to build a chapel upon this rock, and dedicate it to her.'

"'But he won't believe me,' said the Indian.

"'I am the Virgin Mary,' replied the celestial vision; 'tell him that thou hast seen me.'

"On sped the poor Indian to the archbishop's palace, where he with difficulty obtained admittance. At last, when he was ushered into the august presence of his eminence, he was treated with the greatest derision.

"'Come not here with thy fabulous tales,' said the archbishop. 'Is it likely that the blessed Virgin would appear to a poor wretch like thee? Would she not rather come to me, her chosen minister? Begone, knave! or thou shalt be cast from the palace gates!'

"Footsore and wearied, the poor Indian retraced his steps.

"'What shall I tell the blessed Virgin,' he murmured, 'if I should see her again?'

"Suddenly, as he spoke, the celestial vision again appeared before him.

"'Well, what said the archbishop unto thee, my friend?'

"'He cast me from his presence as a knave and impostor.'

"'Fear not, return again, and be not dispirited.'

"Three times more the Indian retraced his steps to the archbishop's palace, three times was he repulsed, and three times the Virgin Mary appeared to him.

"On the fourth time the archbishop, wearied with the importunities of the Indian, said:

"'Come not here any more with thy foolish talk, unless thou bringest me some tangible token of the heavenly presence.'

"'What shall I bring your highness?'

"'Bring thy "ayate"* full of roses from the barren rock,' laughed the archbishop.

"'Alas! alas!' said the disconsolate Indian, wandering forth again, 'that can never be; nought ever grew on that barren rock save the prickly cactus.'

"It happened that at this time the uncle of Juan Diego was very ill, at the point of death. The poor Indian thought he had better go for a confessor to the dying man, instead of wasting any more time in a useless search for roses where roses could not grow. He therefore took a different route from that on which he had previously seen the Virgin, when suddenly, out of a lake which stands in the same place unto this day, and is celebrated for its healing waters, the Virgin again appeared to him.

"'Where art thou going, my friend?'

"The trembling Indian replied that 'he was seeking a confessor for his dying uncle.'

"'Thy uncle is already restored to health, and shall live to a good old age. Seek not now the confessor. But what said the archbishop unto thee?'

* "Ayate," a towel, or piece of cloth, which the Indians (joining two corners together) swing across their foreheads, and fill with any provisions or articles they may have to carry.

" 'He told me to fill my "ayate" with roses from the barren rock, as a token of the heavenly presence.'

" 'Go, and thou shalt find them!'

" Full of faith and hope, the Indian walked along, and to his rapturous delight he found on the very summit of the rock, which he had seen that morning cold and grey, without even a patch of moss or lichen to enliven its sterility, the most beautiful and fragrant rose-trees in full bloom.

" Filling his 'ayate,' and forgetting all his weariness in wonder and praise, he hastened back to the archbishop's palace, and flung his precious burden, with its lovely flowers, at the feet of the astonished prelate.

" Very different now was the reception of Juan Diego!

" When the archbishop had a little recovered from his awe and amazement he hastily called together other dignitaries of the church, and with eager hands prepared to empty the blessed 'ayate' of its miraculous burden!

" Great was the wonder of the assembled priests when they saw the fragrant fresh culled flowers, but greater still was their speechless amazement when, on the 'ayate' itself, they saw a most beautifully painted picture of the blessed Virgin!

" Falling on their knees before this precious token, they bowed their heads in adoration and praise."

" What a very pretty legend!" said Maud, when Trevanion ceased speaking.

" But tell me, papa," asked Lilian, "what became of the picture, and the poor Indian, and did they build the chapel, and did his uncle really get better?"

" Yes, pussy. They built a chapel on the top of the rock, and afterwards a magnificent church at the foot, both of which are now standing. The church is perhaps the most beautiful in the whole republic of Mexico, and its costly treasures exceed in richness even those of the cathedral itself. The poor Indian built a little house near the chapel, dedicating himself entirely to the service of the Virgin and the conversion of his idolatrous brethren. He died when he was seventy-four years of age. His uncle really recovered from his illness, and lived until he was a very old man."

" And the picture?" asked Maud.

" The picture, Miss Slingsby, is still most carefully preserved in the church of Guadalupe."

" Is it really very beautiful, Mr. Trevanion?"

" That, Miss Slingsby, you must decide for yourself. I will drive you all over any day you like to explore this interesting little village. There are copies of this picture in every church and public office in Mexico, accompanied by the following motto, which has now become national:

Non fecit taliter omni nationi.

She did not act in this manner to every nation.

After the war with America in 1848, the Yankees translated the motto thus: 'God did not make every nation such fools!'

" Thanks, Maurice," said Kate. " You have told your story well, and

we will take you at your word, and really drive over to Guadalupe. I know the church is well worth seeing—indeed, the whole place is full of interest—but the night dews are rising fast, and we must all away into the house. Come, Lilian, it is bedtime, my child."

Maurice, springing up, carried his sister to her own room, for she always retired early.

"Will you remain in the drawing-room and give me a cup of tea, Miss Slingsby?" he inquired.

Maud looked at Miss Trevanion to see what were her wishes on the subject, but Kate was straining her eyes in an opposite direction, towards a figure pacing up and down beneath the trees.

"Look, papa!" said Lilian, whose quick eyes discovered everything; "look at that horrid Dolores."

The only reply Maurice made was to quicken his steps very materially, and to call out to Maud and Lilian, "Come in quickly, for the dews are heavy."

Maud remarked his change in manner, and was puzzling herself as to the cause, when Lilian said:

"It's that dreadful Dolores again, she always makes papa angry."

"Shall we go into the house, Lily?" said Maud, "and never mind Dolores."

Lilian was silent, but placing her hand in Maud's they walked into the drawing-room, where they were soon joined by Mr. Trevanion, with a request from his sister that Maud would preside at the tea-table. But the evening meal was dreary and dull, a heaviness and abstraction had fallen upon Maurice. He answered Lilian's questions listlessly, and, although courteous to Maud, was yet so grave and subdued in manner, that she longed to retire to her own apartments; and Lilian, looking intensely wearied, at last said:

"This room feels like a cold grave, papa. I am going to have a play with Manuela." And as she passed Maud she whispered: "It's all that nasty, horrid, frightful woman Dolores, and I am more and more determined every day to find out who she is, and all about her."

Before Maud could reply, Lilian had flown, and she was rising to follow the child's example, when Maurice, suddenly rousing himself from his reverie, said:

"Don't go yet, Miss Slingsby, I wish to speak with you."

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